Collier's

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MARCH 3, 1945

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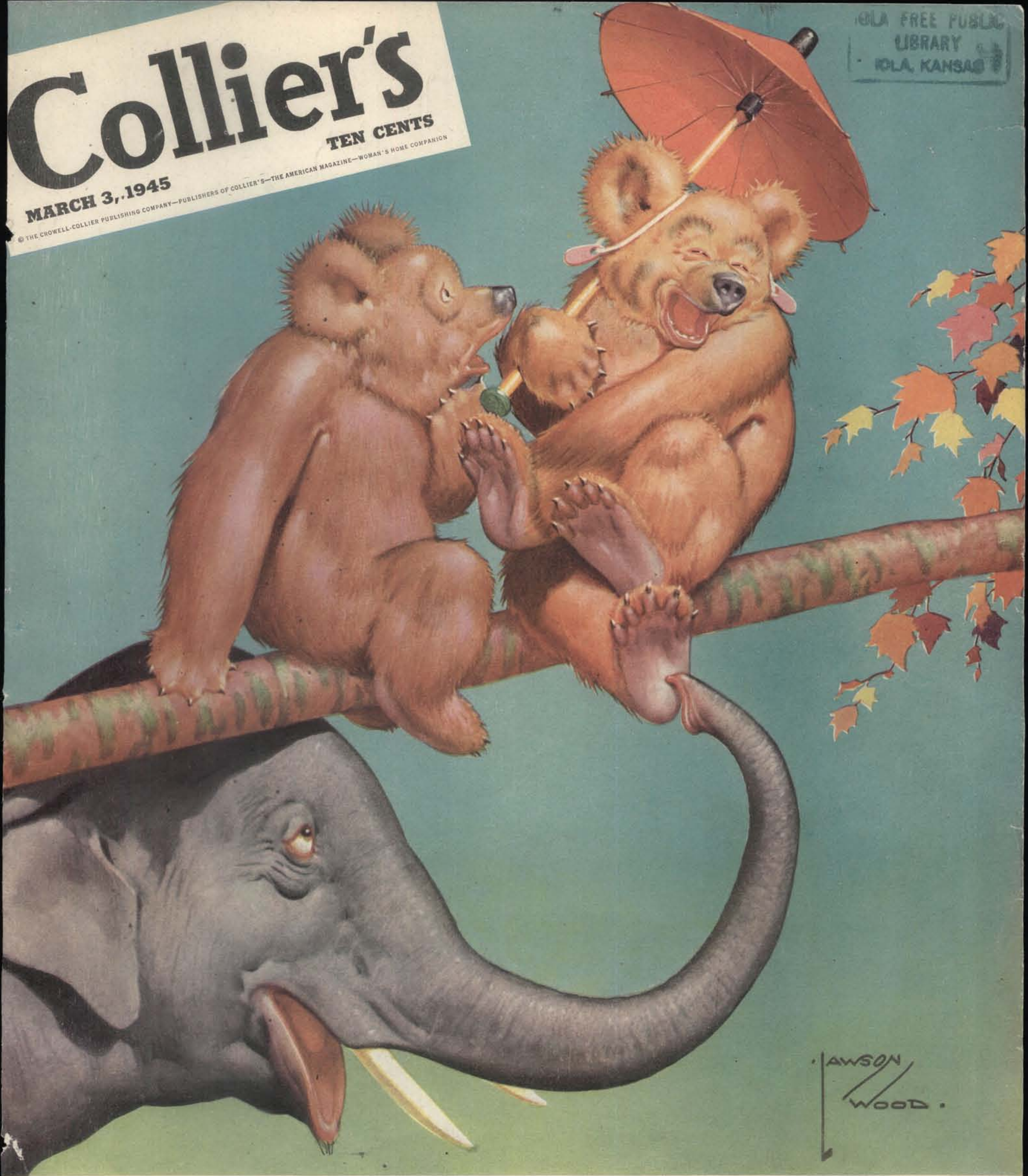

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Mar. 3, '45 **THREE AMERICANS LIVE TO TELL OF THE JAP**

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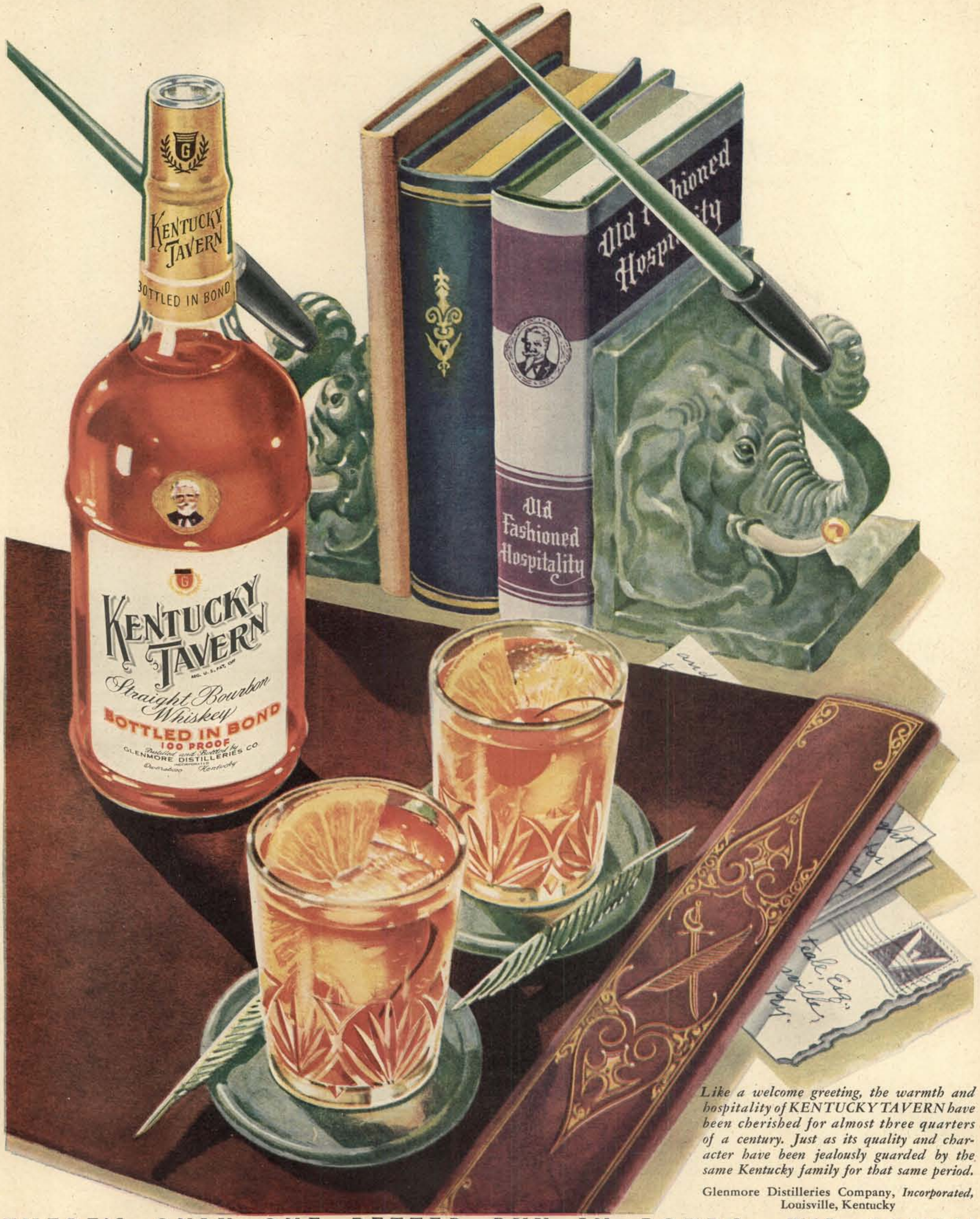
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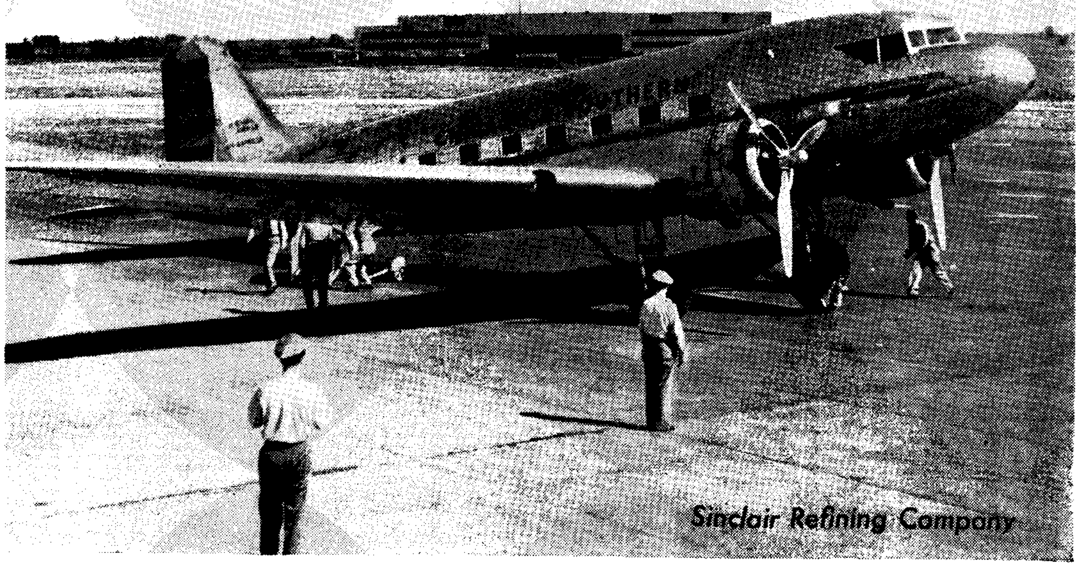

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Check yourself for these symptoms of ATHLETE'S FOOT

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☐ Soft, soggy skin

☐ Itching

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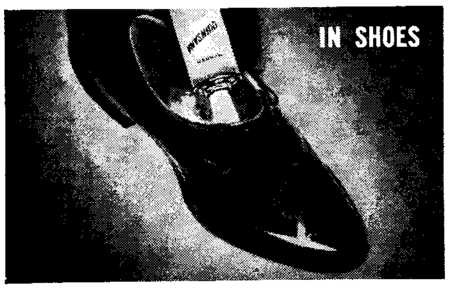

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for ATHLETE'S FOOT
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Collier's
FOR MARCH 3, 1945

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any week

OUR attention has been called to a questionable potion called Iowa champagne, which is half beer, half alcohol. Fifty-fifty—no more, no less. We have it from unimpeachable authority that when you drink this business, your hat automatically flies off (fifteen feet being the record so far), your shoelaces break, and your pants fall down. Yep—Iowa champagne. It's quite possible that a number of Iowa citizens will soon be eligible for membership in a new club we've formed: Alcoholics Unanimous.

THE way we get it, the New Orleans branch of the OPA is in a quandary. First place, it seems there's no speed law for passenger cars in Louisiana, and the gay abandon with which motorists were burning up their tires provoked the OPA to ask Governor Jimmie H. Davis to enact a law covering the national war speed of 35 mph. One of the first results was that the governor instructed his state highway cops to note the license numbers of offenders. From among the latter emerged a Mr. Victor Bellone, New Orleans grocer. Questioning him, the OPA ascertained that Mr. Bellone was running his car on a mixture of kerosene, cleaning fluid and a preparation called Mileage Pep, or some such. "Well, Mr. Bellone," queried the OPA, "why don't you have a gasoline ration book?" "Because," Mr. Bellone replied, "I was sick when they were first issued and I didn't want to bother you by making a late application." So now the OPA doesn't know what to do to make Mr. Bellone sorry for his sins.

THEN there's Flying Officer Eric B. Renner, of Boca Raton Field, Florida, who wants to write this column, or at least part of it. He is eminently qualified, he says, because he is righteously indignant about many topics. Foremost among his current concerns is the names of perfumes. About midway in a somewhat rambling letter he says: "I see advertised *L'Ardente*

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Sensational is the word for the NEW Dick Powell! Hardboiled, two-fisted, he follows a trail of violence, blackmail and murder . . . in this new kind of red-blooded mystery!

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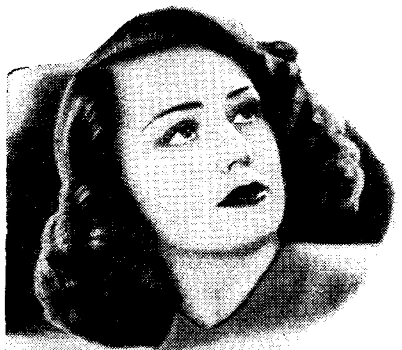
'MURDER, MY SWEET'



with

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MILES MANDER · DOUGLAS WALTON
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Vaseline HAIR TONIC
5 drops a day
check Dry Scalp

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YOUR HAIR WARNS YOU when Nature fails to supply enough natural scalp oils. It loses its lustre. Loose dandruff appears. You have Dry Scalp. To check Dry Scalp, supplement the natural scalp oils with five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic daily. And use it also as a massage before shampooing. There's an improvement you can *see* and *feel*. Your hair stays put without looking "plastered down". Your scalp feels better. Remember . . . use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day. It's different, contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients.

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HAIR TONIC
double care... both scalp and hair

G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

As a large number of words in the Japanese language are pronounced alike but have widely different meanings, a speaker, when using one of them, often has to write the ideograph of the word in the air with his finger to make himself fully understood.—*By Eugene W. Crane, Jr., Jacksonville, Florida.*

Russia recently sent a large set of photographs of war criminals to all neutral governments to enable them to recognize and arrest any of these wanted men who might attempt to enter their country.

The seven most famous women in American history, based on the fact that their names have been admitted to the Hall of Fame in New York City since it was founded in 1900, are: Charlotte Cushman, actress; Maria Mitchell, astronomer; Harriet Beecher Stowe, novelist; Frances E. Willard, reformer; and Mary Lyon, Alice F. Palmer and Emma Willard, educators.

Despite the fact that psychiatry is a highly specialized branch of medicine, 33 states of this country still allow juries alone to decide cases involving pleas of insanity.

The looting of the invaded countries by the Nazis has been methodical and thorough because it was done by a Special Service Battalion, consisting of four companies of soldiers organized and trained solely for the purpose of pillage. After the fall of each large city, their job was to seize all movable treasures, as long planned by German art curators, and then burn the catalogues listing them, so that such records could not be used as evidence in courts of claims.

Besides the 200 or more generals lost so far by the Nazi army through surrender, suicide, assassination, execution or death in battle, nine field marshals and 145 other generals have been dismissed by Hitler himself.

A newspaper notice that a husband will no longer be responsible for the debts of his wife has no legal value.

A photograph has been made of a water beetle's eye to prove that each of its 20,000 facets is a perfect lens capable of reflecting objects. Taken through a microscope, the picture is a mosaic of hundreds of images of George Washington whose photograph was placed in proper focus over the tiny cornea which had been removed from the insect and spread flat on a glass plate.

The elaborate coiffures of the women of Bali require no hairpins, bobby pins, nets or clips as they are held securely in place by their twists and knots.—*By Vicki Weidinger, Long Beach, California.*

An air-mail stamp, produced by Honduras in 1925, illustrates the profit that can be derived from such an issue manufactured for speculative purposes. Only eight copies of this five-centavo overprinted stamp were made and, consequently, each is now valued at $8,000.

Of the 32 Nobel Peace Prizes awarded since 1901, four went to organizations and the other 28—whole or in part—to 37 individuals of 13 countries: seven in the United States; six in France; five in England; three apiece in Germany, Sweden and Switzerland; two apiece in Austria, Belgium and Norway; and one apiece in Argentina, Denmark, Italy and the Netherlands.

Since 1900, the number of irritants and sensitizers causing occupational skin diseases has increased from a dozen to some 700 substances. . . . Although 13 times as dense as water, mercury is easily filtered through leather. . . . Some Oriental women scent their hair by sleeping with their head on a small perforated box containing burning incense.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

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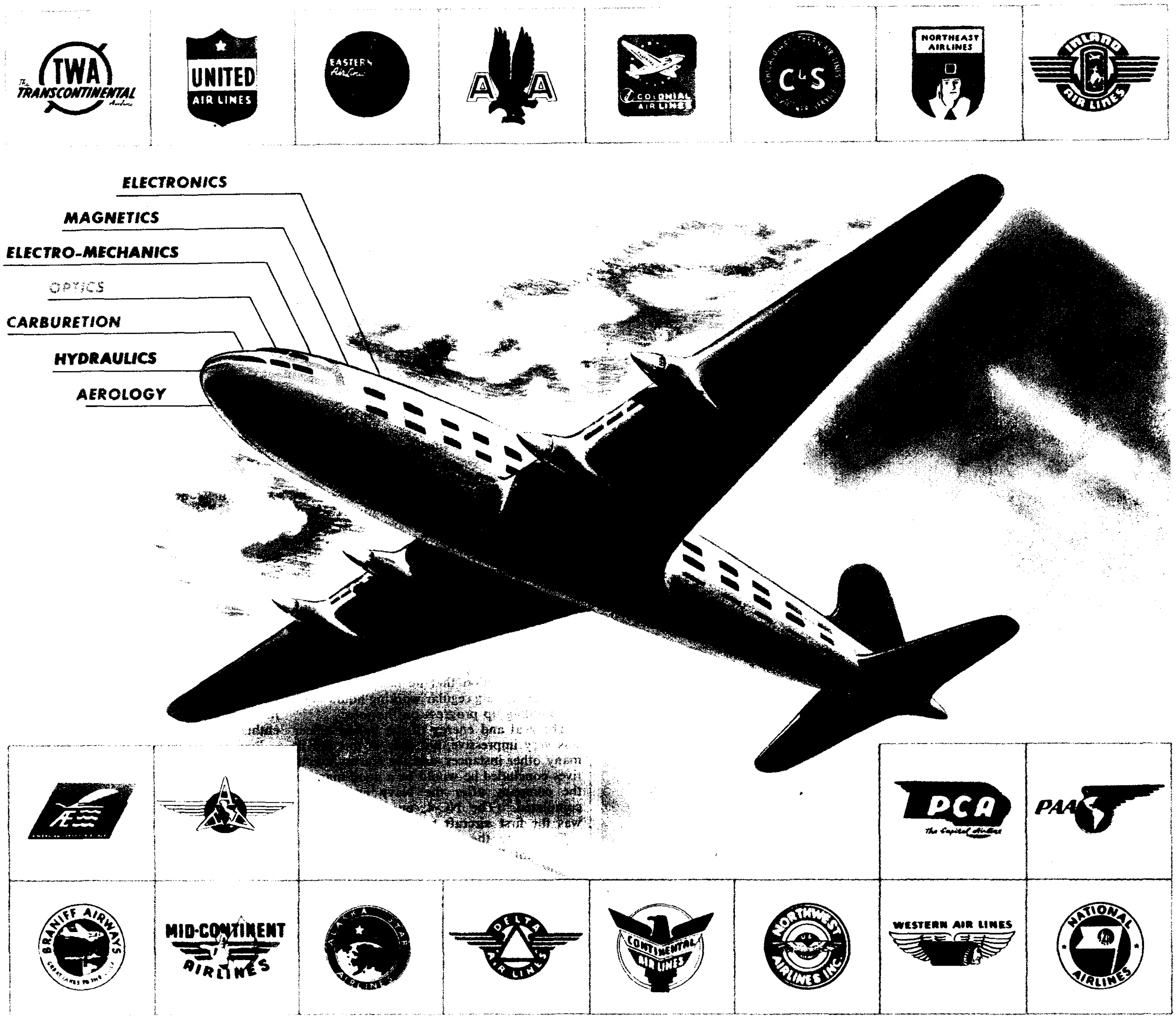
ANSWERING TOMORROW'S CHALLENGE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The Transcontinental Airline
UNITED AIR LINES
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THIS, TOO, IS Bendix . . . CREATOR OF SCIENTIFIC DEVICES NECESSARY TO FLIGHT

In all the brilliant history of private enterprise there is no more inspiring chapter than the chronicle of American air transport.

The handiwork of free men in a free land giving freely of their brains and time without regard for risk or present profit, this basic new industry has, *in less than half the span of a man's life*, profoundly changed all previous concepts of time and distance. Moreover, it has opened up to the hosts of men who have learned aviation the hard way in military service . . . as well as other G.I. Joes . . . *a new field of opportunity as wide as their hopes and dreams.* For air transport, despite its astonishing progress, has barely tapped its potential.

When peace returns . . . when the luxurious new planes already proved in global military service become commercial transports . . . when the broad new plans already laid are set in motion, America will have a new industry ranking with *the greatest of the past.*

Thus air transport answers the challenge of tomorrow—the challenge to assure returning fighting men a country in which everyone can be both free and happily employed . . . *the challenge that can be met only by the creation of great new industries like this.*

We are proud that Bendix Creative Engineering has supplied so many advancements increasing the speed, range, and safety of today's transport planes. *Bendix products are basic to air transport progress.*

Let's hasten the day of Freedom of the Air and all that it implies. Let's back our fighting men unceasingly with our minds, our hearts, our strength, *and our money. Buy another War Bond today.*

Ernest R. Breech
PRESIDENT, *Bendix Aviation Corporation*

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Builders of the INVISIBLE CREW

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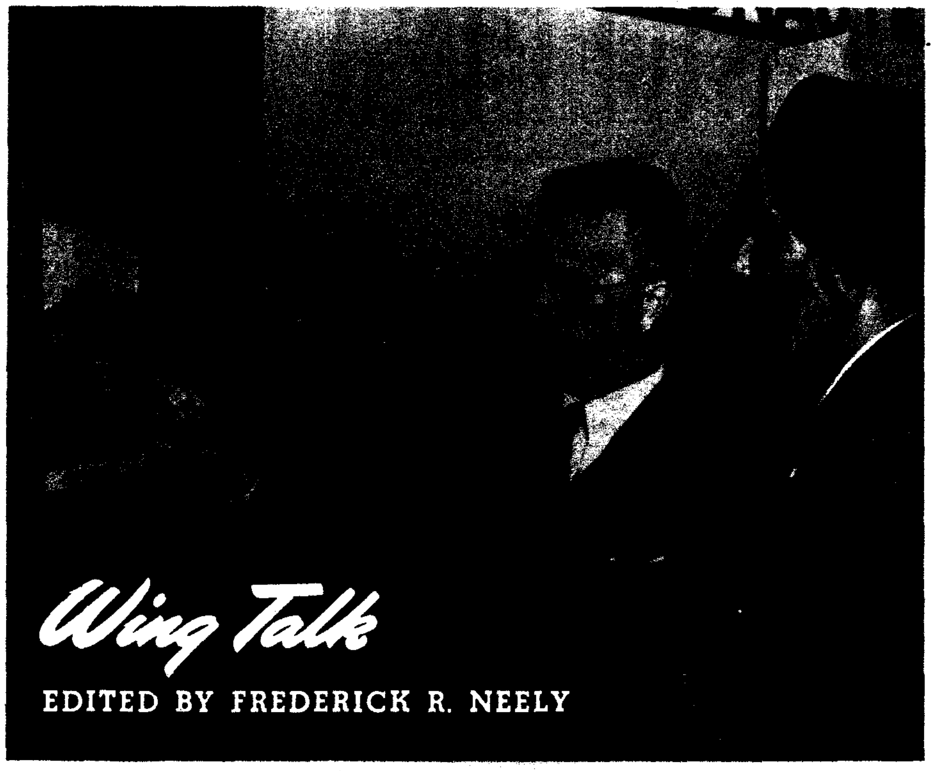
Is You is... Or is You Ain't?
SHE AIN'T, MISTER!
HECK! IF OLD BUSYBEAK KNOWS WHY I'M GETTIN' THIS RUN-AROUND—I GOTTA RIGHT TO KNOW, TOO! SO SOUND OFF, BABY!
NOT ME, JOHNNIE! YOUR DENTIST IS THE ONE TO HAND OUT SCHOOLING ON—ON BREATH PROBLEMS, HONEY!
HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T MY BA-BY—
LOOK ALIVE, SAILOR! SURE SHE IS...NOW!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night—NBC Network



Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

An ardent champion of the cause of private flying, Ted Wright discusses air markers for private fliers with Gurdyal Singh, member of the Indian delegation at the International Civil Aviation Conference

LATE one night in 1918, the general manager and the chief engineer of the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Company dropped in at the Garden City, Long Island, plant to have a quiet look at the Navy-Curtiss flying boats under construction for a transatlantic flight. Seeing a light in one of the hulls, they hurriedly climbed up to investigate, since the employees had long since gone home. Instead of a prowler, they found the chief Navy inspector, a young lieutenant named Theodore P. Wright, from Galesburg, Illinois, carefully going over some construction that he had been unable to inspect during regular working hours without holding up progress on the jobs.

The zeal and energy of the young officer was very impressive, not only in this but in many other instances, and the Curtiss executives concluded he would be a good man for the company after the Navy project was completed. (The NC-4, one of the boats, was the first aircraft to span the Atlantic.)

Eventually the Curtiss people convinced Lieutenant Wright that he should join the organization. Promotion was rapid, and by the time he left the Curtiss-Wright Corporation to assist William S. Knudsen in the early days of the OPM at no salary at all, he was vice-president in charge of engineering for all plants—in the largest aircraft, engine and propeller organization in the world.

When he was vice-president and general manager of the Curtiss plant in Buffalo, Ted played on the company basketball team, composed principally of shop workers. A blueprint boy was the captain. For many an evening, Ted warmed the substitute bench, until the captain saw fit to put him in a game. Since the blueprint boy had but one objective—to win—he cared nothing for the daytime rank of his players. Neither did Ted, and it was a pretty good team.

In connection with his widespread duties at Curtiss, he made many trips to Europe. On the last, in 1939, what he and a few other American aircraft manufacturers saw in Germany convinced him that something had to be done in America—and quickly. So Ted Wright volunteered. He became the aviation expert of the OPM and succeeding war-production agencies, and was responsible for the direction of the entire American aircraft-production program. In 1941, he made a survey of floor space, direct labor, machinery and known productive ability of each plant in the industry. Then he drew curves predicting the rate of monthly production for military aircraft. A year later, actual production figures spotted on these curves almost exactly coincided with his estimates.

Late last summer, the military aircraft-production program had come along so well that talk began to mount on reconversion, cutbacks and cancellations of contracts. About this time, Charles I. Stanton, administrator of the Civil Aeronautics Administration, announced that he wanted to revert to the status of deputy administrator, to preserve his civil-service rating, for he has been with the CAA and its predecessor agencies since 1926.

Ted, now 49, was selected for the job of administrator. Hardly had he found his office in the Commerce Department Building when he was shipped off to Chicago as technical secretary of the International Civil Aviation Conference. There he spent 37 days and nights working out rules of safety in world air-transport operation, which were enthusiastically adopted by the delegates.

Back in Washington, he took up the cause of private flying, a cause whose supporters had long howled was subordinated to the wishes and needs of the air-transport industry. "If we are to have an aviation manufacturing industry of outstanding economic importance," he declared, "it must be based on nonscheduled flying and its needs for manufacture and service."

Ted Wright recognized that the private flier and the nonscheduled operator of aviation services have not been adequately represented in the activities of the federal aviation agencies. But he realizes that this was due largely to the importance of establishing a 35,000-mile network of lighted and radio-equipped airways and the stabilization of our domestic air-transport industry. And the war, of course, threw greater loads on the airways and air transports, and whittled the private airman and the commercial fixed-base operator down to nothing.

By way of proof that he means business, Wright has created an Advisory Group on Nonscheduled Flying, representing the aviation industry and the private flier, to assist him in planning increased postwar private flying. Just previous to this, he appointed John H. Geisse, about whom we reported in Collier's for January 6th, as his assistant for Personal Flying Development. Mr. Geisse, who has lived with this subject intimately for more than a decade, will prepare studies and make recommendations to Wright concerning the development of privately owned aircraft, and will keep in touch with the work of all federal, state and civil agencies.

"Over the long period, no part of the aviation industry holds as much promise of new employment in volume manufacture and in sales and service as private flying," Ted Wright declares. "When you compare its potentialities with those of commercial air transport, it is possible the present relative position may be reversed."

Strong and encouraging words for an engineer, particularly one of his caliber. ★★★

EVERYBODY'LL KNOW IT'S OUR HOUSE!

"From the minute they break the ground . . .

"And the masons put the foundation down . . .

"And the carpenters set the ridgepole in place and nail an evergreen bough to the highest point . . .

"Everybody'll know it's *our* house!

"They'll know . . . by the welcome on the front door mat . . . by the table that's always set . . . by the fire that never goes out . . .

"They'll know the instant they step in the door . . . by the cat asleep on the old hooked rug . . . by the wonderful smell, drifting through the hall, of applesauce and gingerbread, and roast beef browning in the pan . . . by the kitchen I'll never stop boasting about with its magic electric range that cooks by itself when we're away or asleep.

"And the fabulous refrigerator that keeps food fresh behind gleaming glass with special zones of the right kind of cold for steaks and milk and puddings and greens.

"And of course hot water in endless streams . . . and another kind of a magic chest—a new home freezer that we can fill all summer with fruits and tender young vegetables and fish and luxurious things so all winter long we can feast like kings.

"They'll know, because you'll be home forever and we'll be settled down in the house we dreamed and planned together through all the terrible lonely months, across the separating seas.

"They'll know by the way we laugh so much and forget to turn out the front door light, and the neighbors' friendly gossip about how happy young folks can be . . .

"You'll see!

"Everybody'll know it's our house!"

• • •

Hold on to those bright dreams.

We believe your hope for a new and finer home can and will come true.

Here at Kelvinator, when Victory is won, all the new strength, the new abilities and skills born of war, will be turned to production for peace.

That means that Kelvinator will build more and finer refrigerators, electric ranges, home freezers, and electric water heaters to make the kitchens of America the truly enchanted places they can be.

It means that the new developments, the scientific advances made in war will be incorporated into these appliances as rapidly as possible to make them the more useful, the more efficient part of the home you want—when peace comes.

This will be our part in the building of a greater, a happier nation. For we believe all of us owe to those who have fought to preserve it, a strong, vital and growing America—where every man and every woman will have the freedom and the opportunity to make their dreams come true.

This booklet with pictures and floor plans for six modern low-cost homes, together with details of their exciting new post-war kitchens designed for easy living, is offered to home planners without cost. See your Kelvinator retailer or drop a post card to Dept. 6-A, Kelvinator, Detroit 32, Michigan.

HEART of your postwar kitchen . . . the Kelvinator electrical appliances: the new Kelvinator Refrigerator . . . the new Kelvinator Electric Range . . . the new Kelvinator Electric Water Heater . . . and the new Kelvinator Home Freezer that keeps foods at flavor peak indefinitely!

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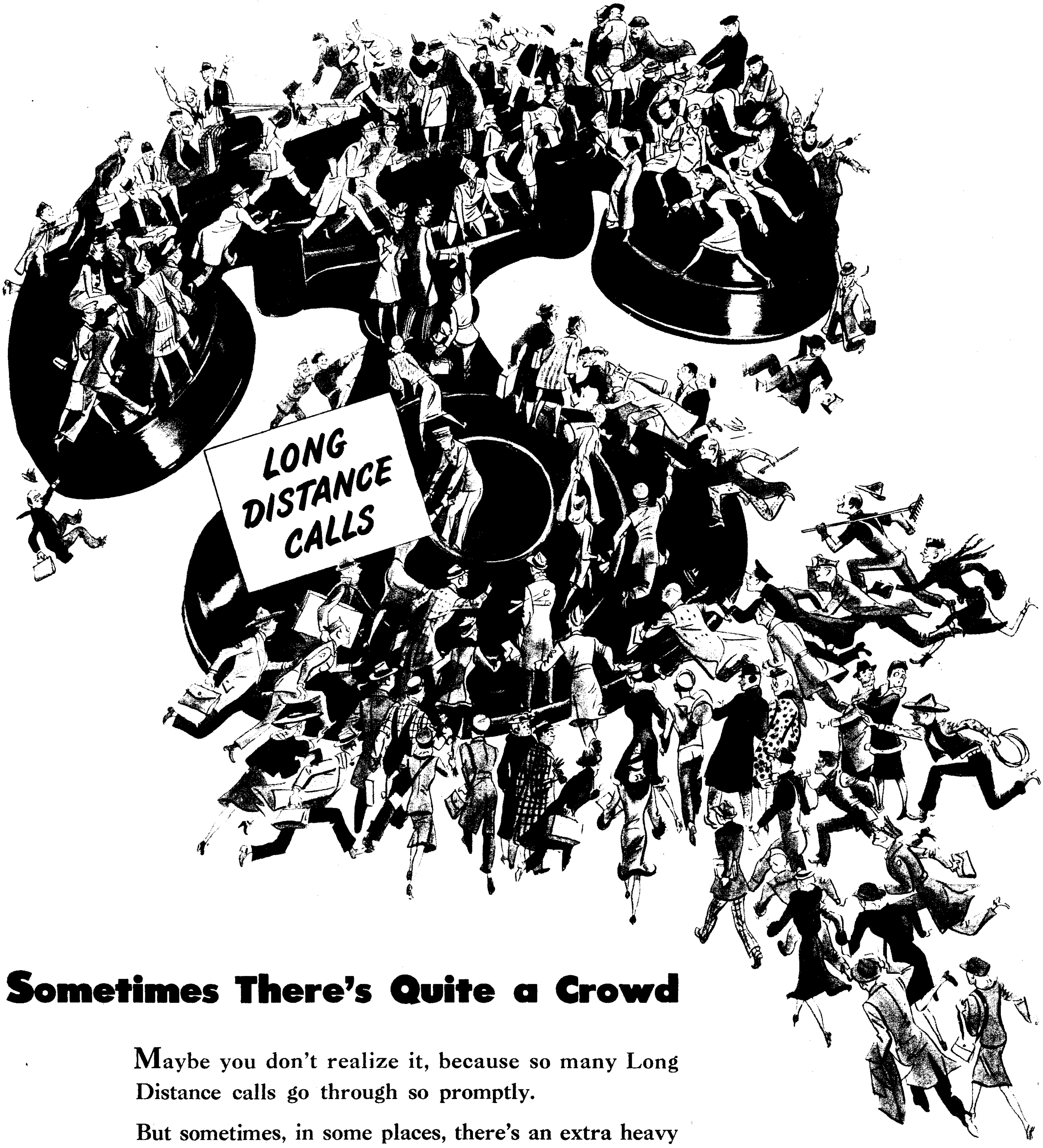


Sometimes There's Quite a Crowd

Maybe you don't realize it, because so many Long Distance calls go through so promptly.

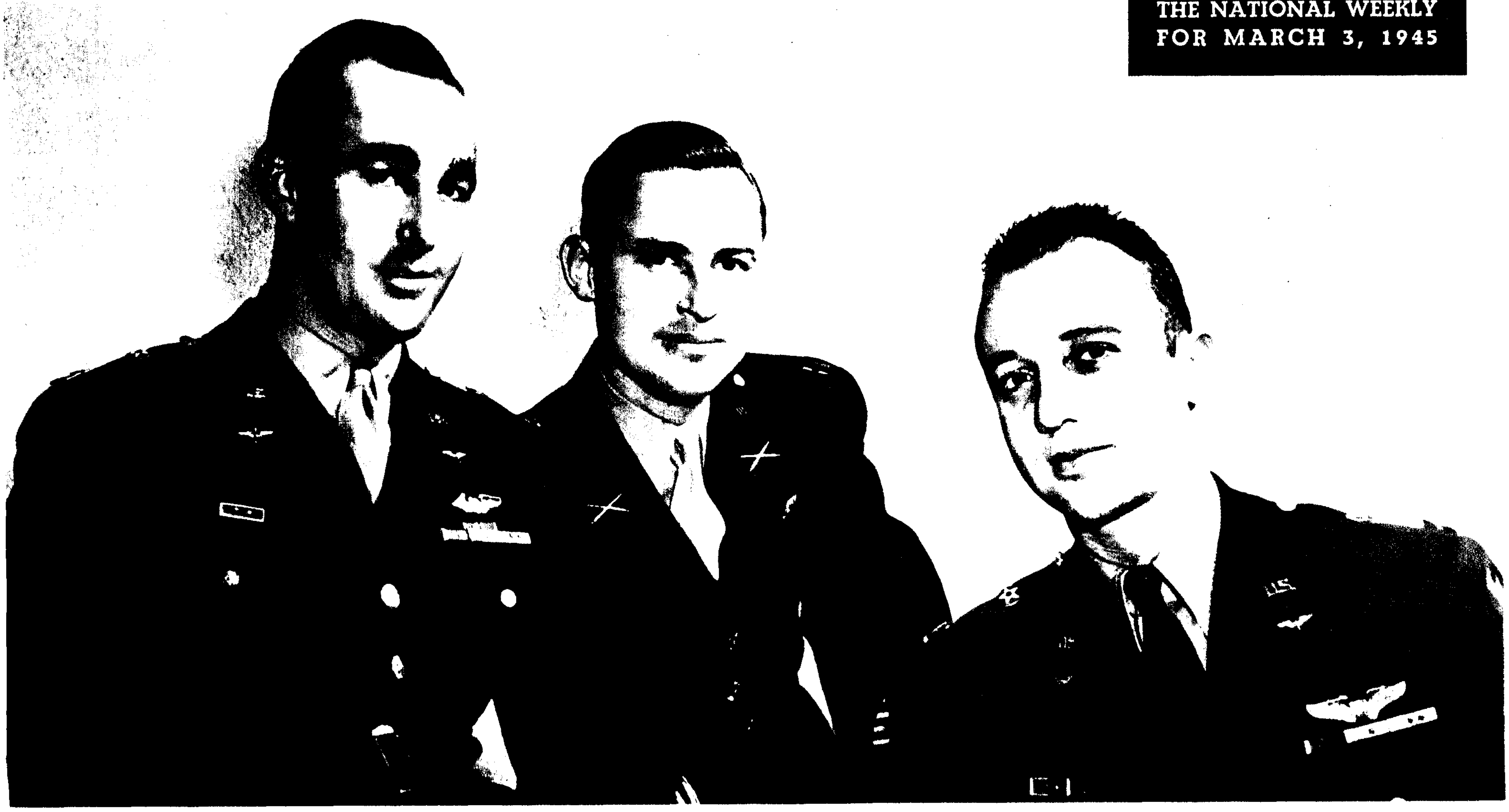
But sometimes, in some places, there's an extra heavy rush and all available circuits are in use and people are waiting.

Then the operator will make this wartime suggestion – "Please limit your call to 5 minutes."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

WE LIVED TO TELL

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MARCH 3, 1945



BY CAPTAIN GENE DALE • CAPTAIN JOHN MORRETT • CAPTAIN BERT SCHWARZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS

Foreword

THESE are three Americans. Johnny Morrett is from Springfield, Ohio; he was at Theological Seminary in Cambridge before the war, studying for the ministry. Gene Dale is from Enid, Oklahoma: wrestled in college, left to join the Air Corps. Bert Schwarz is New York born and bred, would swap you the whole Pacific Ocean for the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street. They could be any three Americans.

They were taken prisoner when Bataan fell. They made the March of Death; they saw their fellow Americans die by the thousands, of disease and starvation; for two and a half years they worked as slave labor in the infamous penal colonies of Davao and Lasang. They escaped when a Jap prison ship carrying them north was torpedoed, and these three were among the handful of survivors who made it to shore through the Jap machine-gun fire.

This is the story that they lived to tell. We have set it down here just as they told it after their escape. It is about the Japs, because they learned a lot about Japs in two and a half years. But it is more than that. It is about Americans.

Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

I

WE MET at Davao. We happened to be assigned to the same work detail of American prisoners, planting rice; the three of us were side by side in line. We would bend over together and stick the rice seedlings into the black muck, take one step backward in unison, stoop and plant another row. The Jap guards walked the dikes above us, holding Enfield rifles with bayonets fixed. If we faltered, we would get a hobnailed boot in the ribs, or a rifle butt across a naked thigh.

We always worked naked: all we ever had on was a G string. The Japs took all our clothes away when we worked outside the prison compound. They were afraid we would escape into the jungle, and they even took our shoes away. Going barefoot had a curious effect on the men's morale. Any good American likes to walk with his head up, but when he is barefooted and walking on rough stones, he has to look where he is going. He keeps his head lowered, as if he were cowed or ashamed. Maybe the Japs had that in mind.

They worked us from dawn to dark. The mud was hip-deep, and covered with blue slime; it stank like a carabao wallow. We could smell it a mile away as we approached the field in the morning. We would stand on the dike and touch our bare toes to the mud, like a kid testing the water, and the smell would almost make our stomachs turn over. But once we got covered with it, we didn't notice it any more. We rubbed it all over our face and under our arms and in our crotch, to keep off the red jungle ants and gnats that swarmed up our legs and bit us raw. It dried a gray-brown, like a mud pack, and after a while we looked more like natives than Americans.

We were getting to think and feel more like natives every day. It was over half a year now since Bataan had fallen, and what we had seen on the March of Death and later had left our minds sort of numb. All we thought about was eating and sleeping. We slept at night on the rough board floor, huddled together like animals to keep warm. Our food ration was only 600 grams of rice a day, and we were always hungry. We devoured any scraps the Japs tossed to us, a chicken head or a heap of *camote* peelings or sometimes a half-rotten squash that would float down the ditch into our compound from the Jap kitchen. Or if we were lucky, we would catch a lizard or a snake. There were always cobras lurking in the thickets around the rice paddies, and we would club them to death with a stick. We would wrap the dead snake around our bare stomach and smuggle it into camp so the Japs wouldn't see it, and that night we would roast it over the fire.

We must have been a funny-looking outfit, and skinny as skeletons except where our legs were swollen with wet beriberi. The Japs got a laugh out of us, and we had to laugh at ourselves. There were colonels and majors of fifty or over, and kids barely eighteen. All of us had diarrhea or dysentery, and if we stopped to relieve ourselves, a guard would take his rifle by the barrel and swing the butt over his shoulder and bring it down hard across our naked backsides to keep us going.

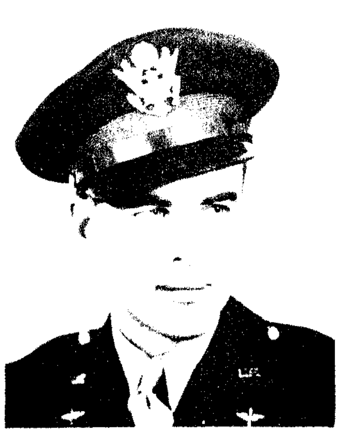
An Introduction to Slavery

We were not prisoners of the Japs; we were their slaves. They told us over and over that they hated us. "You are our eternal enemies," the little Jap CO told us when we arrived at Camp O'Donnell. "You will not like it here. If you try to escape we will shoot you."

They promised they would make it tough for us, and they did. We had to empty their latrines, or do any other menial task they ordered. The highest ranking American officer, even General Wainwright, had to salute the lowest Jap private, and, if he failed, he would be slapped or made to stand at attention in the hot sun. The only way was to shut our minds, and try to live from hour to hour. A man's mind is a funny thing, it operates in three worlds: the past, the present and the future. We lived in the past and in the future.

Mostly we lived in the past. We used to talk about the past together as we worked side by side in the rice paddies.

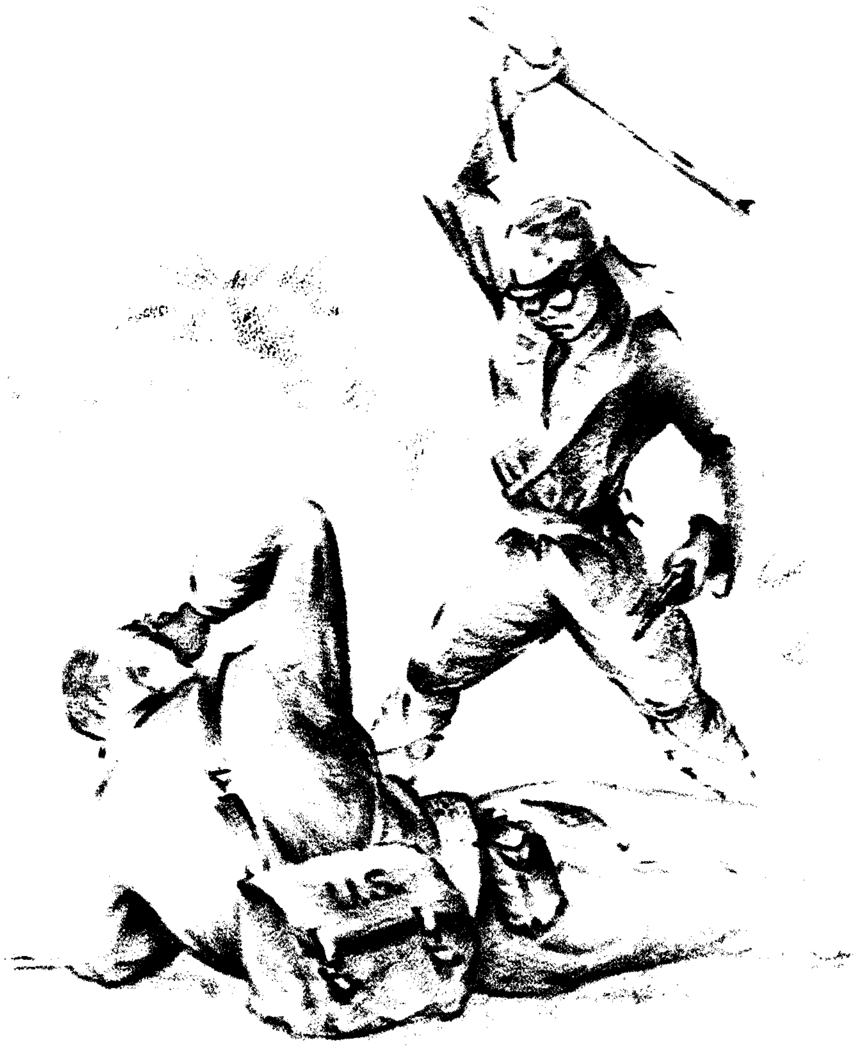
(ALL PROCEEDS OF THIS COLLABORATION ARE BEING DONATED TO THE ARMY AIR FORCES AID SOCIETY, FOR THE POSTWAR ASSISTANCE OF AIR FORCES PERSONNEL AND THEIR DEPENDENTS)



AXINE STUDIO

Lt. Murray Sneddon of Glendale, Calif., who drew the illustrations for this story, was a pilot with the Second Observation Squadron, Far East Air Force, when Bataan surrendered. With the authors, he made the March of Death; he was a prisoner of the Japs for two and a half years; he escaped when the prison ship was torpedoed. All the sketches he had made went down with the ship; these drawings are from memory. But the memory of those two and a half years is still very vivid in his mind.

Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain



"Some of our older men would falter, and the Japs would club them"

Already it was getting harder and harder to remember all that had happened in the past six months, like trying to remember a nightmare after you are awake, or rather like a nightmare in which you try to recall snatches of an earlier dream. We would remember an incident here or a bit there, and begin to fit the various parts into place.

Johnny would mention some point where he had stopped along the March of Death, and Bert would say, "Hell, were you there? I was there, too," and they would compare dates. Gene would add some other detail, and gradually we pieced together a whole picture of the past. It helped to take our minds off the beatings and the hunger and the heat.

The three of us had been stationed with different outfits in the Philippines the morning Pearl Harbor was attacked. That was December 7th to you, but for us it will always be December 8th. Johnny was attached to a Field Artillery brigade of Philippine Scouts at Stotsenburg; he saw the bombing of Clark Field. Gene was at Fort Santiago, attached to USAFFE. Bert was at Air Force Headquarters at Nielson Field at the outbreak of war. He said the fifth column was so active in those tragic days that our own pilots flying reconnaissance had no trouble getting back to the field at night; they just followed the flares set by the treacherous *sakdalistas*. The Nips couldn't miss, he said; we didn't have a chance.

After Manila fell, both Bert and Gene rejoined the 27th Bombardment Group and helped form the First Provisional Air Corps Regiment, training Air Corps men in infantry tactics. For two and a half months they fought as infantrymen on the Orion Line, falling back and re-forming and falling back again as the Japs steadily advanced. Bert's sector made its final stand at the Alagan River Line. He saw three airplanes warming up at Bataan Field that morning, and he ran to pack his duffel. When he got back, they had gone. They were the last planes ever to leave.

Bert retired to the Air Corps Concentration Point at Kilometer 182, and surrendered on April 9th. Gene got over to Corregidor, served a month there with the Marines on beach defense, surrendered on May 6th. That morning, Gene told us, General Wainwright ordered the men to scuttle all defenses—and left for Bataan to meet the Jap General Homma and decide upon terms of surrender. Homma informed Wainwright that the surrender of Corregidor would not be accepted unless all U.S. Army forces in the Philippines surrendered; otherwise our forces on Corregidor would be massacred. Wainwright had no way of contacting the other forces, and our guns and ammunition had already been destroyed, so he was forced to accept Homma's terms.

The Japs refused to recognize Wainwright's men as prisoners of war. They crammed 10,000 American and Philippine troops into the 92d Garage Area, an enclosure less than 150 yards square, and held them as hostages without food or water. They stayed there two weeks with no covering from the sun, no sanitary facilities of any kind, no medicine to fight the epidemic of disease that was spreading fast in the filthy compound. The infections picked up in the 92d Garage Area accounted for hundreds of American deaths later in the prison camp at Cabanatuan.

The Japs looted the American prisoners constantly, taking their watches, rings and insignia, even their glasses. Gene saw a Jap soldier snatch the upper half of a set of false teeth from an old master sergeant, and smash them under his heel; he let the sergeant keep the lower half.

After two weeks, Gene said, the bedraggled and exhausted Americans were paraded through the main street of Manila. The Japs formed them in ranks and marched them past Manila's main hotel where the Jap officers sat in comfort and watched. The idea was to humble them in the eyes of the natives, but all along the line of march, the loyal Filipinos would lift their fingers in a covert "V," and occasionally a native woman would risk her life by running out into the street and handing an American prisoner a cigarette or an ice-cream cone. The Japs would club the woman back to the curb with their rifles. At the other end of town, the Americans were loaded into cattle cars and taken to Bilibid and then Cabanatuan. Gene arrived at Cabanatuan four days before Bert and Johnny.

Courage in Place of Armor

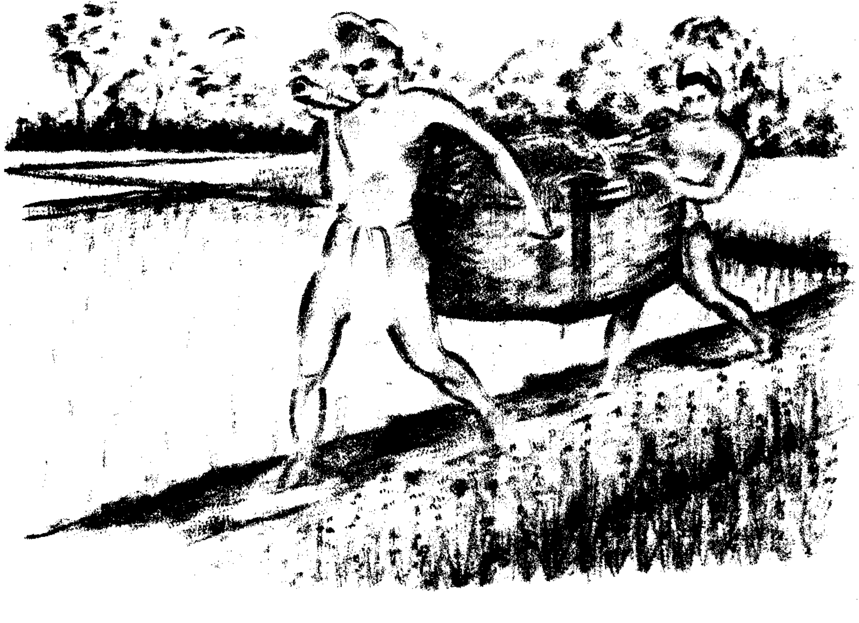
Johnny, meantime, had withdrawn with the northern and southern Luzon forces into Bataan, and for three months had engaged in a constant artillery duel with the Japs. The Philippine Scouts fought courageously, he said, but the Philippine army was a pitiful little outfit in their paper hats, cheap blue denim uniforms, and brown tennis shoes. Most of them had never even heard a gun fired before. Johnny fought on the Orion Line until April 6th, and surrendered at Kilometer 167—some fifteen kilometers north of Bert.

"Destroying our own equipment was the hardest thing of all," Johnny recalled; "it made our surrender so complete. We destroyed everything we had. We put projectiles in the guns and blew them up, we beat up all the survey equipment—all our beautiful instruments—and we shot bullets through the truck tires, and poured sugar and water in the gas tanks with the motors running. There was a pay roll waiting to be distributed; we burned it beside the road. After we had destroyed all our weapons, the Jap tanks came up the road, strafing both sides of the highway. They killed our men as we lay flat or hugged the trees for protection."

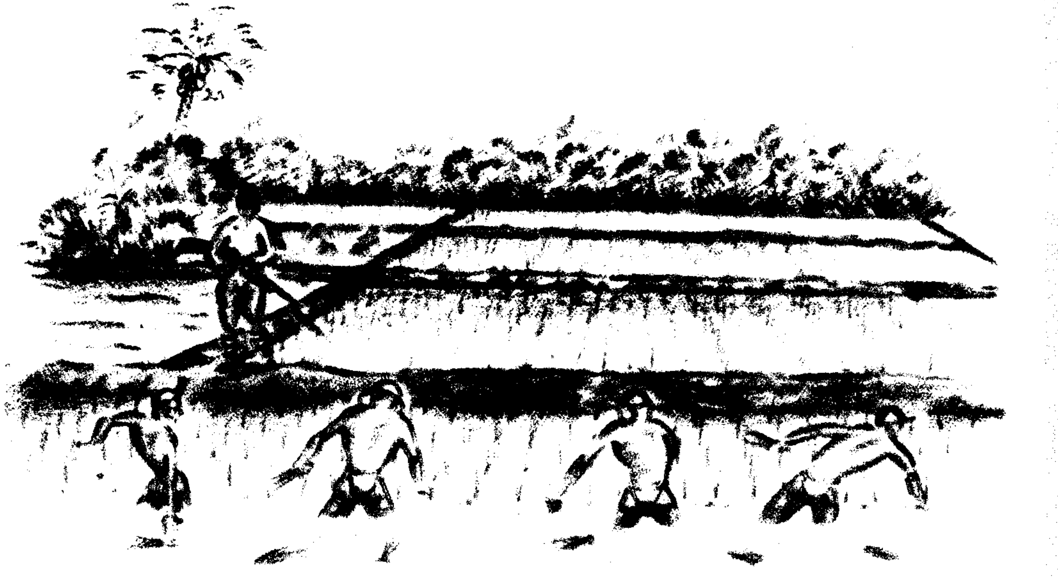
After the surrender, we were all taken to a concentration camp and held that night without food or water. The following afternoon we started the March of Death.

It was hard to recall the events of those next five days. There are some things so terrible that a man's mind fights to forget them. Even now, as we tried to remember it at Davao six months later, it seemed as though it had happened to somebody else. We wondered how anybody could have lived through it, and we kept forgetting that we lived through it ourselves. It wasn't real. It was like some atrocity story you read in a paper. It couldn't happen; or, if it did, it happened to some peasant you never heard of. It couldn't have happened to people you know. It couldn't have happened to us.

The first stage of the Death March was the steep zigzag road leading from Mariveles to Little Baguio, almost a mile straight up. We marched in single file in the deep dust, against an endless line of Jap army traffic: cavalry, tanks, artillery



"The poles of the heavy baskets would cut into our bare shoulders"



"We worked side by side, bending over and sticking the rice seedlings into the muck" mounts, caissons, military trucks. We must have passed 50,000 soldiers on that march, and every Nip who felt like it would shove us or cuff us as he passed.

Kicking was nothing; they all took sideswipes at us with their hobnailed shoes until our shins were black and blue. Some of our older men would fall by the wayside in the terrific heat, and the Japs would club the stragglers to their feet. We put our arms around one another and helped ourselves along, because we knew what happened to those who dropped out. The Japs would drag them into the bushes and we would hear screams, and we would not see them again.

The Jap soldiers would snatch things from us as they passed. Bert was wearing his silver pilot wings pinned to his shirt. A little Nip made a grab for them, and instinctively Bert half-turned and gave him the hip. It was a foolish thing to do, but for some reason the soldier just turned and walked away. From then on, Bert wore the wings inside his shirt where they wouldn't be seen. Two years later that pair of silver wings saved his life.

As we progressed, we began to see more and more bodies in the road, crushed by the Jap transports. Bert and Johnny were at different places along the line of march, but they both remembered one particular Filipino body along about Kilometer 160. It had been pressed as flat as a pancake by the truck tires, and, in flattening, it had spread about twice its natural size; it was as though someone had drawn a huge caricature of a Filipino in the road. It was so flat you didn't even see what it was until you were walking on it.

Now we were half crazy with thirst. We had to get water. We could stop and drink water out of a mudhole with a dead carabao lying in the middle of it; we would scoop the water up with our cupped hands and gulp it, regardless. At one halt, Johnny crowded with some others toward a stream to fill his canteen. The men upstream shouted that several Filipino bodies were lying in the water, but the others were too thirsty to let that bother them. Johnny had some chlorine tablets and offered them around, but most of the men didn't bother. They knew they were asking for dysentery but they were beginning to feel it wasn't going to matter.

We made about forty kilometers that day without rest, and about ten o'clock that night we were jammed into the cellar of an old Spanish stone house. It had been used as a pigsty; it would hold about fifty pigs. They shoved five hundred of us in there and locked the door and left us standing in the dark, wedged so tight we couldn't move. Several men died that night of suffocation, but the dead stood all night with the living. There was no room to fall down.

Memory Cannot Tell the Story

We set out again the following dawn, and we marched all that day, and all the next day, and the next. Days were beginning to run together, and events were getting blurred in our minds. We staggered on mile after mile, too dazed to know what was happening any more. Americans would die, and other Americans would demand a decent burial, and they would be killed for demanding burial. Now and then we would run into friends in the line. Near Little Baguio, Bert passed Captain Ed Dyess resting with his men under some trees. Bert asked him why he didn't leave on one of the planes from Bataan, and Dyess said he was sticking with his squadron. Captain Dyess was with us until he escaped from Davao a year later.

The sun beat down, the dust choked us, the smell of the dead was everywhere. We didn't even think about the dead any more. All we thought about was water, water. We would see a glass of water in our mind, and we could almost feel it run over our tongue and down our throat, but in our mouth there was nothing but dust. It was about this time that Johnny lost his precious canteen. A Jap soldier borrowed it to take a drink, and then hung it casually on his own belt and began walking away. Johnny doubled his fist and started after him, but the others grabbed his arm and dragged him back into line.

By noon of the fifth day we could make out the stacks of the San Fernando sugar mills in the distance, and we knew we were getting near the end of the march. A sprinkle of rain fell that afternoon; that was how we made the last few miles. We held up our mess kits to catch the rain, and we walked with our faces upturned and our parched mouths open to the sky. We were shuffling like drunken men, wandering from side to side of the road, but always keeping our eyes fixed ahead. Johnny almost passed out, and a little Air Corps pilot who was walking beside him put an arm around his waist and dragged him the rest of the way into town.

Calculated Murder by Privation

We arrived at Camp O'Donnell on April 15, 1942. We spent two months at O'Donnell and five months at Cabanatuan; and those seven months were the most unreal of all. We had no medicine, no bandages, no surgical equipment of any kind; we watched men die who might have been saved by a simple operation. Two thousand Americans died at O'Donnell the first six weeks. We had no clean clothing or sheets or mosquito nets; just the bare mud floor. The rain poured through the lean-to roof and soaked the ground, and pneumonia set in.

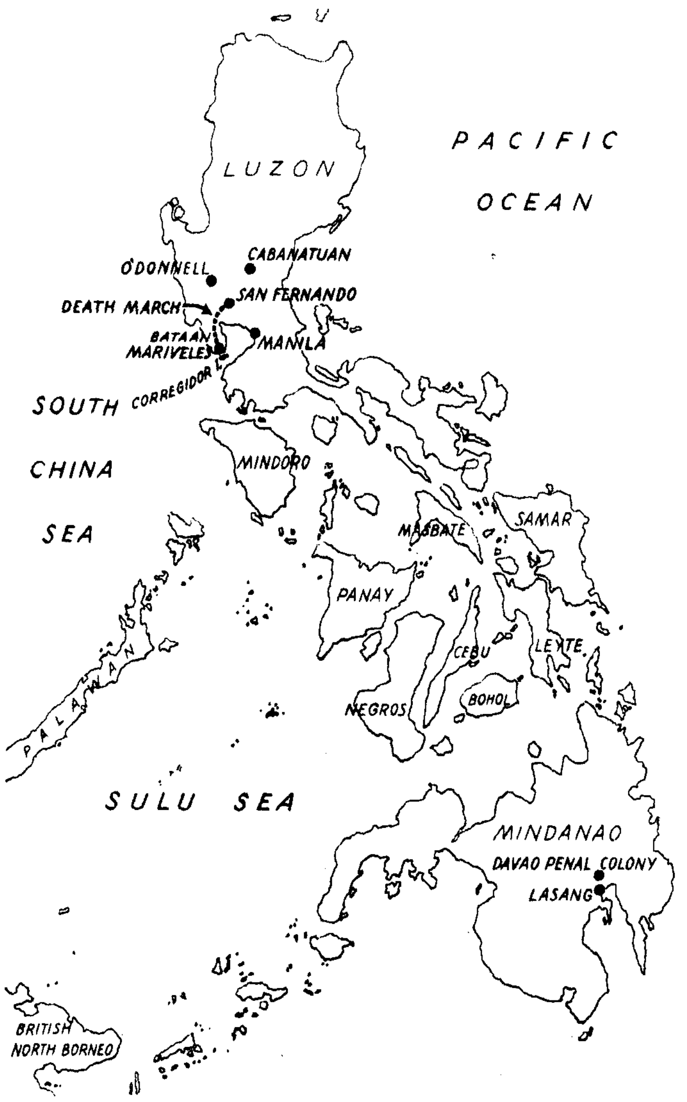
All of us were covered with sores, and the floor was thoroughly infected, but we had no water to wash it. We had hardly enough water to drink; men would stand in the water line for hours in the hot sun.

The Jap medical officer made one inspection and ordered us to clean things up, but the Japs gave us nothing to do it with. They were thoroughly indifferent to everything that went on inside the compound. All they did was to nail up posters saying "If you attempt to escape, you will be shot." We used them for toilet paper.

It was not that there was no medicine or food to be had. Once we saw three truckloads of supplies arrive at the camp—a gift to the Americans from a priest in Manila—and the Japs turned them away at the gate. It was tough to watch them leave. The Japs used our confiscated C rations to feed their dogs; they didn't care. Our only food was boiled rice, a soft, sloppy mess that went right through you. Some of the dysentery cases might have lived if we had had solid food. We had to cook the rice in iron *kawas*—big Philippine caldrons—and it was always watery and scorched on the bottom. You could hardly get it down your throat even when you were starving.

The mind begins to take funny turns when you are living with death day after day. We used to count the number of men that had died the day before, and figure it against the total to see how many more days the rest of us had to live. Fifty men dying each day meant fifteen hundred a month, and seven thousand men meant that in five months there wouldn't be anyone left. The best we could figure it, we didn't any of us average better than a couple of months to live.

Some of the sick didn't want to wait any longer; they were tired of fighting to live. Eating the rice gruel only made their dysentery worse, and they were so weak they would have to lie in their own filth. The rest of us tried to feed them, maybe force a few grains of rice between their lips, and we held their heads on our laps and talked to them to give them hope. But we just didn't have enough hope to go around. When it gets that tough, you can't live for somebody else; it takes all you've got to keep alive yourself. We would nurse a man along a week or ten days, and then one night the place where he slept would be empty, and we would know where he had crawled.



Shown on this map of the Philippines is the route of the Death March, also Camps O'Donnell and Cabanatuan. On Mindanao are located the penal colonies of Davao and Lasang, where the authors spent two brutal years

There was a little shed at one corner of the compound, down near the latrine. It had a roof of thatched cogan grass, and three sides; the fourth side was open to the rain. We called it the Zero Ward. It was where the dead were taken so they wouldn't spread disease. They would lie there until the burial detail could dig fresh holes. When a man wanted to die, he would crawl on his hands and knees down to the Zero Ward, and take his place beside the dead.

We took turns heading up the burial detail each afternoon, but it was never easy. We had to remove all the clothing first, because we needed it, and we buried them naked in a common hole. We had to carry them past the barracks on the way to the burial grounds, and everyone, even the sick, would stand at attention and salute as they went by.

Sometimes an enlisted man would step forward with a bunch of grass twisted together in the shape of a flower, and place it on the friend's body.

It was worst in the rainy season. We used to think about it as we worked in the rice fields at Davao; standing in the mud would remind us. The burial grounds were about a mile from camp in a low area without drainage, and a hole you dug in the morning would be flooded to the rim by afternoon. Johnny had a detail one rainy afternoon, and there was only one hole twelve

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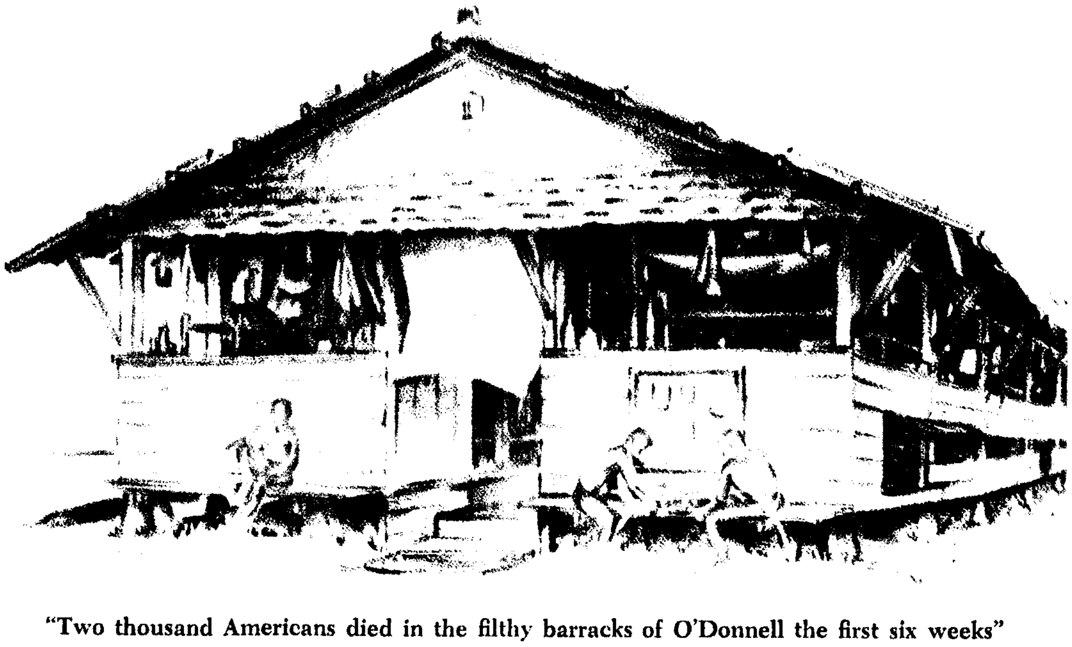
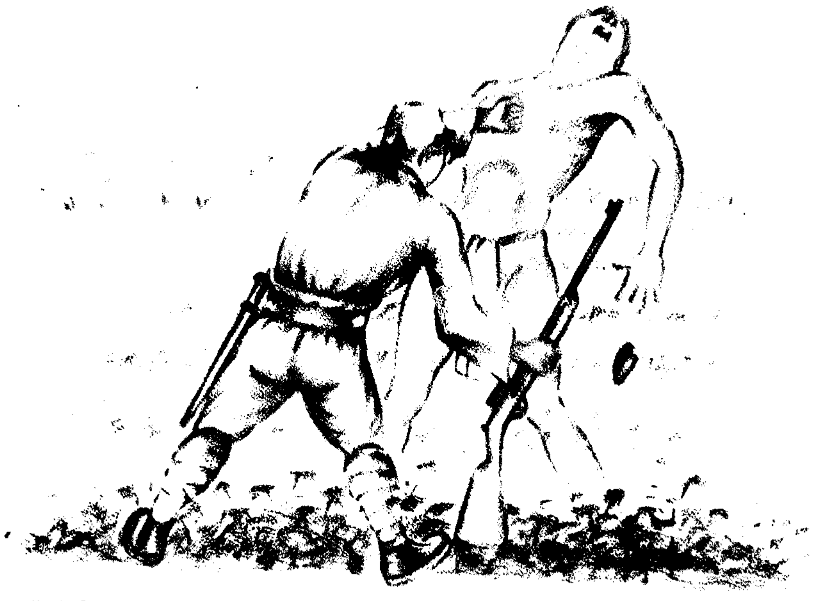


"Two thousand Americans died in the filthy barracks of O'Donnell the first six weeks"



"Little Caesar was a judo expert, and loved to work on the prisoners"

Like a Petal

BY SALLIE BELLE COX

ILLUSTRATED BY HAL STONE

Marilyn was rich. She was lovely. She was ambitious. She was doing fine until she discovered the perils of publicity

I SUPPOSE that you think that all any girl of eighteen wants is to be rich and beautiful. Well, you're wrong, that's all, and I happen to know because my father has more money than the government knows what to do with, even if he does go around grumbling that he hasn't got a million left to his name.

And I suppose that I'm beautiful because it says so in the paper, and if you can't believe what you read in the papers, what *can* you believe? So after a quick look at a mirror I decided that I *might* be called beautiful by those who go in for careless talk.

Besides, you just couldn't have a mother that looks like a Romney portrait (it says in the papers) and go around embarrassing her by looking like a gremlin, could you? So I have hair *almost* as golden as hers, a nose that is *almost* as straight and proud, and of course I can do quite a bit with my mouth because someone was kind enough to invent lipstick. South of my face you will find my body, and while I'm not tall and stately like Mother, I think that I bulge in the right places.

Well, if a war weren't going on, maybe a girl with several million dollars who can dance and hasn't got a face that would stop a dollar watch would never find out how good for nothing she is. But with every boy you know off in the Aleutians or getting married in Australia, and your parents screaming "No!" to your ideas of joining the Red Cross Field Service, things can become pretty depressing. Oh, I Nurses' Aided all over the place, and I danced by the hour at the Officers' Service Club—always knowing that the girl in their arms wasn't I—but I still felt like one of life's leftovers.

Then one day I went to a cocktail party and while meditating over a Martini, something in tweeds lumbered up to me and beamed in a prosperous, purposeful way like Edward Arnold. We made polite noises and exchanged names.

"Hathaway," he murmured thoughtfully. "Are you J. Whitley Hathaway's daughter?"

"Oh, do you know Daddy?" I asked, and he said no, but he had heard of him. He munched peanuts for a moment and then he gave me a department store Santa Claus smile. "And what do you do?" he beamed. "Go to school?"

I shrugged sadly and said, "Nothing." Then I told him that I wanted to get a job, but I didn't seem to be good at anything.

He raised his eyebrows. "Did you ever think of going on the radio?"

"Who, *me?*" I asked.

"Certainly!" he rumbled. "Didn't anyone ever tell you that you have a charming voice?"

"No," I replied startled-like. "Have I?"

"Very charming. *Very* charming indeed." He looked at me closely. "How would you like to be a radio actress? I happen to be with Consolidated Broadcasting, and we're always looking for new talent."

"I don't know," I said, slightly dazed by all this. "I would like to do some war work."

"But this *is* war work," he boomed triumphantly. "Radio is an essential industry. Keeps up morale on the home front!" Banners waved in his voice, and trumpets blared in the background.

So, what do you know, the next afternoon I went in for an audition just as Mr. Edward Arnold told me to do, only his name was really H. Digby Wells, and it seems that he was Fifth Vice-President or something of Consolidated Broadcasting.

He told me three o'clock in Studio 8D, so at three-twenty—I didn't want to appear overeager—I gamboled into Studio 8D which had red lights outside spelling AUDITION. I pulled open the door which weighed at least two tons, and found another pair of doors beyond that, the push kind this time, so I heaved to, or hove to, or whatever with all my hundred and twelve pounds, until the door went its way and I went mine.

Naturally, I was somewhat embarrassed to arrive in the unobtrusive manner of a mortar shell, but I still didn't see why all the people sitting against the wall should be staring at me as though I had crashed into church on roller skates. So I drew myself up like a zipper, swept them with a look of haughty disdain, and when my roving eye fell on the girl who was standing at the microphone glaring at me, I returned her glare.

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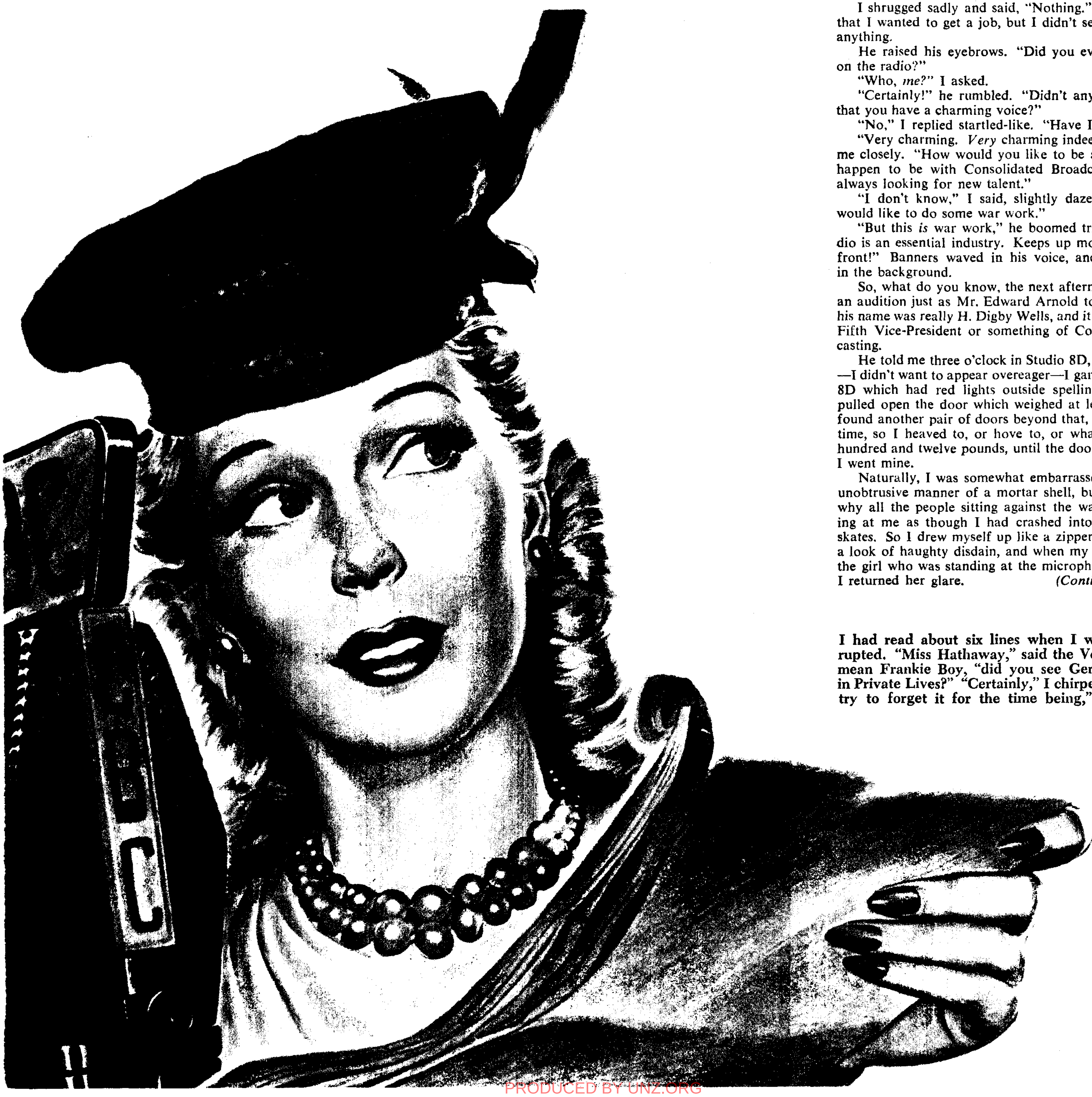
I had read about six lines when I was rudely interrupted. "Miss Hathaway," said the Voice, and I don't mean Frankie Boy, "did you see Gertrude Lawrence in Private Lives?" "Certainly," I chirped. "Then please try to forget it for the time being," the Voice said



ACME

HARRIS & EWING

Hale and hearty, the President is shown at top inspecting the Jacksonville Naval Air Station with Captain Charles P. Mason and Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, watchdog of his health. Directly above, the President is shown at his first inaugural in 1933. Below, with son Jimmy again, at inaugural this year

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

THE PRESIDENT'S HEALTH

BY GEORGE CREEL

On March 4th, Mr. Roosevelt will round out an even 12 years in the White House. The man closest to the President's pulse is Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy. He checks the state of the President's health twice a day. Here is what he finds

FROM the opening of the last election campaign until its close, not a day passed without the circulation of some new and alarming rumor about the physical and mental condition of the President. All of the whispers charged growing incapacity and even actual collapse, but aside from this, there was no agreement. At one and the same time he was reported to be suffering from a coronary thrombosis, a brain hemorrhage, a nervous breakdown, an aneurism in the aorta and a cancerous prostate. Now he was supposed to be in a Miami sanitarium under the observation of specialists, and now in a Chicago hospital with eminent surgeons gathered for an operation. For weeks on end the White House was flooded with anxious inquiries.

None of these rumors had the least foundation in fact. The President's single ailment was a bad case of influenza that left in its wake a stubborn irritation of the larynx and bronchial tubes. A persistent cough, disturbing his sleep, cost him eight or ten pounds and etched heavier lines in his face. With the cough cured, his weight regained, and rested by a stay in Warm Springs, he is back again in the pink. This on the authority of Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, and he ought to know, for since 1933 it has been his job to ride herd on the health of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Not occasionally but *regularly*.

Every morning around 8:30, fair weather or foul, Doctor McIntire parks a somewhat battered car in front of the White House and ambles into the President's bedroom to give his distinguished charge the once-over. Neither thermometer nor stethoscope is produced, there is no request for a look at the tongue or a feel of the pulse, and only rarely is a direct question ever asked. Finding himself a comfortable chair, the doctor sits a bit while breakfast is being eaten or the morning papers looked over.

A close but seemingly casual watch tells him all he wants to know. The things that interest him most are the President's color, the tone of his voice, the tilt of his chin and the way he tackles his orange juice, cereal and eggs. Satisfied on these points, he slips out as quietly as he came, and devotes the rest of the day to his duties as Surgeon General of the Navy—not an inconsiderable chore by any means, for the 140,000 men under him are scattered all over the globe.

In the afternoon, promptly at 5:30, Doctor McIntire makes a second call, parking outside the Executive Offices. This time his approach is more direct, for he is there to see that the President shuts up shop and trundles over to the White House, either for a swim in the pool or a rest before dinner. He also takes a shrewd peek at the wheel chair to make sure that the pile of documents and memoranda is not so large that it means a long stretch of night work.

A New Regimen for the Chief

These are new rules, for until the last year, the President toiled away without much regard for the clock. With the burdens of his office growing heavier and heavier, however, and the tensions of war placing an increasing strain on mind and body, Doctor McIntire has put his foot down on overtime except in cases of absolute necessity. No longer is the President allowed to eat luncheon at his desk, snatching bites of cold and unappetizing food as he confers with Cabinet officials, generals, admirals or agency heads. A good meal in the White House proper is followed by a short rest, and he must put by state papers at an hour that will give him the necessary amount of sleep.

It is the *quantity* of the slumber that concerns Doctor McIntire, for he has never had any quarrel with the *quality*. No matter how packed the day with problems and worries, the President puts them off at night with his clothes, falling asleep almost as soon as his head touches the pillow. Whether a gift or a triumph of will, it has kept him well and strong while younger men cracked under the strain. His unflagging zest, his eager interests, make him a good traveler, and he sleeps as well in strange beds as in his own.

On the trip to Teheran, the one night jump was from Tunis to Cairo, and even placid Doctor McIntire waited anxiously for the morning. Other members of the party tumbled out of their berths somewhat blear-eyed and haggard, but the President emerged in top form, hitting on every cylinder.

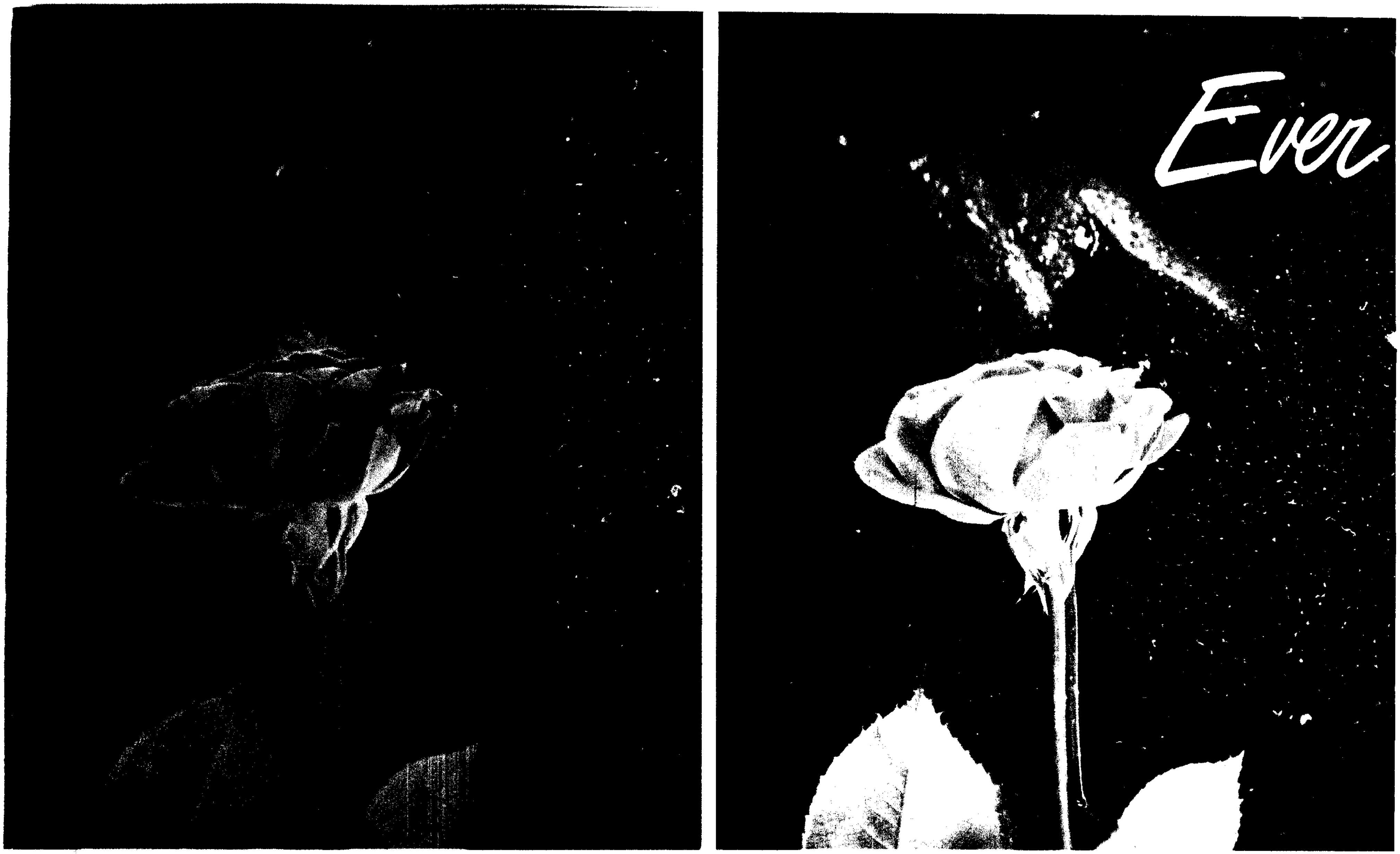
Just as the doctor was with him in Teheran, so does he accompany the President on every journey, inside the country or out. And whether New England, the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, Africa or Iran, the Washington routine is followed without change. No little black bag is ever in evidence, and there is never any hovering and fussing. Unless some sign disturbs him, Doctor McIntire rests content with a casual look-see in the morning and another in the late afternoon, busying himself with his own affairs throughout the day.

A watchful friend, in fact, rather than a doctor, for that is the only way it can be. Civilian practitioners sit in their offices until called, but a White House physician may not wait until the President picks up a germ, runs a temperature or breaks out in a rash. The job is to *keep* him well, to *guard* him against illness, and that entails daily observation. Since these visits must fit into the work day of the Chief Executive, if they are not to become an interruption and annoyance, it follows that the medicine man of the Great White Father must have the run of the place as a liked and trusted intimate, equally at home in parlor, bedroom and bath.

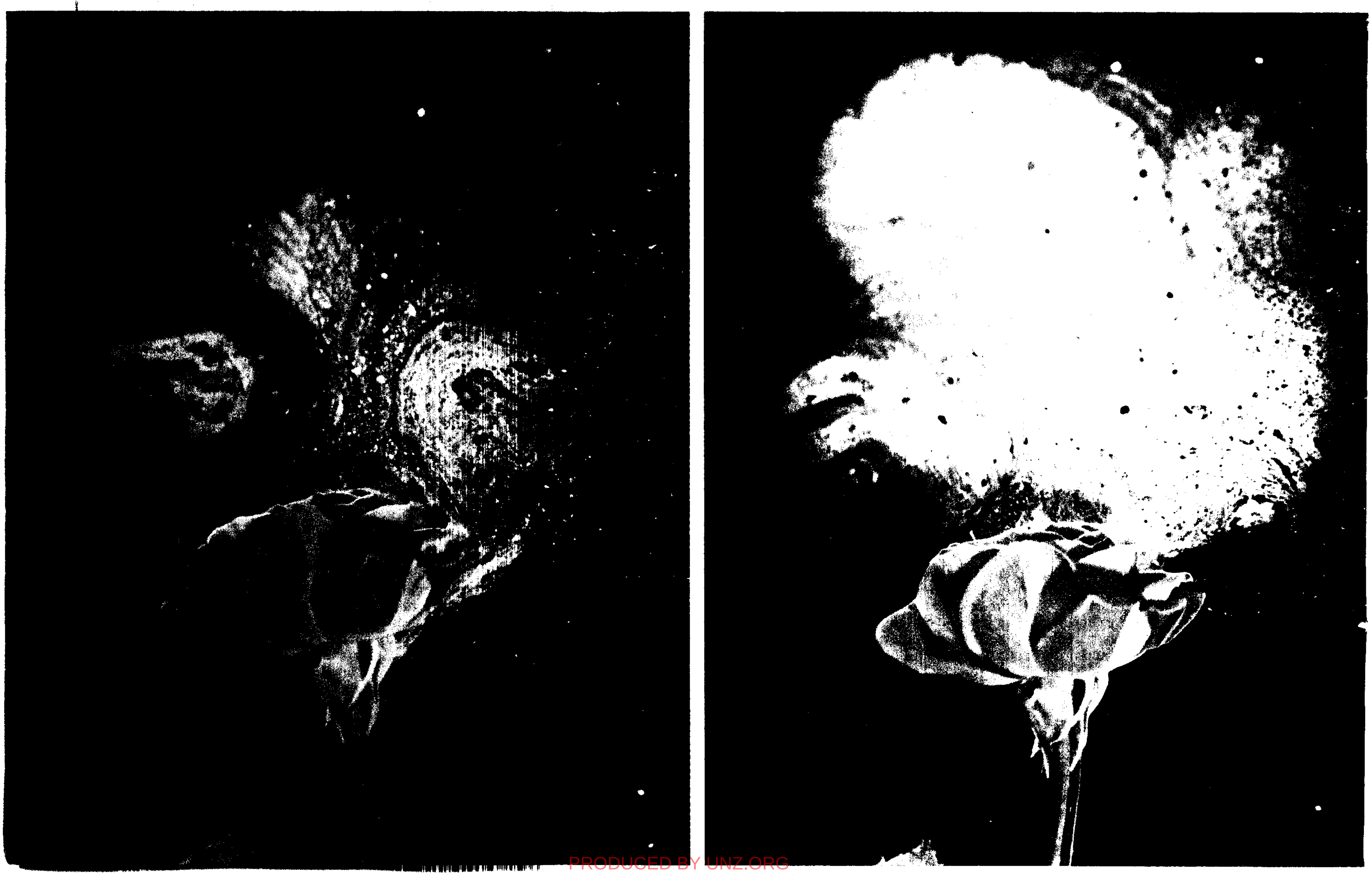
Fortunately, a President has a free hand in the selection of his physician, for Congress has never manifested any concern for the health of a White House occupant. Only his

(Continued on page 74)

Ever



Photographs on this page show four stages in the development of the odor of a rose. Above, left, a misty, vaporous something begins to emanate from the rose, photographed 15 seconds after it was suspended over a mercury surface. Above, right, 45 seconds later, the emanation increases, taking on hazy form. Below, left, after 90 seconds, a distinct smell pattern emerges. Joseph Breitenbach, who worked out technique for photographing smells, says roses and other odoriferous objects show consistent and characteristic smell patterns. Below, right, after 2½ minutes, smell slowly spreads, losing its form



See a SCENT?

By Amy Porter

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOSEPH BREITENBACH

YOU can't see a smell, or touch it, or pick it up. But, if you know how, you can photograph it. Joseph Breitenbach knows how, and the photographs of smells shown here were made by him.

Breitenbach, recognized throughout Europe as an authority on portrait photography, first became interested in smells through the work of a friend of his, the French botanist, Devaux. "What," asked Devaux, "*is* smell? What actually happens when you come within sniffing distance of a piece of garlic, a rose, a skunk, perfume, a sprig of mint?" Devaux conducted experiments to discover how plants give off their odors and finally succeeded in precipitating on a liquid surface a cloudy emanation surrounding odoriferous plants. That emanation, he concluded, must be smell.

Breitenbach was fascinated by the beauty of the cloudy patterns and embarked on experiments of his own, trying to capture the portrait of a smell with his camera. The first fruits of his work were two photographs—one showing a wispy vaporous something floating about the petals of a lily, another showing a thicker, more rounded cloud hovering over a bit of camphor.

The photographs, exhibited at a London Royal Photographic Society show in 1938, caused quite a sensation among scientists as well as photographers.

Then the war started, and Breitenbach put aside his curiosity and his camera and joined the French army and served until the fall of France. Then he came to the United States and tried to join the Army here, but was rejected. His son is with the British Air Force.

"I had only the suit I wore and my cameras when I arrived in this country," Breitenbach tells his story, "but friends loaned me money for equipment, and slowly I began to get a few jobs."

Breitenbach's assets included also his reputation. He was known for his experiments in the technique of photography, and his original work in two-color photography brought him customers.

"I could not, however, continue the work with smells," he says. "That had been an expensive hobby."

Then one day he was having lunch with a young woman who was a copywriter for a New York advertising agency. Her company, she said, had been trying for months to locate a photographer who could take pictures of smells. They had heard of someone in Europe who did it, and they thought perhaps someone here could do it, too. But they had made inquiries of scientists in a dozen universities with no result, and . . .

After lunch, the young woman led Breitenbach by the hand back to her office, and her company's executives asked him if he would please photograph the aroma of a coffee bean.

"I do not know if I can," he protested. "I do not know whether a coffee bean will give off a visible vapor."

The ad men urged him to try, said they'd pay for his equipment and his time, give him everything he needed for the work.

To guarantee the authenticity of his work, Breitenbach requested that two scientists selected by the company be present at the final photographic session. The portrait of the aroma of a coffee bean came out very nicely.

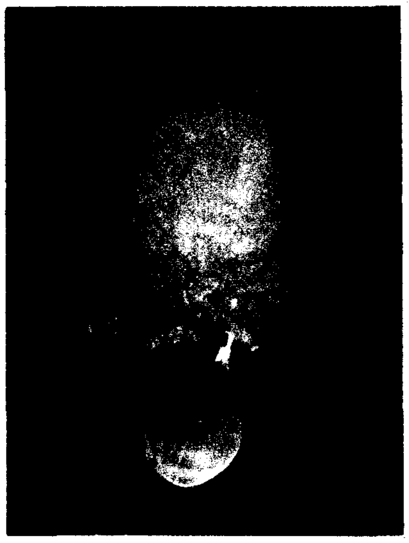
Since then, Breitenbach has extended his experiments, setting his camera to sniffing at cigars, roses, pine needles, trying smell portraits in color as well as in black and white. The procedure is simple, he says. A mere matter of surface tension. Although he does not want to reveal the details of what it took him years to learn, he will say this much on how it is done: You take the object which gives off smell into a room where the temperature and the humidity are exactly right. You suspend the object just above a vessel of mercury, letting it almost touch the surface. In perhaps twenty seconds you see a cloudy pattern forming on the mercury. In fifty seconds or so, the pattern has become distinct and it is time to snap the picture. A few seconds more, and the cloudy substance would become so diffused it would no longer make an interesting photograph.

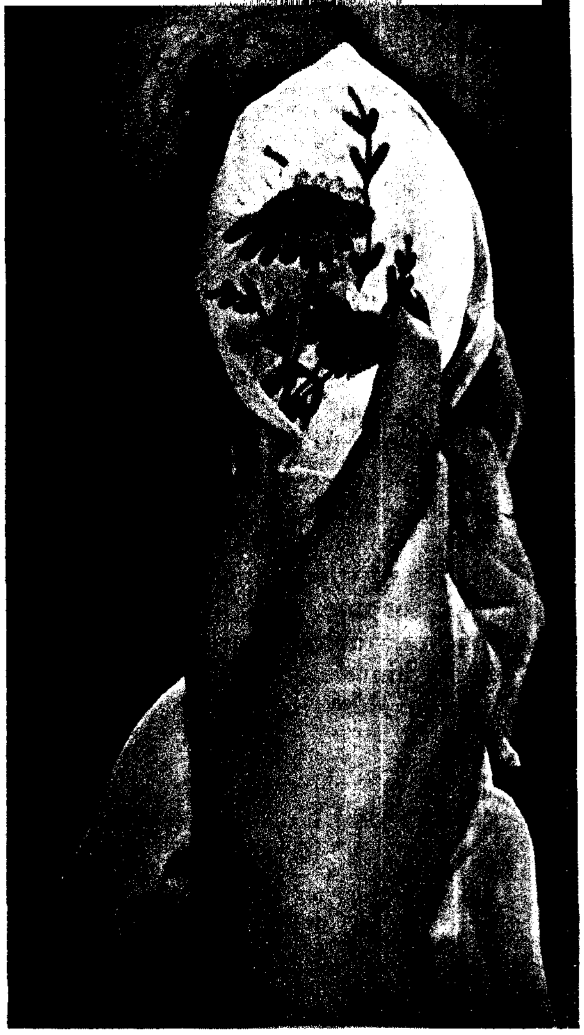
The theory is that all odoriferous substances spray actual particles into the air and that these particles, bombarding the nostrils, constitute smell. Projected onto a surface, the particles form themselves into the thinnest possible layer, only the thickness of one molecule or about one ten millionth of an inch deep. Each odor has a distinctive monomolecular pattern of its own.

A check with a number of scientists shows that, while many of them agree approximately with this theory, others think that smell may be made up of wave lengths, in which case Breitenbach's ectoplasmic clouds would represent the carriers of smell, rather than smell itself. Also there is the question of the degree of electronic force required to produce the emanation.

From here on, it gets a little complicated, and we leave it to the scientists, who some-day, no doubt, will find a practical use for photographs of smell. ★★★

No, that title is not a typographical error. What you see on these pages are real photographs of odors, and very pretty they are, too

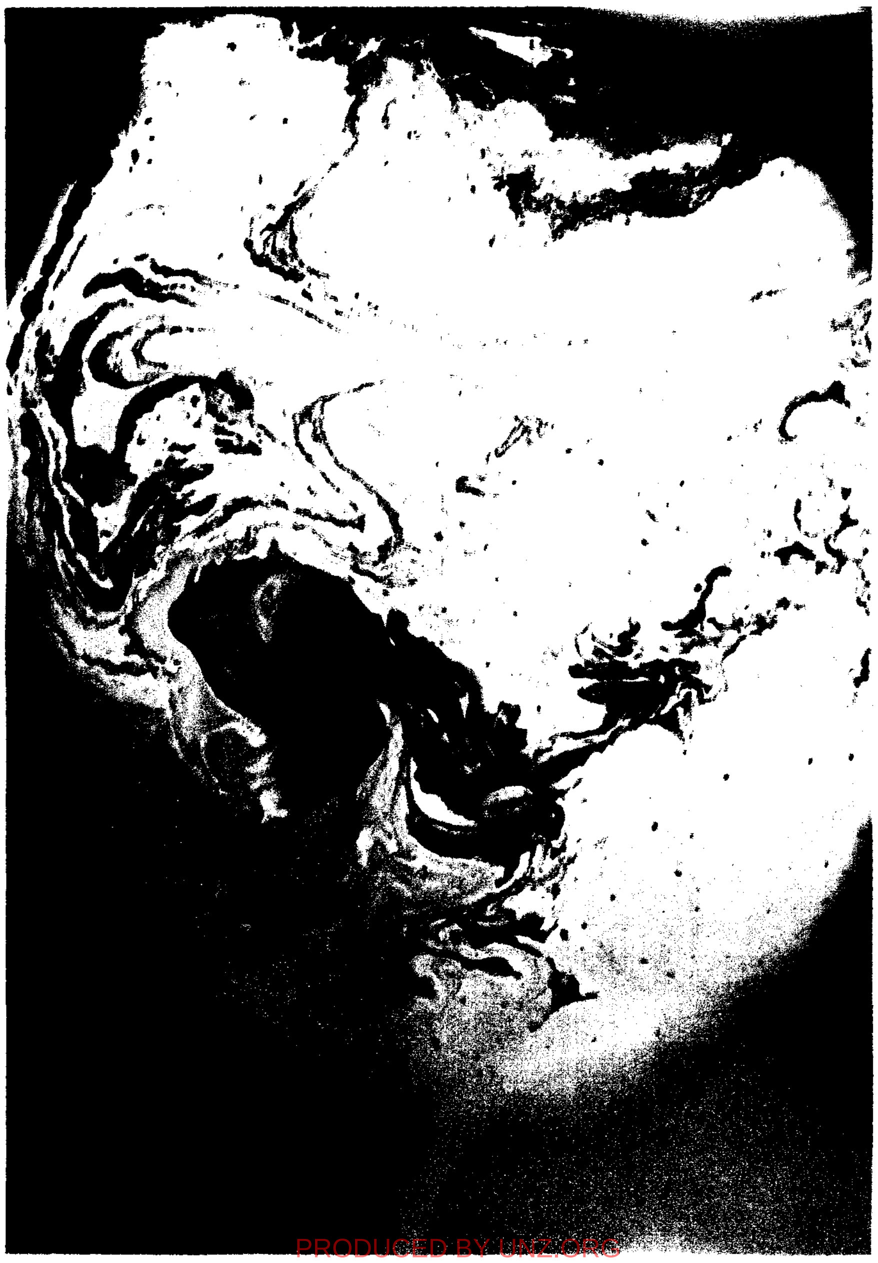


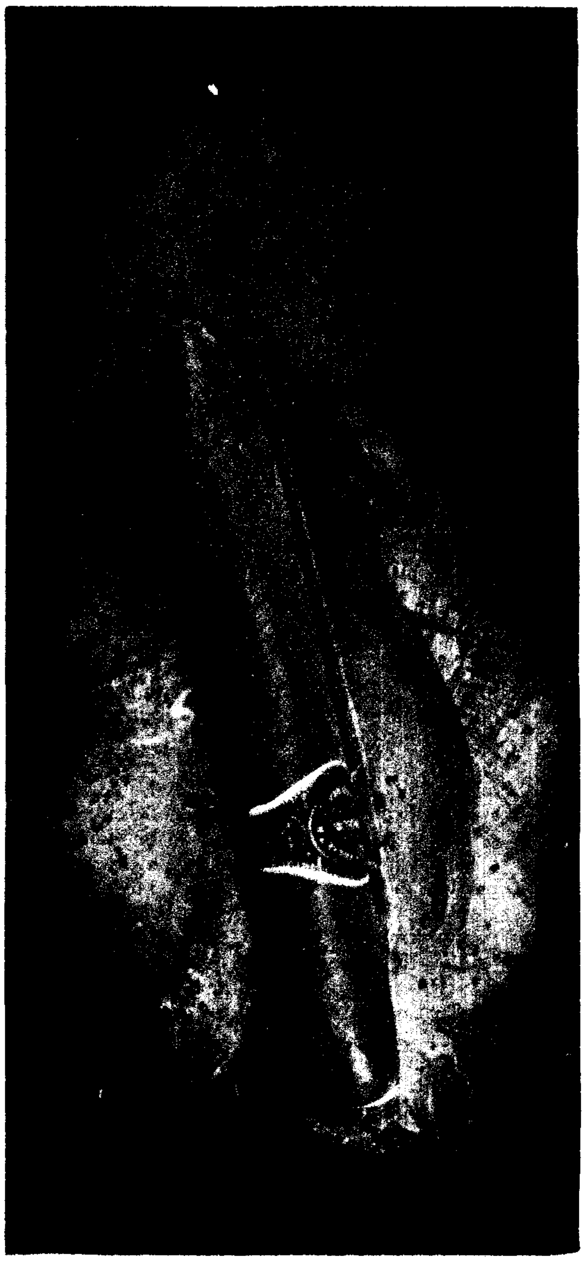


Below, a coffee bean gives off a swirling pattern of aroma. Smell substance forms monomolecular layer

Odor of garlic made visible, above. Note characteristic pattern, rounded, heavy-looking

Mercury captures smell substance given off by perfumed handkerchief, above, by an unlighted cigar, below. Most all smells appear blue-gray





This report on conditions in the German capital just before the Red Army smashed into the Reich is based on a recent visit to Berlin by a European who obviously cannot sign the article with his own name

BERLIN: CITY OF FEAR

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

BY GEORGE LADVAR

RADIOED FROM EUROPE

Even before the Russian army knocked at Berlin's door, the residents of that bombed-out city were suffering plenty of headaches. Murder and other crimes of violence had the police baffled, two or three families were crowded into homes unfit for one, and the black market, run by the army, was flourishing. Being a German civilian has its drawbacks

IN CENTRAL Berlin's war-wrecked streets it now takes an hour to walk from the Kreuzberg to Anhalter station, which was a twenty-minute stroll in the days before Allied bombers hammered the capital, and Allied armies closed in on the Reich. It was in this part of town that I recently had an adventure typical of present-day Berlin. I was caught outdoors when dusk fell and was trying to find my way with the help of an electric torch. All of a sudden I heard shots near me. I heard a cry, accompanied by curses and the sound of many wooden shoes on the pavement. Two men came running up, one pointing a dazzling torch at my face and the other grabbing hold of my coat.

"Show your papers!" shouted the voice behind the torch. It was the auxiliary police, checking papers after a near-by holdup.

I was taken to a police station which was manned by a single uniformed person, the remainder being youths or elderly men in shabby civilian clothes with armlets inscribed "Auxiliary Police." While I was being frisked, and all the papers on me were examined minutely, I had plenty of time to look around.

On the walls were red and black posters offering various amounts as reward for any information leading to arrest of numerous murderers and robbers. One was for ten thousand marks for a holdup man; another put five thousand marks on the head of a Polish worker, Josef Kwaitkowski, professional street robber; another offered eight thousand marks for clearing up the murder committed at Viktoria Luise Platz. The wall was practically covered by such notices referring to crimes, none of which was older than two weeks. Judging from the names and pictures of wanted men, they were mostly foreigners.

The hall clerk at my hotel laughed at me when I told of my adventure. He said, "Didn't I tell you not to go out at night? It's not safe any longer. There are dozens of holdups and assassinations every night not only in the suburbs but right here in the center of the city. The police are too few to cope with the situation. Hordes of army deserters and foreign workers have gone underground, camping in the ruins in almost every part of the city. Those fellows are tough. Five years of war have taught them how to handle a gun and a knife. They are quick on the trigger and stop at nothing. The police give them a wide berth if they can. They steal everything they need for their existence or to stock the black-market business some of them are operating. Munitions dumps and arms depots in Berlin have sometimes been raided by these desperadoes."

My policeman interlocutor at the police station also had said that moral conditions in the working quarters had sunk below anything seen during the worst of the inflation period after World War I, when the Reich capital attained a questionable world-wide reputation as a morass of immorality. With most of the able-bodied men at the fronts, one would think there should be a large female surplus in Berlin.

This is not so. The women have to a large extent been evacuated, sometimes to follow the war factories, or moved to areas judged safer from bombs than Berlin. Moreover, foreign male workers swelled the population to a point almost outnumbering the natives. These foreign workers established themselves as formidable Don Juans. Oldsters, youths, invalids and war-wounded left in the city are no match for these. They have attacked women if no German man was around strong enough to protect them.

Even the Gestapo and the SS (Storm Troopers) are unable to cope with the situation. A manpower shortage has forced the Gestapo to accept within its ranks a number of lukewarms and incompetents, and both the SS and the Gestapo had to confine their duties to guarding military barracks, supplies, arms, factories and public utilities. They had to leave everything else to the questionable protection of an understaffed police force, sadly lacking in morale.

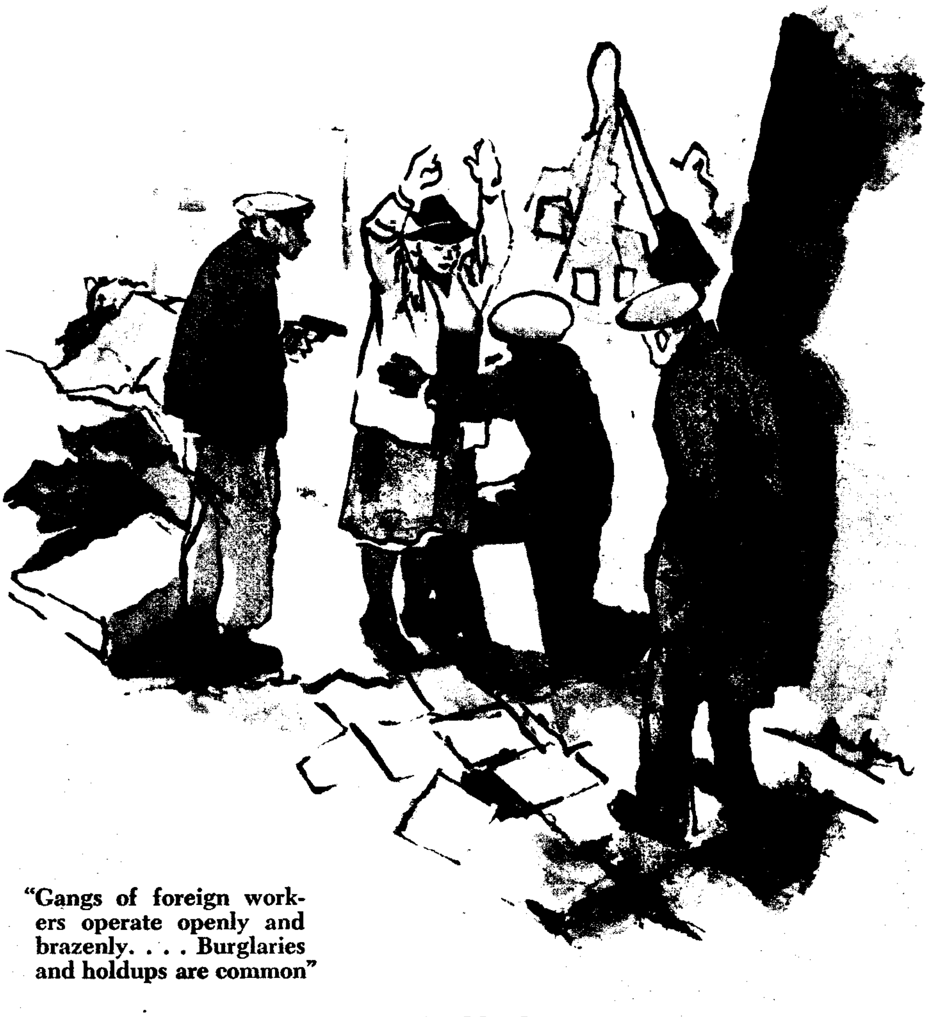
In the Alexander Platz canteen where many of the workers from the multitude of war plants in the district eat, an old foreman frankly told me that, in his opinion, "Everything is going to hell with a great deal of speed. In my plant fifty per cent are Russians. They are good workers but, of course, they lay down on their jobs. They're always having machinery trouble, slowing up production. Old hands like me know what's wrong but we are careful not to get a wrench across the head or a knife in the back on the way home nights. Many have already—too many. And most of the young and middle-aged women in our factory are pregnant.

"Foreigners are forbidden to have any affairs with German women but nobody can do anything about it when the girls themselves sneak out with foreigners at night. Foreigners seem to have plenty of access to liquor, most of it evidently home-distilled stuff, and that tempts the girls if any tempting were needed. The frequency of air-raid alarms makes control even more difficult."

Insurance Against Defeat

There also are understandings with foreign workers but these are mostly unspoken. At their places of work, foreigners are as a rule treated well by their German workmates and, as far as scanty resources permit, the latter share their bread and food generally with the less fortunate foreigners. Many do this out of sympathy, others as insurance, particularly with Russians. While Germans think they can expect cold but nevertheless humane treatment from the Western powers, they are convinced that the Russians will go the whole hog on settlement day.

Thus everybody wants to have some little investment on the Russian side if it's no more than a kind word to a Russian worker or a prisoner of war. Many determined anti-Nazis even go so far as to supply foreigners with weapons, usually from Wehrmacht stocks. An army pistol is not difficult to procure these days. Searches in foreign worker camps have sometimes produced dozens of firearms.



"Gangs of foreign workers operate openly and brazenly. . . . Burglaries and holdups are common"

There have been clashes between armed foreigners and the police, but these have always been in connection with black-market transactions or holdups. A remarkable number of murders of policemen have occurred recently. Gangs of foreign workers operate openly and brazenly. Burglaries and holdups are common, and gangsters don't hesitate a fraction of a second before shooting down anybody disturbing their operations.

Insecurity is growing even for ordinary peaceful citizens, and occasionally pedestrians are frisked for valuables right in the heart of cities soon after nightfall. If a holdup man is caught in the act, he gets short shrift—human life not being worth much in Germany nowadays—but if it's only small-scale black-market business, the delinquent has a chance to escape with a long term of penal servitude.

Foreigners are often very skillful workers, and employers frequently intercede for a skilled mechanic or other specialist workers. The employer then appeals directly to a "summary court" handling less severe cases. Anyone appearing before the dreaded people's court is usually doomed. The court only decides whether he is to be shot or hanged.

A latter-day Berlin anecdote tells of two workers about to be shot for defeatism. The same day they were to be executed, the bailiff told the condemned men that they were to be reprieved if they promised not to say anything unfavorable to Nazism in the future. This they promised and were promptly released. No sooner were they outside the prison walls than one turned to the other, saying, "What did I tell you all the time? They are short of bullets."

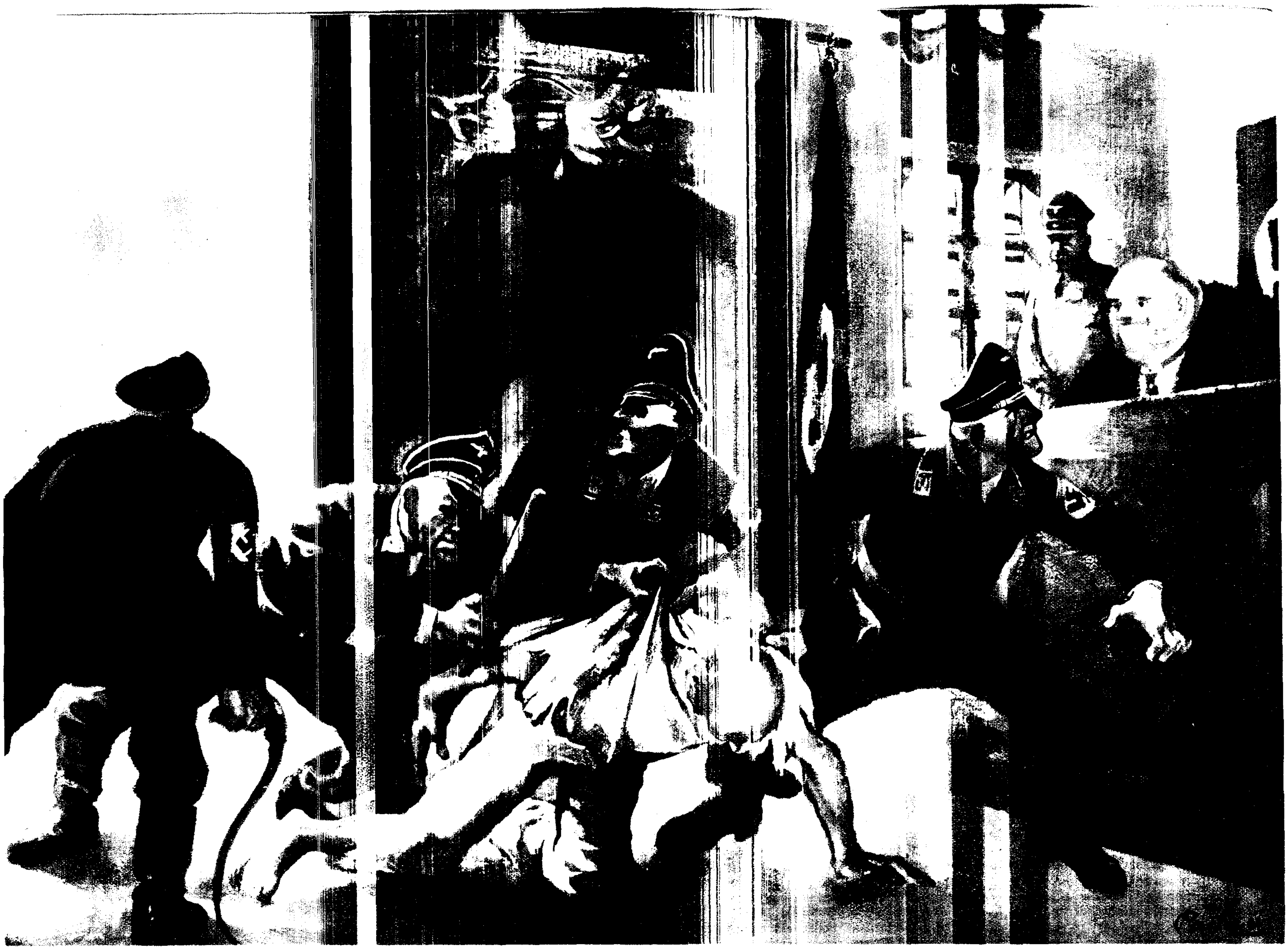
It's under such conditions that Berliners live today. It's work, sleep and some more work and often ducking for shelter when Mosquito bombers come over on almost nightly incursions. Amusements are so few as to be practically non-existent. Some movies are still open, but try to get tickets! Goebbels has shut the theaters. The few bars and cafés allowed to continue in business are closed evenings. Even so, they have little to offer in the way of food or drink. Most people eat in factory canteens where they must deposit the greater part of their ration cards.

Luxury in the Midst of Chaos

There are privileged persons who still manage to lead an almost normal life in Berlin, but they are rare exceptions. Higher Nazi officials, army officers, diplomats and foreign newspaper correspondents make up this high priority group. For them the good apartments and fine hotels are still intact, the restaurants still are serving plenty of nourishing food, and they have their wines, liquor, tobacco and amusements. Being so few, they don't attract much attention nor do they draw the criticism and the envy one would expect. The overwhelming majority live with misery as constant companion.

From everything I have seen, members of the Wehrmacht are the biggest black-market dealers. They supply most of the coveted items. Anyone out to procure something classed as a luxury knows he should get in touch with someone close to the Wehrmacht.

Where, for example, could you get some wine from the fine grape harvest of 1942? In the warehouse and canteens of the army and SS. Where is the coffee? In the Luftwaffe messes or at the U-boat bases. It's the same with tea. These delicacies leak out from such sources in dribbles, tempting the Germans to forget Reich Economy Minister Funk's slo-



"Anyone appearing before the dreaded people's court is usually doomed. The court only decides whether he is to be shot or hanged"

gans of strictest economy and reduced currency circulation.

During recent months, Germans have become more reckless than ever in spending their money. The black market is responsible for jacking up prices of all things with a permanent value, such as jewelry, paintings and stamp collections, to staggering heights. You have to pay two hundred marks per gram for pure gold, and rare stamps listed in an international catalogue at twenty dollars cost two thousand dollars in Germany.

As a general rule the workers' quarters have been bombed less than the dwellings of the upper and middle classes. Two principal reasons for this are: The inhabitants of the workers' districts never left the city as did the others, so that when fires broke out, there were many hands to fight the flames. The second reason was that the workers' tenements were usually built of concrete.

Taking a look at the city from its only bit of rising ground, the Kreuzberg, is to behold scenes of man-made destruction such as one would never have believed possible. When I last stood up there some weeks ago, we had just had a Mosquito raid during the night, and a thin veil of smoke screened the western and southern parts of the city from my view. To the north was projected against the horizon the skeleton of a colossal cupola which formerly crowned the Anhalter station. Farther east, caved in crazily, a leaning cathedral dome dominated its part of this city of ruins. Look where one would, one saw nothing but ruins—some old blackened ones with the moss of several years collected already, others brand-new and still smoking.

Going back to my downtown hotel was an adventure in itself. It was impossible to take bearings. Streets that ought to have been there just were not. The road was blocked by heaps of rubble, four or five stories high, or by deep bomb craters, water-filled, into which have been dumped all sorts of junk and bodies of dead cats and dogs. The stench from this rubble was nauseating. Many thousands of corpses could never be dug out of the collapsed buildings. But people persisted in remaining in the ruins. They dug themselves into basements, patching up walls with planks, cardboard and old sacks, rigging up a stove with a length of piping sticking out.

Most Berliners exist from day to day and from hand to mouth. Very few families are able to keep house any longer. There is no gas or coal and often no electric current. Overcrowding of habitable quarters is enforced by the authorities, and I have seen two-room flats in Berlin, normally considered barely large enough for three persons, now shared by three or four families. A policeman just pokes his head in the door and announces that room must be made for even more. It's an order which can't be disobeyed.

In working-class quarters around Frankfurter Allée and around Friedrichshain in East Berlin, I have seen as many as ten people jammed into one room. Two families sharing the same room is made more bearable when night and day workers team up. But quarreling is, of course, frequent under these conditions.

The biggest bone of contention is the housing of women, according to what a policeman told me when we were discussing the situation on his beat. There may be four or five men in one hole in the wall, all but one bachelors. A married man's wife may be living with this gang, and when the boys succeed in getting some raw liquor on pay days, it frequently happens that they all lay claim to the woman. In the case of unmarried women, it seems to be taken for granted that they are common property.

Nowhere is the desolation in Berlin more apparent than on Unter den Linden, the capital's most famous thoroughfare. Today only façades remain of its palatial eighteenth-century patrician houses. Standing at Pariser Platz looking east, there are only the American Embassy and the Hotel Adlon remaining habitable, as if by a miracle. Everything else is in ruins.

Vestiges of Former Glory

Turning off into Wilhelmstrasse, the nerve center of the Reich, the destruction is somewhat less but nevertheless appalling. Ribbentrop's residence, No. 73, is razed to the ground. More modern parts of the Foreign Office have better resisted Allied bombs, although some of the grandiose receptions halls have been wrecked by fire and explosive such as Bundesrat-saal where Bismarck once held sway, and where in the latter days, Nazi spokesmen held their daily press conferences for foreign correspondents.

The other side of the Wilhelmstrasse, from Unter den Linden to Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry, presents a similar picture. The Propaganda Ministry has often been hit, but as often, it was hastily patched up. The Hotel Kaiserhof is an empty shell. When this once favorite haunt of Hitler went down, hundreds of thousands of bottles of liquor stored there for Nazi dignitaries ran to waste, which was a tragedy for official Berlin.

Is there any underground movement in Germany? I am often asked this question in a voice of expectation. The interlocutor usually is avid for dramatic details of suspicious characters creeping around with secret documents from equally secret conferences. Questioners are always disappointed at my reply. There is an underground movement in Germany but it is mostly lacking in organization. It can best be described as an establishment of "cells" independent of one another in the factories and enterprises generally. In most cases, contact with the other opposition groups is chiefly personal. Communists are unmistakably in the majority within these cells, which proceed with utmost caution. No newspapers are multigraphed or printed. No secret document is written. People rely on their personal judgment (which incidentally goes a long way) but the organization suffers, of course. The German underground waits for its future chance; it is not prepared to intervene actively before the military chapter is ended.

As bad as living conditions are in wartime Berlin, the people expect little or no relief when the country is conquered and occupied by the Allies. They expect that the postwar collapse of Germany will be accompanied by a dearth of food and supplies. Pursuing the scorched-earth policy, the Nazis probably will destroy vast amounts of stores and crops before the invaders take over. In conversations I've had with Germans of all types I gathered the impression that declarations from various Allied quarters that the German people cannot count on any postwar aid from them have made the rank and file think twice, even those who are clearly anti-Nazi. They ask themselves: "Is peace going to be better than war?" ★★★

THE STORY OF Jenny Wingate

BY ZENITH BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

The Story:

When Steve Dillon was reported killed overseas, the shock of her loss led Jenny Wingate into tragic conflict. Unable to face the pity of her parents, Tom and Helen Wingate—who had forbidden her marriage to Steve—Jenny turned to Rick Hadley, an Air Corps lieutenant who, rejected by the girl he wanted to marry, also understood loneliness. Dazed and brokenhearted, Jenny came up sharply against reality when she discovered she was going to have Rick's child. She knew no one in Fairfield must find out—least of all her mother and father, her sister Anne, engaged to marry wealthy Kip Rogers, or Steve's parents, already turned against her by Anne's suspicious, gossiping friend, Charlotte Preston. Unable to confide in Rick, whose girl had finally accepted him, Jenny contemplated killing herself. But then Alice Acton, devoted friend of the Wingates, discovered Jenny's predicament, and planned to tell Fairfield that Jenny had secretly married her youngest son, Bill, recently killed in an airplane crash. Jenny's family were told, the plan agreed upon. Then a few weeks later, Alice Acton received a startling letter from another son, Tad—stating that Steve Dillon was still alive.

III

ALICE ACTON waited till Jenny was out in the hall on the way to the kitchen. She took up Tad's letter again, her hands shaking uncontrollably.

"Maybe it won't get through the censor, and you're not to tell *anybody,* Ma, but as I say, we're pretty sure Steve Dillon's alive and okay. I'm convinced it must be Steve and so are the other guys around here. The reason you're not to say anything is that if it weren't true it would be worse for Jenny, and even if it is Steve there's always a chance the Japs'll get him before we do and she'd have to go through all of it a second time."

Alice Acton's heart pounded so that she could hardly read.

"This is the story. It'll sound cockeyed, but out there everything's cockeyed, and if it's not so damned fantastic you can't believe it you shove it off as scuttlebutt. Anyhow, Ma—good old Ma, how are you, Baby?—They've got what we call coast watchers out here, plantation owners, etc., still on the islands the Japs have. They sneak around and see how many ships, planes, troops, etc., the yellow-bellies have, and get dope from natives and send it out. The reports are carried by natives, sometimes, but a lot of the watchers have their own sending sets hidden in the hills. Well, there was one guy we used to get dope from who blanked out. I guess the Japs got him. Anyhow we didn't get anything off there for about three weeks, and then the dope started coming in again, and it *was* the dope, all right, but it sounded different, so we figured somebody else had taken over.

"Last week one of the natives floats in under our stern in the middle of the night with a leaf rolled up in his topknot, and gives the leaf to our Exec. It's punctured—you know, like Braille. We hold it up to a light and it says, 'Send atabrin' pricked through on it, and a signature that looks like '*S. Dillon, USMC.*' We have a go at the boy, who speaks about four words of English, but what with one thing and another we figure it out this way:

"A couple of natives picked up three Marines lost in an amphibious landing that didn't land and took them home to another island. The coast watcher had been killed but the natives had his sending set and code book hidden and they were scouting for a guy to use same. One of the Marines was too far gone so they had to let him overboard (nice, kind-hearted guys, but it was just too dangerous so that's the way it was). They kept the other two and took them up in the hills, hid them and showed them the magic box. It seems that one is still sick and the other, who's been using the box and sent the leaf message, is okay. The native boy tried to say his name and got it like 'Stiva-dilloon.' When he tried to describe him, he pointed to the Exec's blue eyes and my bright gold hair—you know, gold washed in a mud puddle and matted down because I haven't been where I could get even a G.I. haircut. Then for height he pointed to Jim Slater, who's six feet two and lean like Steve. And he made a mark on his right forearm to show a scar—you probably remember Steve has a big scar where he got stuck on the picket fence around the vegetable garden. So I guess it's old Steve.

"It sounds fantastic but things always are out here. After we gave the native a lot of drugs and stuff, and sent him back with a pencil and pad so we wouldn't have any more nature lore messages to figure out, we got a message from the island confirming receipt. I wanted to try to check, but no soap. He's doing a first-rate job, though. Oh, boy, is he! But gosh, I hate to think of Steve in there. It's touch and go, all right, and all Steve has between him and the Japs is the good will of a bunch of savages, although that's more than you might think possible.

"Good old Steve. Gee, there's a guy for you. I guess Jenny's face shines for that guy these days, all right, all right. Give her my love, she's a sweet kid. And how's that slick chick Annie—married yet? Too bad one of the Acton boys couldn't have made the grade.

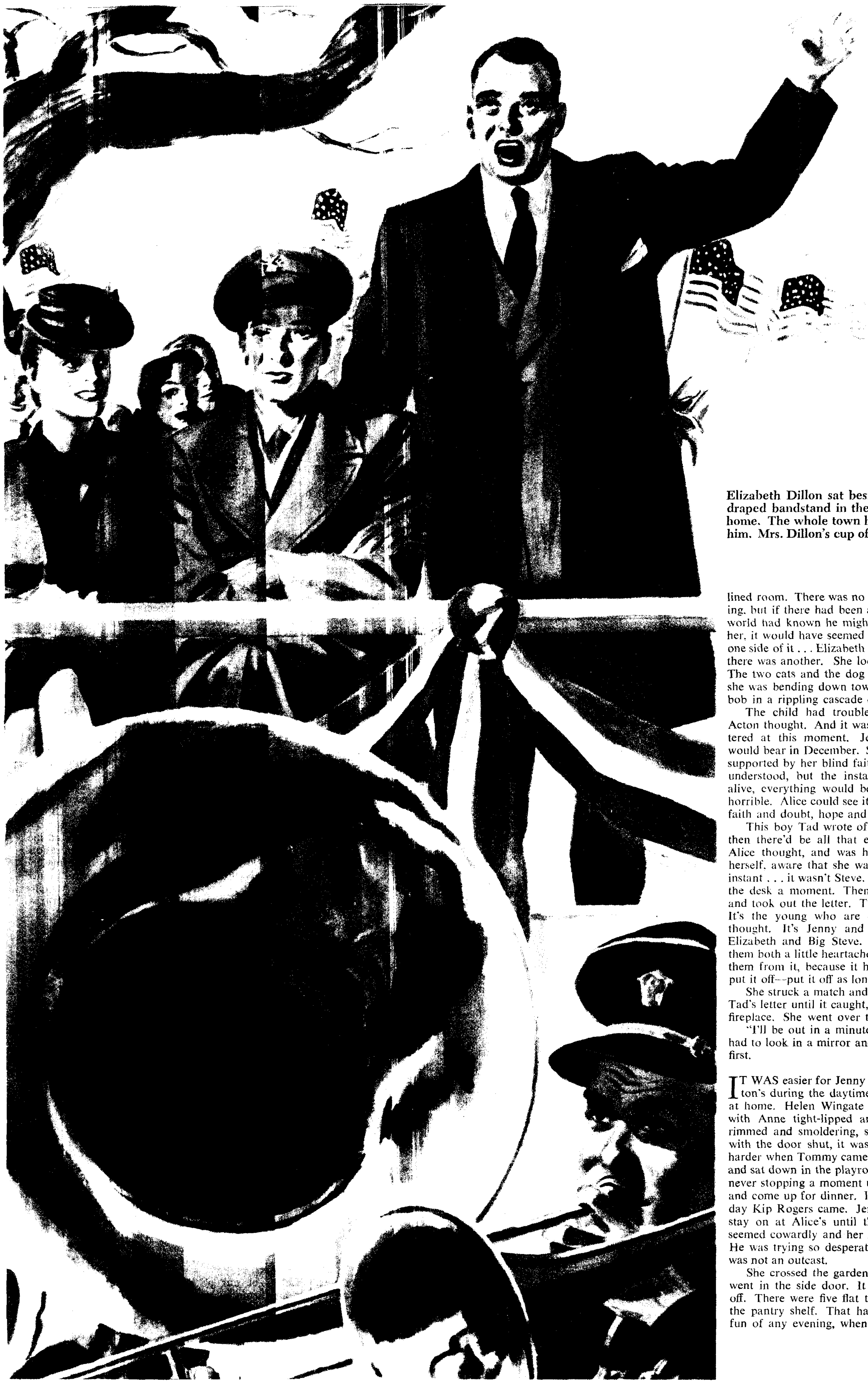
"This is awful long but I thought you'd like to know. I'm not sure, remember, although it seems pretty certain. Maybe you ought to tell Jenny after all. It might keep her from barging off and marrying some wolf from McNair.

"It'll be funny if this is censored (which could be) because there just won't be anything left. So I'll say I'm fine, Ma, and thanks for the comic strips. And all the love there is.—Tad."

Alice Acton put the letter down in her lap and sat there looking through the French windows, trying to think and at the same time trying not to think. She saw Jenny, in her printed dirndl, moving across the lawn to the white iron table under the tulip poplar. She had put the Coke and milk down and pulled up a chair, waiting for Alice to finish Tad's letter and come out.

Alice folded the thin typed pages and pushed them slowly back into the envelope. Then she got up, put the letter in her desk drawer and closed it. What to do was the question.

"I *simply* don't know," she said aloud to the quiet, book-



Elizabeth Dillon sat beside Steve on the flag-draped bandstand in the Square. Her son was home. The whole town had turned out to meet him. Mrs. Dillon's cup of pride was overflowing

lined room. There was no hope of Bill ever returning, but if there had been and anyone in the whole world had known he might return and hadn't told her, it would have seemed brutally cruel. That was one side of it . . . Elizabeth and Big Steve's side. But there was another. She looked out at Jenny again. The two cats and the dog were there with her and she was bending down toward them, her long dark bob in a rippling cascade over her shoulders.

The child had trouble enough already, Alice Acton thought. And it was Jenny herself who mattered at this moment. Jenny and the child she would bear in December. She was fairly calm now, supported by her blind faith that Steve would have understood, but the instant she knew Steve was alive, everything would be different. It would be horrible. Alice could see it . . . the struggle between faith and doubt, hope and fear.

This boy Tad wrote of might not *be* Steve, and then there'd be all that extra agony for nothing, Alice thought, and was horrified and appalled at herself, aware that she was hoping . . . just for an instant . . . it wasn't Steve. She stood motionless by the desk a moment. Then she opened the drawer and took out the letter. The Dillons didn't matter. It's the young who are dying, not the old, she thought. It's Jenny and Steve who matter, not Elizabeth and Big Steve. If she could only save them both a little heartache . . . or perhaps not save them from it, because it had to be, but at least to put it off—put it off as long as possible. . . .

She struck a match and held it to the bottom of Tad's letter until it caught, then dropped it into the fireplace. She went over to the window.

"I'll be out in a minute, darling," she said. She had to look in a mirror and straighten her face out first.

IT WAS easier for Jenny to stay over at Alice Acton's during the daytime when her father wasn't at home. Helen Wingate was doing her best, but with Anne tight-lipped and silent, her eyes red-rimmed and smoldering, staying in her own room with the door shut, it was hard for Jenny. It was harder when Tommy came home alone from school and sat down in the playroom with the phonograph never stopping a moment until he had to turn it off and come up for dinner. It was worst of all on the day Kip Rogers came. Jenny would have liked to stay on at Alice's until the next morning, but it seemed cowardly and her father would be worried. He was trying so desperately to make her feel she was not an outcast.

She crossed the garden between the houses and went in the side door. It was Maggie's afternoon off. There were five flat tin trays set for them on the pantry shelf. That had always been the most fun of any evening, when *(Continued on page 61)*

Photo Finish

BY HARRISON GALLAHER

When a G.I. claims a pin-up for his very own, he's got a dream in tow. But let him find her in his arms—and he's dancing with a time bomb

GOING up on the train from Camp Kenyon, this Joe sticks closer to me than the peelings to K.P. potatoes. A nice enough guy so far as I know—Joe Stuyvesant by name—but what has me talking to myself is the way he haunts me lately. Whereas all through basic he has been as aloof as a second looie, back in camp I can't even squint down my Garand without having this Joe in my sights. And this sudden attachment I don't understand, because he is East and I'm Midwest and there's a lot of prairie between.

By that I mean it took generations to breed his long thin nose, and I am rugged America. My Mom sold butter and eggs to put me through school, and even in the infantry this Joe is Groton and Yale. See what I mean? In other words he's the kind of a buck private who'll end up with a gold bar, and the only way I'll get into officer's mess is to pull K.P.

But the biggest difference between us is the one I worry about on the train. I'm wanting to explore a few of the hot spots I have heard about, and this Joe is the type that heads straight for the Park Club.

So I try to lose him in Philly when we change trains. I'm a dogface on government dole, and even in G.I., this Joe shows his ancestors—but the reason I try to lose him is not because he says "Americar" while I give it a twang like a nasal wind in Iowa cornstalks. Something tells me this Joe is going to have too much breeding to grab for the check.

When we board the Limited in Philly, I think I've given him the run-around. I'm wedged in the day coach like a ham sandwich in a shoe-box lunch, and I'm feeling smug with a week-end pass in my pocket and no Plymouth Rock tied around my neck. There is a little wren across the way, who is female and blond, which is the way I like them, and I'm debating whether to go through the Manual of Arms with her when I look up and there is this Joe.

He has a look in his eye. "I thought I'd lost you," this Joe says, and very casually sits down on a duffel bag beside me.

I make appropriate sounds and keep myself from saluting. There is something about this Joe that brings out the enlisted man in me, and I decide it is the look in his eye, which is a well-bred leer or I'm not Rocky Maguire by name, a corporal by rank, a wolf in taxpayer's clothing. I think sadly of the little wren and on my intercommunications system I ask myself, "Why does he tag me?" But all I get is a buzzing in my ears and then this Joe turns to me and says, "I suppose you'll be seeing your girl—naturally?"

I hedge. "Evie?" I have no more idea of Eve Talon's whereabouts than I have of Mrs. Roosevelt's, but that's not the point I wish to get across right now—or ever. "Oh," I say, "she's out of town. Summer theatricals—"

He whistles. "What do you know! A Powers model *and* an actress!"

In his voice is the note of covetous admiration I have heard ever since I pinned Eve Talon up in the barracks. There must be ten million guys in the Army, but only one Eve Talon, and while every gizmo and dogface knows who she is, of all the G.I.s on land, on sea and in the air, only Maguire has her love inscribed devotedly in a feminine hand on his pin-ups.

So when this Joe accords me the envy I have come to expect from strictly routine G.I.s, I can feel my morale improving.

"Yes," I say, and I tell him more about Evie, improvising as I go along. When I get through he whistles again.

"Tell me," he says, and maybe I imagine he has that look in his eye again, "when do you two plan to take it to a justice?"

I wave a hand. "With the war and all," I say, "you know how it is."

MAYBE I overdo the nonchalance, but I'm thinking how the boys would pin it on me if they ever found out about Evie and Maguire—that I've never even seen the girl. I ask myself why I set this time bomb in the first place, but the way it started is hard to explain.

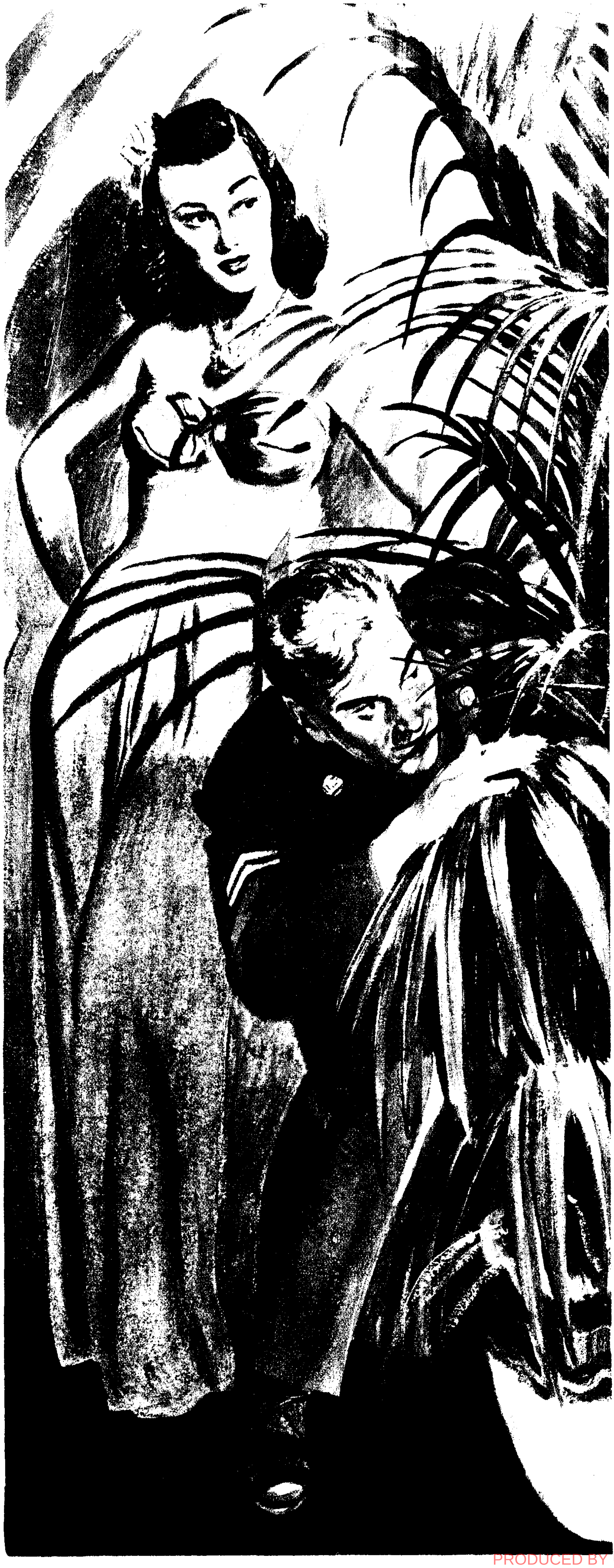
You see, the way *it* is with Evie and me, she's the girl I'd like to share my K rations with. Because of Evie I have become the Casanova of Company C ever since I pinned her up in the barracks, but as far as Maguire is concerned she doesn't even know I exist. She came into my life one night when I get a pass to go to town to lean against a lamppost. Leaning there under the street light I ask myself, "What are we fighting for?"—for it has not been my dream to cuddle a lamppost—and then I see these pin-ups of Evie.

Maybe I have leaned against too many lampposts, maybe I don't like to live safe—anyway, I get this idea about Evie and when I get back to the barracks that night I find myself a sensation. Even this Joe forgets his ancestors and slides from his bunk to gather round and look and listen. From then on, one thing leads to another and every time I open my mouth, live ammunition comes out. Someday I'm going to get caught in my own crossfire.

And now my morale is lower than barracks humor. I tell myself, "Maguire, your mouth is a booby trap," and I stare out of the window and watch the landscape go by. It is my hope to be P.O.E.'d before some dogface finds me out.

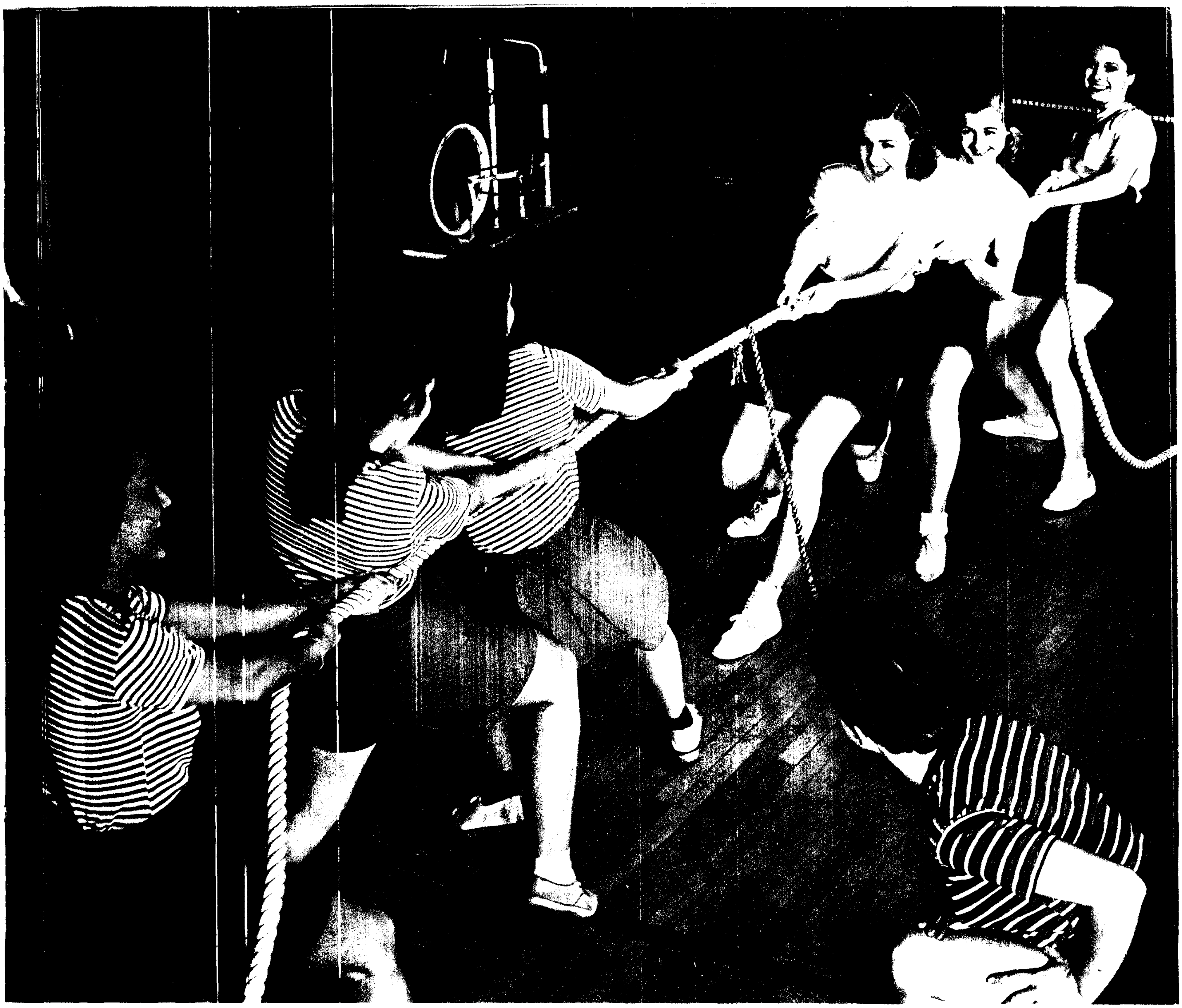
But when we walk out of the station in

(Continued on page 40)



Instinct tells me to take cover. "Let's get out of here," I say to Eve. I pull her behind a potted palm and peer out through the fronds across the dance floor

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN



Pulling keeps a tire in good shape, too

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

Tires used to "grow" and get "fat." This caused the tread rubber to stretch — and, as a result, the tire wore faster.

Then Goodyear developed a way of pre-stretching the cords making up the plies in a tire. As the tough cotton fibers are tightly twisted, *a positive and continuous pull is exerted upon them.*

The cords are treated in a special solution used exclusively by Goodyear, which locks the fibers securely into position . . . and the result is Goodyear's exclusive low-stretch Supertwist cord — a cotton cable with great strength and flexibility. It holds the rubber in compacted form . . . maintains the size and shape and improves the wear-resisting qualities of the tire.

It was Goodyear that revolutionized the tire industry with the introduction of the first multiple-ply cord or "string" cord tire away back in 1913. Because of Goodyear leadership in pioneering this type of tire, all tires today wear better, last longer, give far more mileage at much less cost.

Supertwist—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

The world's leading builder of tires and a pioneer in rubber — natural and synthetic — Goodyear also forges ahead in many other fields—aviation, chemistry, textiles, metals . . . continuously developing new products for you.

BUY WAR BONDS *BUY FOR KEEPS*

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

LEO ROSENTHAL–PIX

PAN AMERICAN

At the International Civil Aviation Conference, Adolf A. Berle, Jr., headed the U.S. Delegation. Here he confers with Lord Swinton, left, Britain's chairman

Pan American's Juan Trippe favors a "community company" for foreign air routes; 17 of our other airlines oppose him, preferring individual competition

WINS ITS WI

BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

At the Chicago aviation conference Britain plugged for an all-powerful world authority to portion routes to the flying nations. America wanted the air kept free for open competition. In the middle was a man named Adolf Berle, Jr.

ADOLF A. BERLE, JR., is a little guy who has been repeatedly tagged by critics as an original brain-truster, a child prodigy at Harvard and an intellectual who has been so buried in books that he has missed half the joy of life. In recent years, as Assistant Secretary of State, he has become increasingly prominent in the complex picture that is international air transport—a fact which has caused flying people to shudder quietly but thoroughly. When it was announced that he would head the American delegation to the International Civil Aviation Conference in Chicago last November, they rolled harried eyes heavenward and wondered what they'd done to deserve this.

They need not have worried, and the members of the Aviation Writers Association could have told them so. For a few days before the conference was to open, the writers had invited Berle to an off-the-record dinner in the hope that he would give them the low-down, and the belief that he would not. Berle fooled them. In an hour-long talk he displayed an amazing grasp of the entire world aviation problem confronting America and a thorough background not only in air transport but also in railway and shipping. When he'd finished speaking, the writers were sold.

Six days later, on November 1st, Berle opened the conference and for the succeeding thirty-four days and nights he battled, counseled, debated and cajoled the representatives of fifty-four nations in an attempt to get them to sign a commitment calling for freedom of the air for all.

His major opponents were the British, Canadians, Belgians and French, who wanted to create an all-powerful international air authority to divide up the world's air routes, assign them to the various flying nations. It was a swell idea from their point of view, because they had the bases but were short on airplanes and under this system would be able to bargain landing rights for more airplanes.

Berle's plan, on the other hand, was a swell idea for us because we had the airplanes, pilots, flight experience and, as a matter of fact, were currently flying most of the air routes of the world through the Army's Air Transport Command and the Navy's Air Transport Service. But we are short on bases. Thus, if the principle of freedom of the air were agreed to, we would have a running start on the world, would probably wind up ruling the air as Britannia has for centuries ruled the waves.

Berle was doing very well in his slugfest when the press wires flashed the news that he had been fired as Assistant Secretary of State. (He later accepted the post of ambassador to Brazil.) It was just four days before the end of the conference, and, despite the fact that Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., announced that Berle would remain as chief of the American delegation, the delegates were stunned. Those (like the Dutch and Latin Americans) who had been supporting Berle wondered if Stettinius was putting departmental reorganization ahead of America's future in the air, and the later explanation that to oust Berle at the end of the conference would have looked like a repudiation of his work did not fully allay their doubts.

But the delegates recovered quickly, and three days later signed agreements which Berle said, "put an end to the era of anarchy in the air" and laid a foundation for freedom under law "without two centuries of war and terror."

Still U.S. airmen were at a loss to understand Berle's ouster, especially since President Roosevelt's message to the foreign delegates at the opening of the conference indicated that he was behind his chief delegate.

Buried down in his message was this statement of policy: "You are fortunate in having before you one of the great lessons in history. Some centuries ago an attempt was made to build great empires based on domination of great sea areas. The lords of these areas tried to close these seas to some and offer access to others and thereby to enrich themselves and extend their power. This led directly to a number of wars, both in the Eastern and the Western hemispheres. We do not need to make that mistake again. I hope you will not dally with the thought of creating great blocks of closed air, thereby tracing in the sky the conditions of possible future wars. I know you will see to it that the air which God gave to everyone shall not become the means of domination over anyone."

This seemed clear enough, but airmen saw an old familiar pattern emerging. The battle at Chicago began to look like an extension of the fight between advocates of the "chosen instrument" policy and adherents of free competition, which had rumbled through America's skies for half a dozen years. In a sense it was also part of the larger battle between the idea of foreign trade through government-sponsored cartels and the idea of free competition, and the devil take the hindmost.

(Continued on page 50)

"What do you mean . . . *EX*-service man?"

The sergeant grinned as he slipped me my mustering out orders:

"Well, where do you go from here, EX-service man?"

"Kindly omit the 'EX.'" I said. *"I was a service man long before I got into this man's army, a Texaco Service man, and I'll be one again when I get home."*

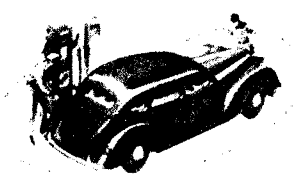
As a Texaco Dealer, I'll have something the motorist can't get anywhere else — a swell line-up of special service features. My business will grow, just as it did before the war, because people *like* Texaco's Registered Rest Rooms, Circle Service and all the others.

"Drive into my station some time, Sarge, and see what a real service man can do for your car!"

THE TEXAS COMPANY

A great postwar line-up

Registered Rest Rooms — Inspected, registered, really clean!



Circle Service — Quick, systematic service all 'round the car!

FIRE CHIEF
GASOLINE

Fire-Chief Gasoline — Wartime research will make it better than ever!

Sky Chief Gasoline — For those who want the finest for post-war driving!

HAVOLINE
TEXACO MOTOR OIL

Insulated Havoline and Insulated Texaco Motor Oils

Let us
MARFAK
your car

Marfak — Chassis lubricant especially made to stick to the job!

You're welcome at

TEXACO DEALERS

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night starring James Melton. Complete Metropolitan Opera broadcasts every Saturday afternoon. See newspapers for time and stations.

Like a Petal

Continued from page 14

Then I glanced into the control room and my eyes widened in surprise as they fell on a very dark and good-looking boy who was also glaring at me. I hastily assembled my secret weapon—my best smile—and turned it on him full blast. But I seemed to be slipping due to lack of practice because he showed as much sign of melting as a box of frozen food sitting on top of the north pole. He bent forward to the speaker, his eye still holding me with a cold glare like an ack-ack searchlight.

"May we please have it quiet in the studio?" I jumped as his voice barked into the studio. It was a nice, crisp British-officer voice. And about as friendly as a knife in your back.

I put the smile away, and deciding that it might be a good idea to sit down, I marched to a solitary chair and sat there, listening to all those people drool into the mike, one after the other, until I could see there really wasn't much to radio acting. Then finally they were all gone except me, and that cold crisp voice again barked at me. "All right, Miss Hathaway. We are ready for you."

I stepped up to the barrier. Then I looked at him and waited, and he looked at me and waited. After this brief pause for station identification his voice poured more ice water out of the speaker and right down my back. "Didn't you bring any material with you?"

"Why, no—" I began. "Was I supposed to bring material?"

For goodness' sake. You'd think this radio business had been *my* idea instead of the war effort's. Honestly, he was the *maddest*-looking thing, and his lips were moving as though he were saying something that wouldn't be allowed to go over the air, and in a moment he strode into the studio with another disagreeable-looking boy who wasn't even good-looking, just disagreeable.

"Here," said Good-Looking, and he was even better looking when he wasn't kept behind glass. He handed me a script. "Read this with him. It's Private Lives. Do you know the play?"

"Oh, yes," I began enthusiastically, but he nodded curtly and disappeared into the control room. He moved very quickly, and in a way that made you think he'd be good on the tennis court. He was just the right height to dance nicely with me, and wasn't it a shame that he had been weaned by a snarling tigress?

WE HAD read about six lines when we were rudely interrupted by the Voice again, and I don't mean Frankie Boy. "Miss Hathaway. Did you see Gertrude Lawrence in Private Lives?"

"Certainly," I chirped. "Three times. With Noel Coward."

"Would you please try to forget it for the time being?" I shut my mouth quickly, biting my tongue. "Read it just as though Amanda were an American girl like yourself."

So I tried again and this time he didn't interrupt again until he said, "All right. That will be all. Thank you very much, Miss Hathaway. We'll let you know."

And that was that. He didn't even look up as I silently stole away wondering if I was Essential after all. In fact, I thought I'd better go and see Mr. H. Digby Wells and ask him. So I was shuffled through two page boys and three frostbitten secretaries into a beige and caramel inner sanctum where my old pal, Mr. Edward Arnold Wells, sat at a huge desk flowering with telephones. He sprang up, beaming as of yore. "Well, well," he chortled. "How was it? Did the mike bite you?"

"No," I replied. "But I thought the director was going to. I don't think he liked me."

His brows came down. "What's that?" he asked sharply. "What happened to give you that idea?"

"Oh, nothing," I said lightly. "I just don't think he liked me, that's all. But maybe I wasn't any good," I added hastily, seeing a sudden gleam in his eye that made me think of Pittsburgh steel.

"Nonsense," he said brusquely. "Of course you were good. Now just you wait a minute, and I'll give Rod a ring—that's Rod Thorne who auditioned you," he explained as he selected a phone.

He spoke into it, then winked at me. "He's a good director, darned good in fact, but he's a bit temperamental. Doesn't mean a thing— Rod, this is H.D. How'd the audition go?"

HE LISTENED, muttered uh-huh a couple of times, nodded and smiled at me. Then his brows came down again. "How about the Red Carpet?" he asked. "The *Red Carpet* audition," he repeated louder, "how was it?" He frowned. "I see," he said shortly. "Well, drop down to my office when you get through up there, will you? Right."

He replaced the phone, and turned on the beam again. "Well, Little Lady, you've got nothing to worry about. Not-atall! You'll hear all about it tomorrow." He gave me another wink, and after a few more chortles and chuckles he took me out to the elevator and said Bon Voyage.

When I got home I didn't even mention these goings-on to Mother and Daddy because H. Digby Wells had said wouldn't it be nice to save it as a big surprise for them, and I thought so too.

"Hey, Sis! How much longer do I have to entertain your boy friend?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE RECKAS

Well, you could have knocked me over with an aerial when Mr. H. Digby called me the next morning and told me that I was being given the lead in a new program they were building, and would I please come in that afternoon to start rehearsals and what did I think of using the name Marilyn Merrill so that no one could say that I was trading on my father's name? I thought that would be lovely.

I trotted into 8D right on time, and a quick glance at the control room told me that Good Looking and Bad Tempered was there. He regarded me solemnly for a moment with a sort of brooding intensity, then his eyes moved back to the people at the microphone, and it seemed sort of funny to think that he had thought me good enough to give me the leading part, because he certainly had a queer way of showing it. But of course I never met Temperament before, and if I was going to work with Artistic people I had to get used to them, didn't I?

There weren't so many people in the studio this time, and I didn't have to wait too long before Good Looking came out of the control room, and said okay, we'll run through it for time. Someone gave me a script and I saw that its title was LIKE A PETAL which I thought was nice and poetic.

He read off the cast, and as he said, "Angela—Marilyn Hathaway" everyone looked at me as though he'd actually said—"There's the murderer!" This startled me, but just then I remembered my new name so I piped up that it was Marilyn *Merrill*, please, not Hathaway. He looked at me stonily, and nodded curtly. "Marilyn Merrill," he said mutteringly, then he punched his stop watch and we were off. But we had to go back and start again three times because some gal, who was playing a minor part, would start to read *my* lines which threw me off, and by the time I saw it *was* my line, the timing was off. I got the impression that Rod and the others thought it was my fault, and somehow I felt that that gal was doing it on purpose, but maybe not.

Then when it was timed we started again, and because my part was so important, I guess, Rod kept stopping me and correcting me much more than the others. Finally we did it on the mikes and then they recorded it, and Rod said, "That will be all for today, thank you." Then he added, "Will you please remain, Miss Merrill?" I wondered why I was being kept after school, but decided that it was probably because I was Angela and not for some other reason which might be more interesting.

He sat down facing me. "I think we'd better go over this again," he said. "I'm not satisfied with the way you're reading it."

WHILE I was noticing what a nice firm line his jaw had, he looked up and his eyes met mine. Then I realized that he had read a couple of lines and was waiting for me to come to, so I hastily apologized and began to read. Just then Mr. H. Digby Wells popped in the door, and with him were some assorted characters, who it seems were photographers to take pictures of me, and while they did it another character asked me a lot of questions and wrote things in a little notebook.

Mr. H. Digby Wells explained that this was all part of building a new program, and told the man who was asking, "How about some cheesecake?" that a little was all right, so the man told me to cross my legs and pull my skirt up just a teeny bit, so I did. Then I noticed that Rod was standing there watching all this to-do with a rather displeased expression, and when they started to take his picture he said, "No," very definitely, and, turning on his heel, walked out of the studio. H. Digby glowered at his back, and after a moment he followed him. Something seemed to be all wrong someplace but I couldn't stop to figure it out as they kept taking my picture and asking me questions.

Pretty soon H. Digby came back and said that they were making records again the next afternoon, then he breezed out and the photographers scurried off. I waited for Rod to come out of the control room, but he didn't, so finally I decided to go in and speak to him. After all, he had been nice to me in a sort of underhanded manner, and I was grateful.

His head was bent over a script and he didn't look up. I opened my mouth and a timid squeak came out. "Rod. Mr. Thorne, I mean," I hastily amended.

He looked up in surprise, and for a moment I'd have sworn his face was about to melt. Then he frowned. "Yes?" he said crisply.

"Did you want to go on with the reading?" I asked, wondering why my knees were shaking.

"No," he replied shortly. "It isn't necessary."

I LOOKED at him uncertainly. Did he have a secret sorrow, or was he just plain bad tempered? "Would you have a drink with me?" I said, rather weakly.

"Why?" he asked coldly.

"Well," I stammered, wishing now that I hadn't brought it up in the first place. "You've been so nice to me, and I wanted to thank you—"

"Are you kidding?"

I looked at him startled. "No. Why should I be?"

For a moment he just looked at me. "Did someone tell you that you had to court directors?" And if that wasn't a sardonic smile on his face I never saw one.

"No," I spluttered indignantly. "And I'm not exactly courting you. I merely asked you to have a drink."

"Well, it isn't necessary. You've got the part, haven't you?"

"Yes," I replied stiffly. "Thank you very much." I turned away, but can you imagine, he stood up and said, "On second thought I *will* have that drink with you." But there was something so grim in his manner that the whole thing by now seemed about as festive as cocktail hour with the Borgias.

We went into the bar downstairs and sank into chairs which seemed to be made of marshmallows. He offered me a cigarette, but I said, "Thank you, no," and took one of my own. His would probably have blown up in my face. He ordered our drinks, then just sat back and smoked, ignoring me. His attitude plainly said, "Well, you asked for it, didn't you?" And I quietly kicked myself under the table.

The drinks came and he lifted his glass. "To a new radio star," he said with a faint twist to his lips. I hastily dove into my Daiquiri. Drinking to forget was downright compulsory with a man like this.

A silence that was not golden prevailed for a few minutes, so I gazed around the room with an attempt at interest, but when I looked at him again just to see if rigor mortis had set in, he was watching me with a very strange expression on his face.

"I wonder what makes you tick," was his remark.

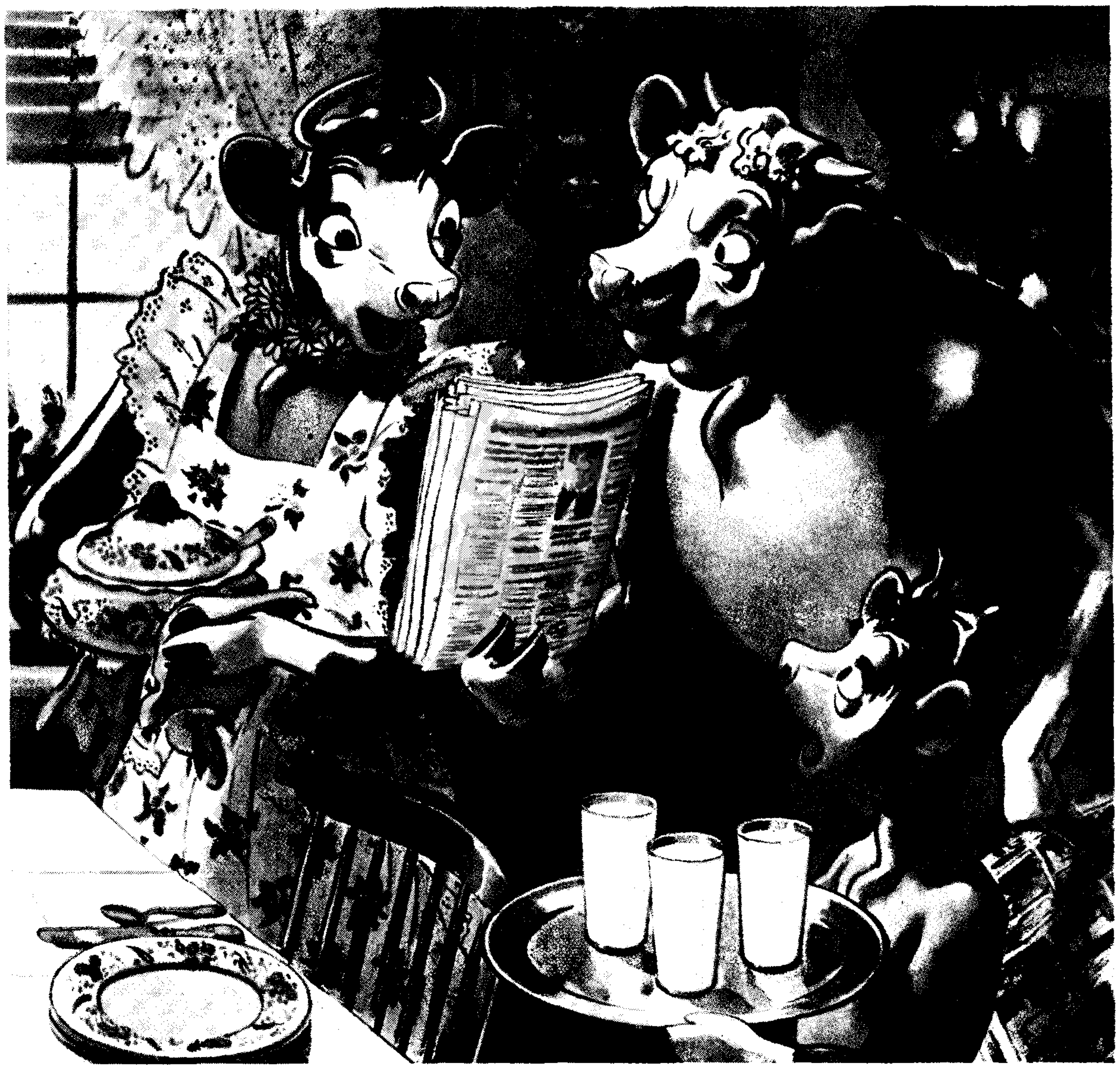
I bristled. "What's so funny about me?" I asked stiffly.

"For one thing your wanting to go on the radio."

"I haven't the vaguest idea of what you're talking about," I said coldly.

"No, I guess you haven't," he replied stonily. "You only see things from your own viewpoint, don't you?"

"Well, for heaven's sakes," I exploded. "Whose viewpoint am I supposed to see from? This is the *silliest* conversation I've—" I stopped and took a deep breath. "Listen,



"But why should the columnists gossip about me?" gasped Elsie

"All I know," thundered Elmer, the bull, "is what I read in the papers and hear on the radio.

"That *was* you with Ed Wynn at the Waldorf, wasn't it?" continued Elmer. "You *do* go visiting around on radio programs like a glamour girl, don't you? This *is* your picture in this newspaper, isn't it? I tell you, Mrs. Gadabout, if you keep this up, you'll have us all *branded* like Cousin Bartholomew out on the range!"

"Oh, I think *brands* are lovely!" enthused Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Especially brands on foods. They're like old friends. Wherever or whenever you meet them, you know they're always the same, always reliable. Brands are really the housewife's shopping safeguard.

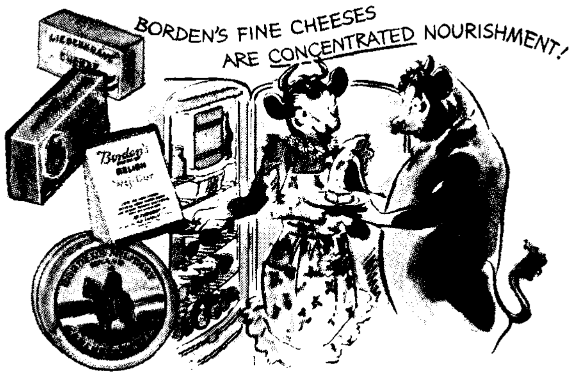
CREAM IN EVERY SIP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED VITAMIN D MILK!
Borden's

For instance, when folks see Borden's brand on a package, jar, or bottle, they have confidence in the food's unassailable purity."

"Hey!" interrupted Elmer. "You can't get out of this by using million-dollar words."

"It takes more than a million dollars," smiled Elsie, "and years of research and work to perfect a product that's always the same high quality no matter where you buy it. Why do you suppose people insist on advertised brands like *Borden's Homogenized Milk?* I'll tell you. *For their own protection!* They'll get superb milk with a full day's supply of Vitamin D in every quart of *Borden's Homogenized*, and they *know* it!"

"Just as *I* know," groaned Elmer, "that no matter where we start, you end up talking about *Borden's.*"

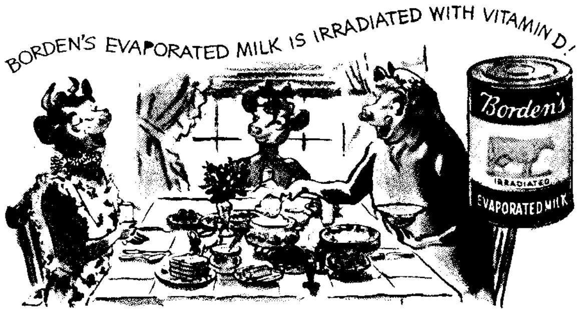

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES ARE CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT!
LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE
Borden's

"Oh, but I'm *not* ending up," teased Elsie. "I have just got down to exciting *Liederkranz Cheese*. When cheese lovers see *that* brand, they're reminded that *all Borden's Fine Cheeses* are grand eating. Body-building, too. And that's a fact!"

"Facts, she says!" exploded Elmer. "Suppose *you* give me the low-down *facts* about your giddy gadding, not a canned sales talk."

"The finest canned sales talk I know," beamed Elsie, "is the one about *Borden's Evaporated Milk*. Thousands of mothers trust the Borden's brand for their babies. They *know* it's irradiated with Vitamin D. As I said, dear, brands really protect the buyer."

"Look," said Elmer wearily, "if Borden's brands are so doggone good, wouldn't they be just as good if they came in plain paper bags?"


BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK IS IRRADIATED WITH VITAMIN D!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"Of course, they'd be just as good," answered Elsie, "but the buyer wouldn't be *sure*. Now, a name like *Borden's Hemo* tells people right off that here is a vitamin product they can depend on to be right! Even before they take the top off the jar, they *know* Hemo's the way to drink their vitamins and like 'em!"

HEMO'S THE WAY TO DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!
Borden's
Hemo

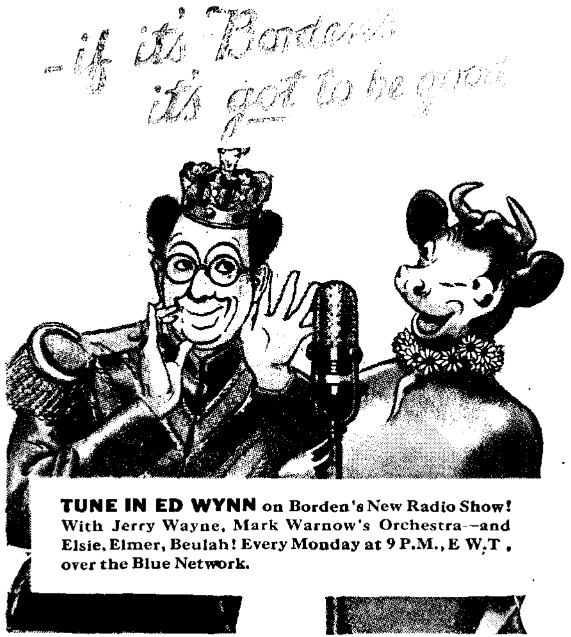
"Unless I'm mistaken, my dear Mrs. Change-the-subject, we were talking about gadding, not vitamins. Woman," murmured Elmer, "you're a smooth one!"

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM AND SHERBETS ARE FINE FOODS!

"Almost as smooth as *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Milk Sherbets*," giggled Elsie. "When folks see the *Borden's Ice Cream* sign, they *know* they're in for the most luscious ice cream you ever smacked a lip over!"

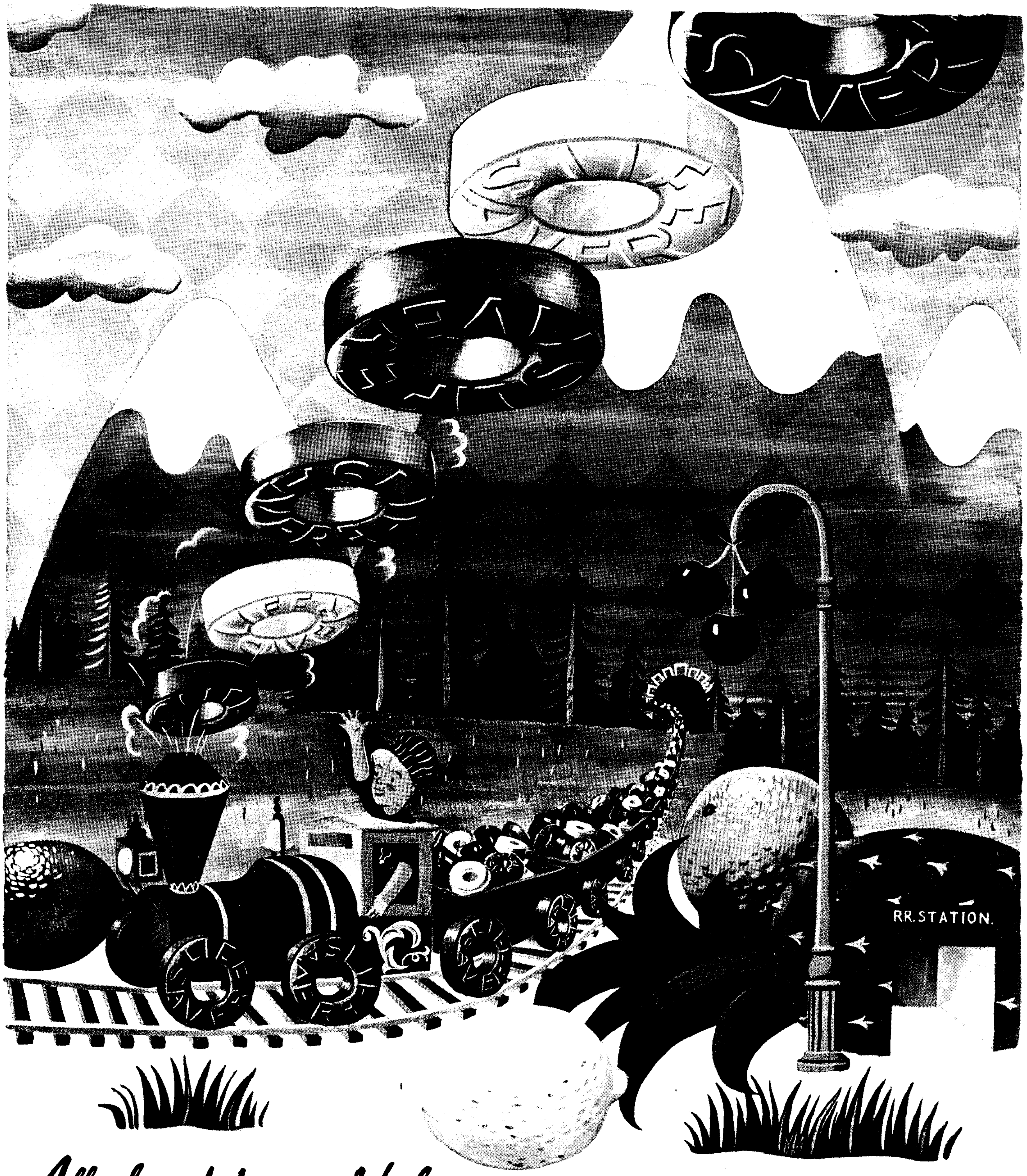
"I could do with less lip," commented Elmer slyly, "and a little more ice cream around this house."

"Then run around to the ice cream store," urged Elsie. "And be sure you look for the Borden's *brand*. In my 'gadding' about, I hear everybody saying: *If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"


–if it's Borden's it's got to be good

TUNE IN ED WYNN on Borden's New Radio Show! With Jerry Wayne, Mark Warnow's Orchestra—and Elsie, Elmer, Beulah! Every Monday at 9 P.M., E W.T, over the Blue Network.

© The Borden Company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RR. STATION.

All aboard for a nickel

Hop on board the fruit-flavor special! A five-cent piece is your fare for a delicious tour. All aboard for Orange! Lemon! Lime! Pineapple! Wild Cherry! You're on the right track when you ask for a handy 5-flavor pack of Life Savers!

FIVE FLAVOR
LIFE SAVERS

Only 5¢

Mr. Thorne," I said, "maybe you're a genius—"

There was that exasperating sardonic smile again. "Now you're trying to flatter me." He was looking at me very intently. "I give up," he finally said. "I can't make you out."

"Make that two," I said lightly. "I can't make *you* out."

Suddenly he leaned forward. "Listen, I came down here to have a drink with you because there's something I want to say to you." His eyes looked into mine, and there was a question in them. No sardonic smile.

THIS quick change threw me off balance. When he looked at me like that it made me feel all fluttery like a butterfly, and I seemed to be suddenly blossoming into goose pimples. But I wasn't going to let him see that I was breaking up into little pieces, so I smiled brightly at him. "All right," I said gaily, "go ahead and say it."

He changed again just like that. His lips tightened, and he sat back in his chair again and lifted his glass. "Skip it," he said shortly.

I felt terribly dismal with the door slammed in my face again, and I couldn't understand what it was all about. "Would you like another drink?" I asked bleakly.

"No, thank you." He called for the check, and I couldn't have felt flatter if I had passed out and slumped under the table. I fumbled with my gloves and didn't look at him. "Thank you for having a drink with me."

"Thank *you*," he said very formally and polite, and the next thing I knew I was walking along the street feeling as though someone had hit me hard.

The next morning I was awakened rather rudely by Mother zooming into my room like a Flying Fortress. As Mother is the regal type who seldom zooms I shot up in bed in alarm. "What's the matter?"

She delivered the bomb. "Here," she said, holding out a newspaper, "perhaps you can explain this." Her voice was glacial.

I took the paper. There was I all over the place—smiling like an advertisement for tooth paste—and, well, if my legs aren't the kind that shouldn't be hidden, there would at least be no doubt left about it after taking a gander at one of those pictures.

I glanced hastily at Mother, gulped, and then started reading, "SOCIETY GIRL DECIDES TO BECOME RADIO ACTRESS" it screamed in king-sized print. "ASSUMES FALSE NAME TO AVOID CAPITALIZING UPON PRESTIGE OF TYCOON FATHER" followed in medium-sized type. Then it quieted down to a subdued size, and really went to town. Marilyn Merrill, it said, who was blossoming out in her first starring role in LIKE A PETAL was *really* Marilyn Hathaway of Park Avenue *and* the Social Register, and all by her little self she had battered down the impregnable doors of radio, and by sheer talent and hard work had won stardom. I closed my eyes and leaned back against the pillows.

"Just what does this mean?" demanded Mother stonily, "and why didn't you tell us about it?"

I opened my eyes and they fell on a raging furnace that seemed to be standing in the doorway. It was Daddy. He had another paper in his hand. "What in tarnation *is* this?" he blazed. "Are you trying to disgrace us?"

"Is it disgraceful to go on the radio?" It sounded more like a mouse than me.

He held out the paper with a shaking hand. "Is this the way you go on the radio?" he stormed. "Or is it a new form of strip tease?"

"Now, Whitley," said Mother soothingly, "it isn't quite that bad."

"Bad!" He spluttered like an outboard motor. "It's—it's— Look at that!" he exploded. "Just look at that!" He shook the paper as though it were a rat filled with vermin.

"Now listen," I said. "If you both want to disown me, it's quite all right with me. But you might at least listen to my story."

"Very well," said Mother. "We will listen."

"I wanted to do something on my own," I said, "and when Mr. H. Digby Wells said that I had a good radio voice—"

"H. Digby Wells!" Daddy roared. "What's he got to do with it?"

"I met him at a party, and he said that I had a good radio voice, and then he asked me to go in for an audition and—"

"Oh, he did, did he?" Daddy's head shot up like a stag who has just got wind of approaching hounds.

"Yes, and he arranged everything. He was terribly nice."

"Well, I'll be damned!" exploded Daddy.

"What's wrong about that?" I asked in bewilderment.

"What's wrong?" thundered Daddy. "I'll tell you what's wrong! Consolidated has been breaking its neck to sell me that program to advertise our new Petalskin face powder, that's what! And I suppose they think that when I hear my own daughter is the little flower of the air waves, I'll break down and buy the whole network. Hah! They've got another think coming!"

"Oh," I said weakly. "I didn't know, Daddy. I just wanted to surprise you and Mother."

"You surprised us all right," he snorted. "Like a Petal," he barked. "Like a Petal. Bah!" He threw his hands over his head, and stomped down the hall.

I raised my eyes to Mother, and she was looking at me the way she used to when I fell and skinned my knee. "Mother—do you think that's the only reason they gave me that part?"

Mother hesitated. "I really don't know, dear." She glanced at the paper. "I understand that they place high value on the publicity end of building a new program."

"What shall I do?" I asked meekly, having shrunk very rapidly into a little girl again.

"That's something you must decide for yourself," replied Mother gently, and with a pat on the shoulder she left me.

AFTER a while I got up and dressed. It was early to start for the studio, but I was going to ask Rod if he had chosen me for the lead because my father was a prospective sponsor. I didn't want to ask him *anything* after that gay little get-together of the day before, but, after all, he was the only one who knew the right answer.

By the time I reached the studio, I was too mixed up to know exactly what was worrying me the most. I walked into 8D, and there was Rod over in the corner by the piano talking to Mr. H. Digby Wells. They hadn't heard me come in, and I stood there glued to the floor as I heard what Rod was saying.

"The rest of the cast is fine, but she tears the whole thing down. It is impossible to build a good show around a leading lady who has no talent whatever for acting!"

"Nevertheless," glowered H. Digby, "she's going to be the lead in that program!" His jowls snapped like a bear trap.

"Then in that case you'll have to find another director," replied Rod coldly. "I refuse to direct a show with a leading lady who is given the part merely because she has the money to buy it."

"Your resignation is accepted!" snapped H. Digby.

"Just a moment," I said, landing beside them like a bomb. They turned to look at me. I couldn't decide which one I hated most at the moment, so I divided a flame-throwing look between them. "I didn't try to buy that part," I flashed, "and I wouldn't take it if you gave it to me!"

I turned on H. Digby: "Neither did I know that you were trying to sell the program to my father and, in case you're interested, he has no intention of buying it." I stopped and tried to control my voice which was shaking all over the place. "I thought I was being given a chance just like anyone else, but it seems that I was only a walking dollar sign—to all of you." Rod was staring at me completely astounded.

"Why didn't you tell *me* that I was no good?" I blazed at him. "You're all a bunch of hypocrites," I choked, "and if this is an essential industry, I think I'll go out and enlist for sabotage!"

I whirled and flew out of the studio before I could burst into tears. I was so blinded that I couldn't even see the handle to that second door and I stood there and wrestled with it. But just as it swung open, Rod caught up with me.

"Wait a minute, Miss Merrill. I'd like to speak to you."

I turned and faced him. "The name is

(Continued on page 30)

THE Heroes

DOBBIE OF MALTA

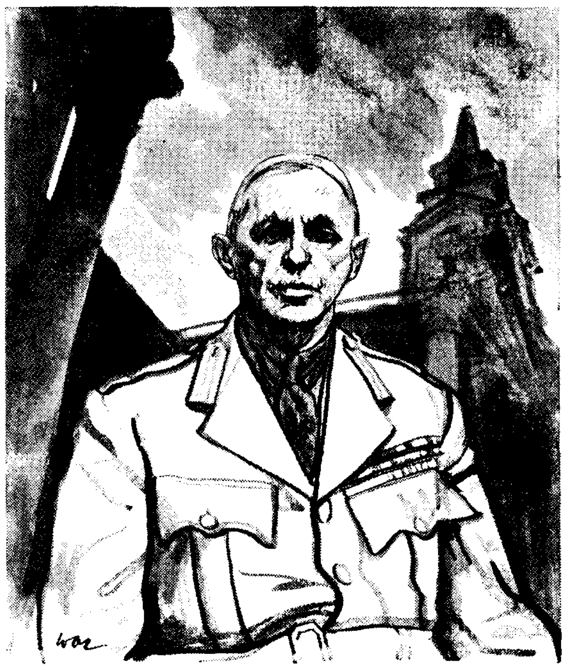
XIX

AFTER teaming up with Hitler on June 10, 1940, Benito Mussolini followed this "stab in the back" by the bombardment of Malta, that strategic island midway between Gibraltar and Suez. What shorter cut to glory? Some 270,000 people packed into 122 square miles, and seemingly defenseless, for the British fleet had been removed to Alexandria, and the French naval base at Bizerte was no longer a protection. Il Duce had every right to believe that a few bombing raids would bring panic and surrender.

What the posturing buffoon failed to remember was Malta's history. From the time of settlement by the Phoenicians, the patch of hilly ground had been fought over by Carthaginians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs and Normans, and courage was the inheritance of every Maltese.

Mussolini also overlooked Lieutenant General Sir William Dobbie, Malta's governor, a granite block of a man who joined military genius with the simple, unquestioning faith of an Old Testament prophet. When Italian bombs began to rain down without warning, his call for resistance to the death was sounded in the name of the Lord God of Hosts. Hath He not promised that all the powers of hell shall not prevail against the righteous? Here was a member of the Plymouth Brethren, but the Maltese, although devout Catholics, followed him as though he wore a miter.

Unsleeping and tireless, the silent Scot disposed his meager forces. From shops and homes poured volunteers to man the antiaircraft batteries, and six young Britons, none of whom had ever been in a fighting plane, uncrated four obsolete Gladiators and flew off to battle. Men and women, hastily supplied with hand-forged picks, dug tunnels and chambers in Malta's limestone cliffs; others tended the terraced fields, careless of danger, so that the food supply might not fail; and children ran about under fire, looking after the goats, the pigs and the poultry.



PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

Before a month had passed, Mussolini was made to realize that his jackal teeth had bitten off more than could be chewed. Dobbie's homemade mines sank submarines, his cunning nets trapped torpedo-carrying craft, and his old Gladiators brought down so many Italian planes that Il Duce's dauntless fliers often dumped their bombs far out at sea. In December, unhappily, came a tragic change. With Rommel preparing for his great African offensive, Malta *had* to be captured, and the Germans took over, contemptuously ordering the Italians to get out of their way.

Now it was no longer hit-or-miss bombing, but daily blitzkriegs, savage and precise. Flying low, through antiaircraft fire, the Germans dropped no bomb until sure of the target. Raids averaged 261 a month, and in one day there were seventeen—each raid in force, for it was common for 450 bombers and 300 fighters to come over in successive waves. Night brought no relief, for parachuted flares turned the darkness into day.

Cities and villages were blasted into rubble, and down the narrow streets rolled sluggish streams of stone that had been homes, lovely buildings and historic churches. With death everywhere aboveground, the women and children, along with the flocks and herds, huddled in the deep-quarried chambers, mothers keeping wetted cloths over the mouths of babes that they might not be choked by the limestone dust. And while Governor Dobbie, the Plymouth Brother, prayed to his God as he walked the ramparts, up to him came this unceasing chant:

> *O Virgin Mother of Victory,*
> *O Queen of Heaven and Earth,*
> *Gather the bombs in thy wide mantle*
> *And save us from the Power of the Dog.*

Five months the horror kept up, German fury mounting as resistance continued, and in April more than 7,000 tons of bombs were dropped. Antiaircraft batteries were blown to pieces, and airdromes smashed to bits, but the indomitable Scot devised fresh defenses, and the men of Malta found new courage as he moved among them. Water mains were destroyed, leaving only a few wells, and food supplies dwindled until starvation threatened, but neither hunger nor thirst could weaken a people's faith in Lieutenant General Sir William Dobbie.

In May, this faith was justified, for out of the sea came a squadron of Spitfires, catapulted from the deck of the American carrier Wasp, and before their attack, the Germans turned tail. Now gaunt, staggering defenders put by their rifles, and up from the depths came the women and children. All about them was ruin and death, but in every breast was a great pride, for they had fought the good fight, and to each and all was given the right to wear the George Cross, England's supreme recognition of civilian valor. The one heartache was the departure of their governor. Ill and wasted, they put him on a ship and, as he sailed away, the love and prayers of a Catholic population followed the Plymouth Brother. . . .

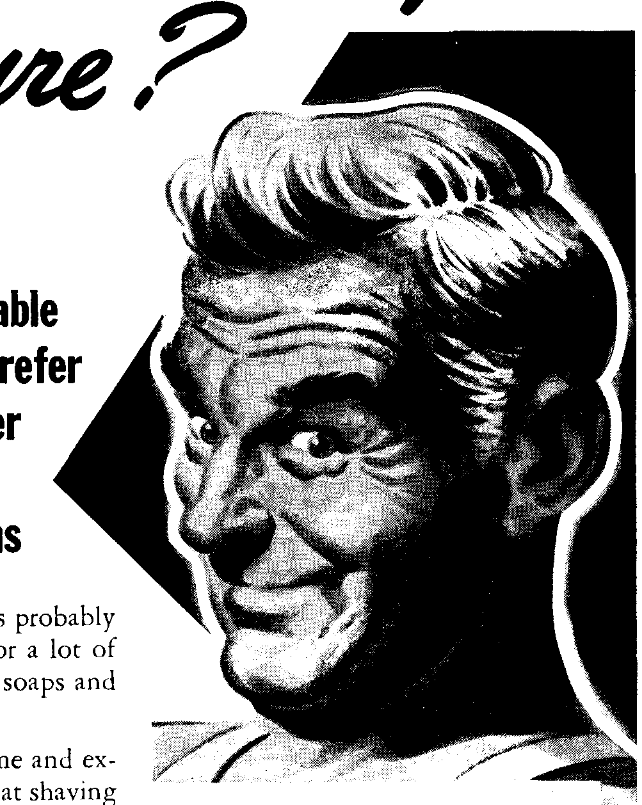
GEORGE CREEL

What do you think of a

SHAVING CREAM

Guaranteed not

to make shaving a pleasure?



An ad for reasonable men only... who prefer billows of lather instead of billows of claims

Dear Sir:— Your face has probably been a testing laboratory for a lot of shaving theories and tools, soaps and creams, lotions and salves.

Yet, in the fullness of time and experience, each man learns that shaving is at best a nuisance and a bore. And that even when it is not downright painful, the word *pleasure* shouldn't be mentioned in the same breath with *shaving*.

Does this mean that the future of shaving is all black as a man's beard? Not at all.

For the sake of your comfort (and incidentally, our business) we have lavished our technical skill and resources on producing a quality shaving cream. One which we could offer fairly as a *sensible* shaving aid. One which would do as much as any reasonable man could expect, to make shaving as painless as possible.

Literally, a fraction of an inch of our Listerine Shaving Cream gives lots and lots of good, rich lather. Brushes up quickly into a big, moisture-laden blanket of foam. And the more water you add, the better . . . because water is really the secret of the whole beard-softening mystery.

If all this sounds like good sense to you, we'd like you to meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use. Sincerely,

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
SHAVING CREAM
LAMBERT
35¢

TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Listerine Brushless is 25¢

LISTERINE
brushless
SHAVING CREAM

Like a Petal

Continued from page 29

Hathaway," I said haughtily. "The million-dollar babe, remember?"

"All right, Miss Hathaway, then." He looked all hot and bothered, and the sardonic smile was conspicuous by its absence. "May I speak to you for a moment?"

"No," I said. Brief and to the point, that's me. I turned and walked away with him at my heels.

He put his hand on my arm just as I gave the elevator button a vicious stab. "Marilyn—" he said, "there are a couple of things I'd like to explain to you—"

I drew back as though an octopus were making passes at me. "I don't need anything explained to me now. I know all there is to know about radio," I said bitterly. "Go out and find yourself a starving actress and tell *her* about it." I stepped into the elevator, which was kind enough to slide a door in his face.

ONCE outside of the building my anger seemed to fizz out into nothingness like a seltzer tablet. I walked up the street feeling very flat and depressed. Like a Petal. That was I all right. The kind that's been crushed between the leaves of a book.

I crept into the house, ambled into the living room and dropped the remains on the divan. So that's the end of my radio career, I said dramatically to myself. I was a washout, a flop, a dope, a good-for-nothing daughter of the rich.

I sighed drearily and picked up the afternoon paper. I turned the pages aimlessly and then suddenly there I was again spread all over page 11. I tightened my lips, and then I saw the words ROD THORNE.

In a moment I was sitting up very straight, all agog. Rod Thorne, the brilliant director, it said, whose flat refusal to have his picture taken was undoubtedly due to a commendable disinclination to capitalize upon his sensational war record. This included having served with the RCAF before being transferred to the U.S. Air Force, having been awarded what sounded like enough citations and medals to cover a sandwich board, being wounded several times, and finally discharged. In other words, Rod was an honest-to-goodness hero, and I had thought that he was just a bad-tempered, egotistical director who took himself much too seriously! I felt like crying.

I looked up to see Mary, the maid, standing in the door. "Miss Marilyn, there's a gentleman here to see you. He says it's about work for war veterans."

"That must be for Mother," I said wearily.

"No," said Mary firmly. "He asked for you."

"Oh, all right," I sighed. "Send him in."

So she went out, and Rod walked in. "Oh," I said weakly, and with great originality, "it's you!"

"Yes," he said humbly. "May I come in?"

"You *are* in," I said rudely.

"Well, then, may I sit down?"

I shrugged. "Help yourself." Hardhearted Hannah herself.

He sat down on the divan beside me, which I didn't think entirely necessary with all the chairs in the room. And neither was it necessary for my heart to start bouncing around.

"First of all, I want to apologize," he said, "for having had so many misapprehensions about you."

I looked at him silently, trying to hate him. It was very difficult because I kept seeing silver wings and Spitfires flashing in the sun, and swastikas swooping down in swarms. The roar of motors was in my heart, and it was all very confusing.

"Furthermore," he went on, his eyes never leaving mine, "if you still want to play Angela, I'll do anything in my power to help you."

"That's good. That's just fine," I said with biting sarcasm. "Especially after hearing you say that I couldn't act."

For a moment he didn't reply. Then he shook his head. "No," he said quietly, "I'll be frank with you. Your voice is charming, and your diction is excellent. You have some more or less undeveloped talent, but it's not, in my opinion, enough for leading parts on a big network."

"Then why bring it up again?" I asked icily. "I can't act, and that's that. Let's forget it."

His eyes kept asking me to forgive him. It was very upsetting. "I tried to tell you last night when we were having a drink. That's why I went down with you."

"Well, why didn't you?" I asked angrily. "It would have saved me a lot of embarrassment. Do you think I would have let them print that—that stuff in the papers if I'd known that I—I—" I choked helplessly.

"Please—" he said, touching my arm. "I thought that you wanted the publicity, and that you knew you were buying something that you couldn't get otherwise. And I was disgusted—" he got up from the divan and began pacing up and down the room. "Listen," he said, stopping in front of me, "I'm mixed up about a lot of things at the moment." He hesitated.

"Please understand that I'm not dramatizing the fact that I've been fighting a war for several years—but I'm trying hard to adjust myself to normal living and everything still looks upside down to me most of the time. I keep trying to justify—a lot of things I've seen with all the petty selfishness and greed I see around me. I know I'm probably cracked on the subject—" he stopped and ran his hand through his hair. "Oh, Lord, it all seems so futile!"

"And you thought," I said gently, "that I was just one more selfish, greedy person thinking only of myself. Is that right?" I was beginning to feel sorry for him. He looked so *lost*.

He nodded. "Something like that," he replied soberly.

"I just wanted to *do* something," I said. "But it seems I'm not good for anything," I added bitterly.

"Oh yes you are," he said.

"Such as what?" I wanted to know.

HE CAME and sat down beside me and took my hand. "Would you be interested in building up the morale of returned soldiers?"

"Certainly," I said. "Where do I go? What do I do?"

"Almost every man who comes out of this war is going to be looking for a girl like you to help him start enjoying life again. He won't be looking for a radio actress; he just wants a girl who is fun to be with—" he stopped and grinned. "I think you *could* be fun if you weren't trying to be something you aren't."

"Thank you," I said coolly. "What do I do—run down and meet all incoming boats with a roll of dance tickets?"

"No, that wasn't my idea." His hand held mine a little tighter, and my heart pounded a little bit faster. "I thought you could sort of start on me." And he was smiling in a way that was really devastating to a girl who hadn't been exposed to that sort of thing for some time.

"It's a fine purpose in life," I complained. "Just a playgirl, that's me."

"Is there anything wrong with marriage as a career?" he sternly demanded. "And having children?"

"Oh, no," I replied quickly. "I think it's very nice work if you can get it." Then I looked up at him startled. "You're not *proposing* to me, are you?"

"Don't rush me," he said, frowning. "You have absolutely no sense of plot development. Remember I'm in a highly confused state at present—"

"That makes two of us," I murmured.

"And I may be leading up to something, but you're supposed to be surprised about it. Don't you ever go to the movies?"

"Yes, but I forget what happens. Boy meets girl—"

"Then they have a fight. And then they make up—that's the part we're working on at the moment," he explained, leaning closer.

"Oh," I said.

"And—"

Well, you've been to the movies, so *you* know how it goes from there, don't you? And—well, isn't it *wonderful* to be Essential?

THE END

"Unstinted praise is due..."

Congressional Committee pays tribute to the performance of the Petroleum Industry in War Emergency

How well the petroleum industry has served our country in meeting military and civilian needs is brought out by a special report submitted January 2nd, 1945 by a sub-committee of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House of Representatives.

We quote excerpts from the report:—

> SUPPLY: "The industry, our many governmental agencies involved in this program, and the Nation as a whole have achieved remarkable results, especially when measured by the difficulties involved.
>
> "The production of crude oil, the basic supply of its products, though handicapped by a shortage of production materials, of labor supply, overloaded transportation, and without any rise in price comparable to other industries, has reached the greatest volume in our history."
>
> AVIATION FUEL: "The United Nations entered the war with a very small production of 100-octane fuel. The United States has achieved the almost impossible by stepping up its daily production from 45,000 barrels in December 1941, to more than 500,000 barrels."
>
> VALUE: "Oil, from the standpoint of its inherent value, is one of the cheapest products that money can buy."
>
> CONCLUSION: "For this magnificent accomplishment, unstinted praise is due to the genius and productive capacity of the American petroleum industry, production and refinement; to all the transportation agencies concerned; to competent military planning, for supplies, for the right kind at the right time, and at the right place."

In behalf of the Petroleum Industry we are proud to bring the above facts to the attention of the American public.

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Nationally Advertised Tooth Brush in America
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Always to the point!

Carter's Inks flow smoothly and give you a quick-starting pen! *Quick-drying . . . non-corrosive*—they're top performers for your precious fountain pen or steel pen! 9 beautiful colors—4 V-Mail inks—to choose from . . . at better stationery counters everywhere . . .

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The CARTER'S Ink Company
Boston, Mass.

We Lived to Tell

Continued from page 13

feet square, half full of water. There were thirty-eight bodies to go in the hole.

Johnny didn't have the heart to ask the exhausted men to get down into the water and place the bodies decently, so they had to roll them in. They would float back up to the top, and some of the men started getting sick, but Johnny said, "Everybody's in on this, everybody has to do his part," and he took a shovel and started throwing mud into the hole.

Johnny wanted to say a prayer, but it was almost dark, and the Jap guards were yelling, so he said a prayer to himself as they headed back in the rain. . . .

It was strange, but actually it helped us to remember these things. It was like getting the things out of our dark minds and exposing them to the light. And anyway, we were sure that the worst of it was over now. We didn't know that two more years lay ahead before the explosion of an American torpedo would blast us to freedom. We didn't know that what happened during those years would make these early days at Davao seem like heaven.

It was not too bad at Davao at the outset. We would get up before dawn each day and go out to the rice paddies to work. We crowded onto flatcars and were hauled out on a narrow-gauge railroad; we called it the Toonerville Trolley. The jungle was beautiful in the early morning, with the light shining on the wet leaves, and the bright-colored orchids and birds, and the monkeys swinging easily through the treetops along the right of way. We used to wonder what it was like to be free and go where you pleased. We could see banana trees loaded with fruit, but we knew we would be punished if we took any. The oranges and lemons used to wither on the trees and fall to the ground and rot, but we never got one.

Slavery in the Mud

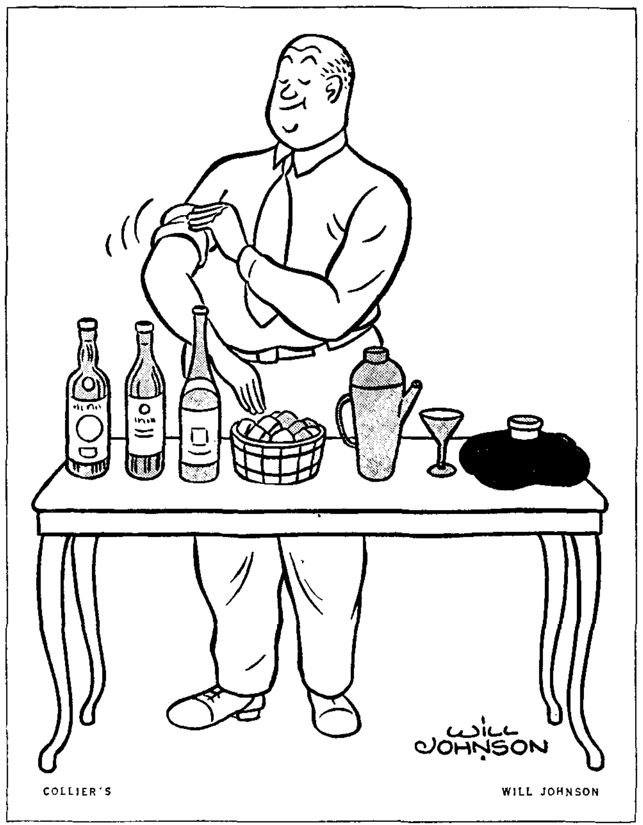
The rice fields were two square miles of solid mud, cut up by dikes into checkerboard paddies. One man could stand on the dike at each side of a paddy, holding a rope with knots every eight inches, to mark where the seedlings would be planted. The rest of us would take our places in the mud behind the rope. Each rope man would tie his end to a stake and jam the stake into the dike. When we finished planting a row, the rope men would yank up the stakes and move back, and the weight of the wet rope would almost drag them off the slick dike.

Before we started planting, we would go to the tin-roofed *bodega* and get the rice baskets, round two-handled laundry baskets made of woven *bajauka*. We would fill the baskets with rice seedlings, and put a bamboo pole through the handles of a basket and lug it a mile or so to the paddy we were assigned to plant that day. The basket was so heavy that the pole would cut into our bare shoulders, and we took some pretty good falls on the slippery dikes. There were always a few broken ankles and wrists around camp. Most of us had malaria, and wallowing in the cold mud was apt to cause a bad chill. That was what brought about Pete's terrible beating one afternoon, and gave us a new insight into the barbaric nature of the Jap.

We were learning more about the Japs each day. They were afraid of us. That was hard to understand at first, because the Japs were armed and had life-and-death control over us. But they were terrified of the Americans, and they would literally shake with fear if they had to take us very far into the jungle away from the rest of the guards. Maybe it was their inborn sense of inferiority. No matter how much they tried to shame us, they could never overcome their own feeling of being the low race. They could not break our spirit; that was what frightened them most.

The Jap is unstable, given to psychopathic fits of temper, ignorant, cruel. His barbarism shows in his treatment of animals. There was a sizable flock of chickens when we first arrived at Davao, enough to supply meat and eggs for all of us, but the Japs never fed them, and the hungry chickens began eating their own eggs. So the Japs decided to give the poultry a lesson and they cut out all food and water. The hens stopped laying altogether. The Japs, angered at this defiance, picked up the emaciated chickens, held them in their arms and solemnly slapped their faces one by one to punish them. It was funny, but it was also a little sickening.

We saw another example of Jap reasoning one afternoon in the rice fields. The Japs were trying to break a yearling carabao to harness and work him at the plow. The frightened beast had never been handled before, and he bucked and fought and finally bolted. It was ten minutes before they caught him and tied him down. Hashimoto, the Jap sergeant in charge of the guards, strode up to the young animal, drew his saber, and cut off its tail. He carried the bloody tail around in front of the carabao, shook it under its nose in order to make the animal lose face, and then the rest of the guards beat it senseless with clubs.



COLLIER'S WILL JOHNSON

Sergeant Hashimoto was the bane of our existence for two years, a vain, unpredictable, violent little man, a former judo expert. He was bucking for a commission and he sought to curry favor with the Jap officers at our expense. We called him Little Caesar. We had names for all our guards at Davao. There was Itchy Ape, the farming expert, a swart, ugly Jap with a face like Pluto the Pup. There was Five O'Clock Shadow, who always carried the broken steel shaft of a golf club and who would hit the Americans across the face with its jagged end, opening a raw gash with each blow. Nishimura, the interpreter, was called Simon Legree: he could interpret the Jap orders any way he wanted, and he always made sure they were as tough as possible.

There was another interpreter, Mr. Wada; we called him Running Wada because he had short legs and would trot after the Jap officers like a little puppy. He was killed on the deck of the prison ship when the torpedo struck.

One Jap officer, Lieutenant Yuki, was a little more friendly than the others; he had been a Catholic before the war, but he had had to renounce his religion when he joined the Imperial Army. He told us one day that his brother officers had made him walk through a line of Chinese coolies, slashing their heads off, to prove that he was a loyal son of the emperor.

It was Little Caesar who did the brutal job on Pete that afternoon. Pete was a big, nice-looking kid from the Middle West, always willing; but he had had a stiff attack of malaria, and by noon he got to shaking so hard he couldn't control himself. He dragged himself up onto the railroad embankment, and started toward the *bodega.* Little Caesar was coming down the tracks at that moment. Maybe he thought Pete was trying to goldbrick, maybe he just figured the embankment was a good stage to put on a show; we never knew. He grabbed Pete by the shoulder without warning, threw a leg behind him, and flung him to the ground.

Little Caesar was proud of his ability at judo, and he loved to demonstrate it on Americans. He went to work on Pete, picking him up and throwing him down again and dislocating his shoulder; he twisted Pete every way but loose. Then when Pete was down for good, he began kicking him with his hobnailed boots in the ribs, in the face and in the groin, and beating him with the flat of his sword. He kicked Pete until he was unconscious.

Pete's mind was foggy after that, and his speech was impaired. All he thought about was killing Little Caesar. He thought about it for two full years. He was still thinking about it when he bumped into Little Caesar floundering in the water after the Japanese prison ship went down.

Slow Death of Hope

We were all sick about Pete's beating. We did not know what lay ahead, and we were beginning to feel that if disease didn't get us, the Japs guards would. We had been waiting almost a year now for help, and it looked as if maybe it wouldn't ever come. We tried to think of the future, because that's where our hope came from, but the future was so uncertain. It was hard to live in the past alone. It was hardest of all on the kids of eighteen. At least, the older men had more past to live in.

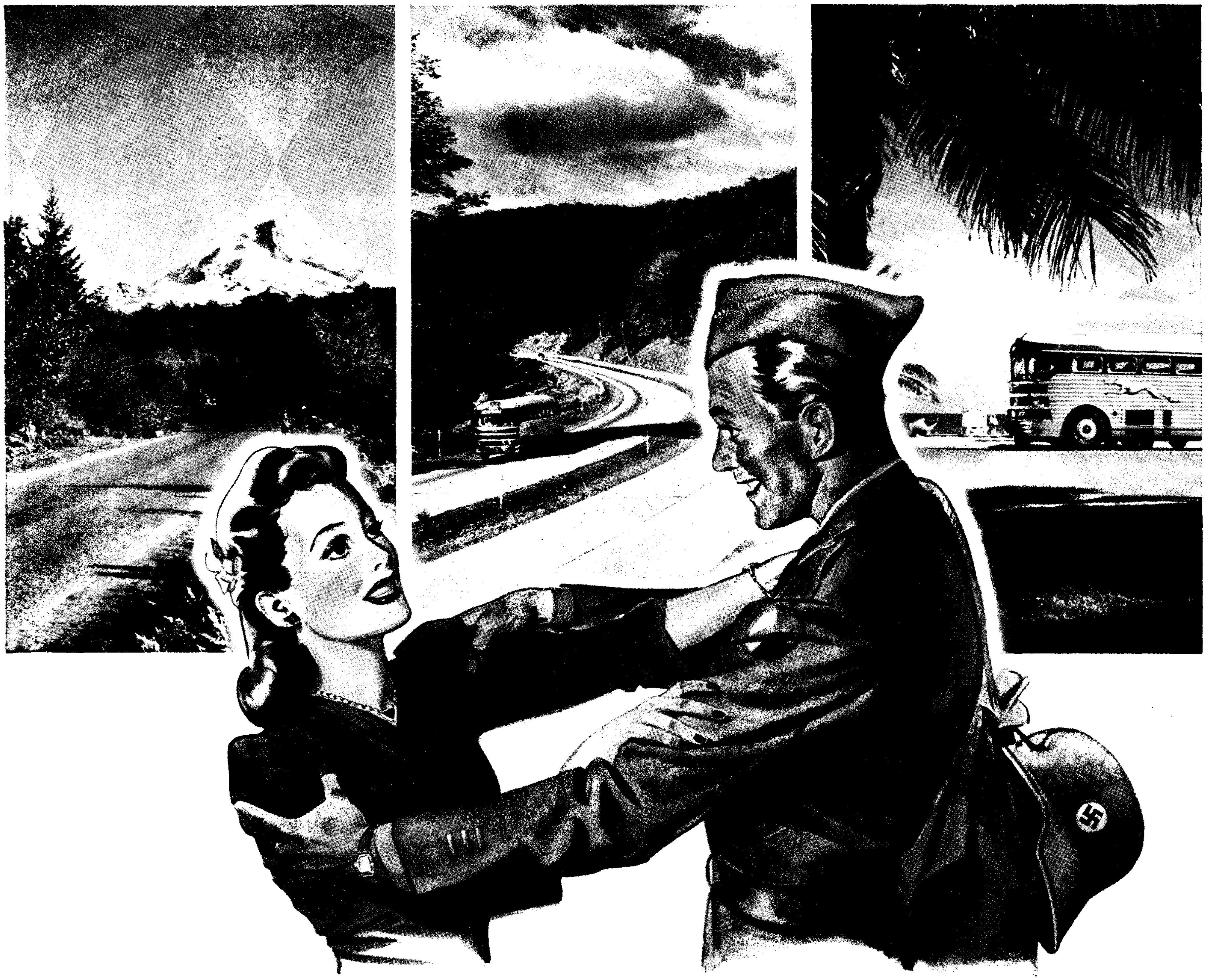
A thunderstorm came up that afternoon while we were working. It had been raining for a couple of hours by the time we finished and got back to the *bodega* about 6:30, and the railroad tracks were as slick as grease. The Toonerville Trolley couldn't get traction enough to pull up the four-mile grade back to camp, and the Jap guards made us push the train all the way home.

It was pitch black, we had no shoes, we kept stubbing our toes on the protruding ties and slashing our bare feet on the rocks. The way back to camp seemed endless. We were nearly dead from hunger and exhaustion. The rain kept beating down harder and we were numb from cold in spite of all our exertion. The guards rode on the flatcars above us, yelling "Push, push!" and leaning down to club us if we quit.

But we didn't quit. We got mad. We kept pushing, and we got madder and madder every step of the way, and the Japs began to get scared. We passed the house of the Jap commanding officer, and, as we went by, every last one of that bunch of tired, naked, emaciated Americans began to sing. We sang at the top of our lungs, and the Japs were too scared to stop us. We sang God Bless America, and we made the night shake with it.

No matter what lay ahead, we were proud we were Americans that night.

(To be continued next week)



Highways WILL BE Happy ways AGAIN

—if we keep faith with our fighting men

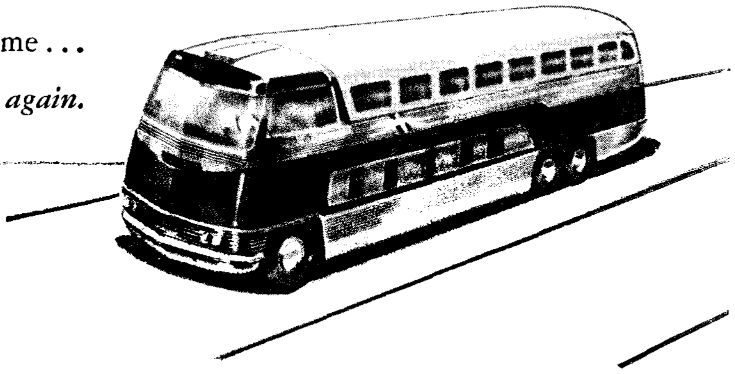
Only if we back our fighting men with War Bond purchases far beyond cold quotas...

Only if we use full measure of time and skill to keep the weapons of war in their hands...

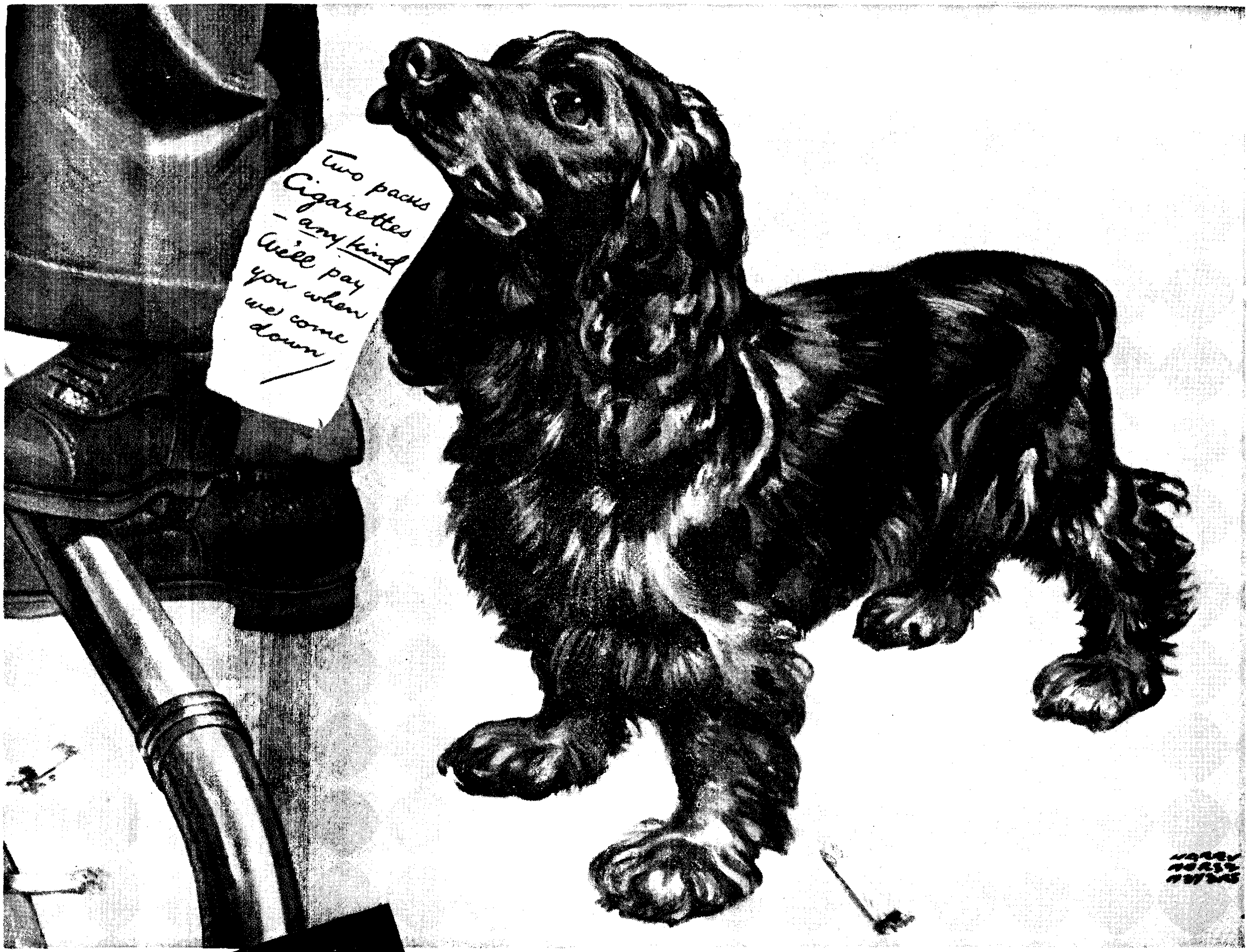
Only if we give of our blood again and again to bring our wounded home...

Only then can we look ahead to the days when ***Highways will be Happy Ways again.***

"*Serve* America Now, so you can *See* America Later," has been Greyhound's message to America since Pearl Harbor. One day, after the greatest homecoming of all time, you can look to Greyhound for highway travel such as this old world has never seen—in brand new luxury coaches much like this one.



GREYHOUND



City Dog

BY ROBERT SYLVESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The story of a man who lost a friend, a wise and worldly friend, a black cocker spaniel. If you have ever owned a pet, you will find more here than meets the eye

THE dog was having trouble with his breathing and he whined when his swollen body pained him but he had managed to get his head out of the window of the taxicab just as he had always done. He was over twelve years old and the man sitting beside him found some comfort in the knowledge that his dog had outlasted a score of irritable city magistrates and even outlived some of them.

"A dog," these harried justices had regularly told the man four or five times a year, "has no business in the city. It is unfair to the dog and unfair to the other citizens. If you keep a dog in the city you must keep him on a lead. Two dollars."

Well, the man reflected, the magistrates might never miss him but there were others who would. Taxi drivers, bartenders, hat-check girls, drugstore clerks and delicatessen chefs would miss him. The park police would miss him, also, and so would the apartment-house doorman. All the other dog walkers would miss him, too. Where's Captain? they'd be asking for months to come. The city might be no place for some dogs, the man admitted without conviction, but it certainly had been this one's particular dish. It might even have been built for him.

He was an oversize, big-boned cocker spaniel as black and shiny, as clean as coal. His hair was flat and only slightly wavy without a white spot anywhere. Strangely, for a black cocker, he had soft brown eyes. The black fur grew thick around his mushroom feet and pointed upward, giving him the appearance of walking on his heels, and he had the jaunty, preoccupied walk of a wise guy. He *was* a wise guy. Nobody knew it better than he did.

He had decided when he was four months old that taxicabs were wondrous and had proceeded, with low cunning, to make fast friends in all the taxi lines at the Central Park South hotels near which he had spent his life. If it was summer, and the front door of his walk-up apartment was open, he would flounder downstairs, climb into a cab with the driver, and go on a couple of calls. An hour later the driver would ring the doorbell, the man or his wife would call down to him, and he'd come upstairs unhurriedly, reflecting on the incidents of his trip.

Sometimes his owners, partly to make him work for his pleasures and partly out of sheer laziness of their own, would stop him on the landing and give him a note reading: "Two packs cigarettes—any kind. We'll pay you when we come down." He would then clump back downstairs and into the gin mill on the ground floor. A bartender or waiter would take the note from his mouth, give him the cigarettes, and he would report back to headquarters with the air of a man who really likes to work overtime.

With the note in his mouth he would enter the gin mill and wait until the bartender filled the order

He was a wise guy, all right. A sophisticate. He had shared midnight snacks with the girls in checkrooms of half the night clubs in town and he had been, briefly, a ham actor in a stage comedy. He had eaten caviar and thin crackers at the cocktail bars and he had peered without interest at many an art exhibition. If he visited a hotel room once he knew thereafter exactly where it was and preceded everybody else along the hall turns.

Also, he had the veteran New Yorker's distrust of street traffic. He hadn't stepped off a curb three times in his life. He would no sooner have thought of crossing a street except at somebody's heels than he would have jumped out of the third-floor window from which he hung, day and night, like a tenement housewife.

He was contemptuous of all strangers and almost all other dogs, but there was nothing timid about him. Whenever insulted or humiliated he threw himself into battle with complete abandon against any dog except a really big one. He hated Scottish terriers with some remote, atavistic fury and, although his breed was never designed for fighting, he would enter battle with a Scotty as if he were joining holy war. Large dogs he walked carefully around, giving them a wide berth, pretending he didn't see them.

Like all city dogs, he did his fighting strictly according to code. It was all right for two dogs off the leash to fight and it was according to code for two leashed dogs to try and fight. But a dog off the lead never fought with a dog on the lead. It wasn't cricket. Dogs didn't fight in Central Park, either. That was déclassé. He was always ill at ease with country dogs, during his vacations. They would sidle up to him tentatively offering fight or frolic but he would brush them off. He had no time for yokels.

Although he had walked perfectly at heel since puppyhood, and was completely obedient even when excited, the whims and fancies of his owners had never diverted him from business at hand. Business

(Continued on page 46)

From Head to Tail!

OF YOUR DOG IS NOURISHED BY THIS BALANCED...COMPLETE MEAL...GAINES!

● From his whiskers to his toes, from his bright eyes to his wagging tail—there's not a single inch of your dog that fails to receive the benefits of GAINES—*the Complete Meal* for dogs. For body-building strength, there's plenty of MEAT MEAL in it. And you can just imagine the licking of chops that goes on, when a whiff of that tasty meat meal reaches the nose of your dog! Yes, there's *meat meal*, vegetables, milk nutrients, cereals, vitamins, minerals—every type of nourishment dogs are known to need.

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For sleek appearance and glossy coat—the *fats* that would be provided by 1 oz. butter

For strong bones and teeth—the *minerals* that would be provided by 1¾ lbs. cheese

For red-blooded vitality—as much *iron* as in ¾ lb. beef liver

VITAMINS: The *vitamin A* in 5 eggs; the *thiamin* (B_1) in 1 lb. whole-wheat bread; the *riboflavin* (B_2) in 1 qt. milk; the *niacin* in ½ lb. fresh mackerel . . . and all other members of the B-complex which normally accompany thiamin, riboflavin and niacin.

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You can depend upon your Doctor of Motors to protect your car and prolong its life. He knows from experience that nationally accepted replacement parts assure the very best performance.

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Fiftieth Anniversary

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THE CHALLENGE TO EDUCATION

Among the numerous manuscripts that Collier's has received from readers who disagreed with University of Chicago President Robert M. Hutchins' article, The Threat to American Education, in the December 30th issue, was the following from Alfred E. Kuenzli. Medically discharged after two years with the Marines in the South Pacific, Mr. Kuenzli is now enrolled under provisions of the G.I. Bill at Notre Dame University

BAGBY STUDIOS

Maybe colleges as well as veterans need rehabilitation, suggests ex-Marine Alfred E. Kuenzli

TO ONE who recently exchanged a stinking foxhole in the South Pacific for a university classroom, President Robert M. Hutchins' analysis of the G.I. Bill in Collier's for December 30th was both disillusioning and fallacious.

Mr. Hutchins reasons essentially as follows: (1) The G.I. Bill makes it possible for all honorably discharged veterans who were under twenty-five years of age at the time of their enlistment (and all veterans who were over twenty-five at the time of enlistment and whose education was interrupted by the war) to go to school; (2) despite all the postwar planning, there will be unemployment after the war when some fifteen million veterans return to civilian life; (3) that many veterans who do not wish to go to school and who cannot profit by further education will do so merely to secure the subsistence allowance of $50 or $75 per month; (4) hence the colleges will be meccas for educational hobos who will ruin both themselves and the universities; (5) therefore, to preserve the standards of our educational institutions, only those veterans should be admitted who could prove—through a series of national examinations—that they could and would use what the universities had to offer.

Mr. Hutchins envisions a veterans' march on the colleges and universities after this war, comparable to the veterans' march on Washington following the first World War. He further contends that the persons who framed the G.I. Bill knew all of these facts and, consequently, did not write the bill with a view toward re-educating and retraining veterans, but as a dole for the unemployed.

Actually that is not the case. When it became necessary to draft 18-year-olds, President Roosevelt stated that some law must be enacted to provide for the welfare of young men whose education was disrupted by the war. The President appointed a committee headed by Major General Frederick H. Osborn to study the problem. The committee made its report, and legislation was drafted to carry out the recommendations therein. Certainly there was no conception of a dole in this origin of the bill.

While this committee was at work, the American Legion also made an extensive study of the problem and drafted an omnibus bill covering many phases of services to veterans, of which education was one. Neither was the Legion interested in the use of education as a dole.

The original bill, in fact, contained Mr. Hutchins' suggestion that returning veterans should face a battery of psychological experts who would not only choose those who should go to school, but would even choose the institutions to which they might go and the courses they could take. To those of us who felt that we were fighting for freedom and democracy, such a program or regimented education smacked entirely too much of the Nazi and Fascist systems.

A Belief in the Right to Learning

Fortunately, many organizations shared the latter opinion, and the bill was democratized before it passed both houses of Congress unanimously and was signed by the President. The bill was extended to cover all veterans who were under twenty-five years of age at the time of enlistment and all those over twenty-five whose education was interruped, because leaders of organizations sponsoring the bill felt that any veteran who had served his country a reasonable period of time in the Armed Forces should have the opportunity, if he should so desire, to take educational courses to assist in readjusting to civilian life.

These leaders believed that education should be made available at all levels. The high-school student should be able to complete his high-school work. The college student should be able to continue at least a part of his college course with part of his expenses paid by the government. The man who decided to learn a trade should be permitted to do so.

This system of veterans' education is by far a nearer approach to the education of a free man than Mr. Hutchins' proposal that only the cream of the academic crop among veterans be selected for educational purposes. Mr. Hutchins must be aware of the fact that many academic geniuses do not do so well in later life, and that many of those whose grades never average higher than C rise to prominence in national affairs.

One of Mr. Hutchins' main contentions was that veterans don't want education unless they can't get jobs. However, the fact that hundreds of veterans are now enrolled in colleges and universities throughout the country—today when there are plenty of highly paid jobs available—proves that many of us are intensely interested in preparing for the future by furthering our education. Many discharged men would find it easier to become swallowed up in an industry rather than exert the initiative and make the financial sacrifice necessary to attain an education, which in many cases is not so easy as it may seem because of service-connected disabilities and difficult readjustments. Furthermore, under another provision of the G.I. Bill, an unemployed veteran can receive as much as $80 a month for a period of a year without taking the trouble to study at an educational institution.

Mr. Hutchins speaks somewhat disparagingly of vocational education. Yet the American Federation of Labor at its recent convention in New Orleans pointed out that almost as many men and women have been trained as technical and vocational experts for the war effort in the nation's vocational schools as there are men in all parts of the Armed Forces combined. The convention further pointed out that World War II had demonstrated clearly that vocational and technical education should be placed on a par with academic education. The security of the nation—in war and in peace—will depend to a large degree upon the nation's technical and vocational schools.

The Need for Vocational Counseling

No veteran will quarrel with Mr. Hutchins' point that technicians should not be trained for jobs which do not exist. It is the basic principle of sound vocational education that students be advised as to the need for workers in the various jobs and trades. This, rather than the arbitrary assignment of students, should be the real function of the bill's administrators. Counseling, in fact, should be the solution of many of the problems that Mr. Hutchins raises.

Vocational education is no less important because it does not happen to be Mr. Hutchins' specialty. American education should be concerned with every citizen and especially with the education and rehabilitation of every veteran who desires such service.

Our democracy is based on this theory that education is of prime importance to every citizen. In fact, a government by the people depends on the intelligence of each individual who casts his ballot and helps to make the laws and decisions by which he is governed.

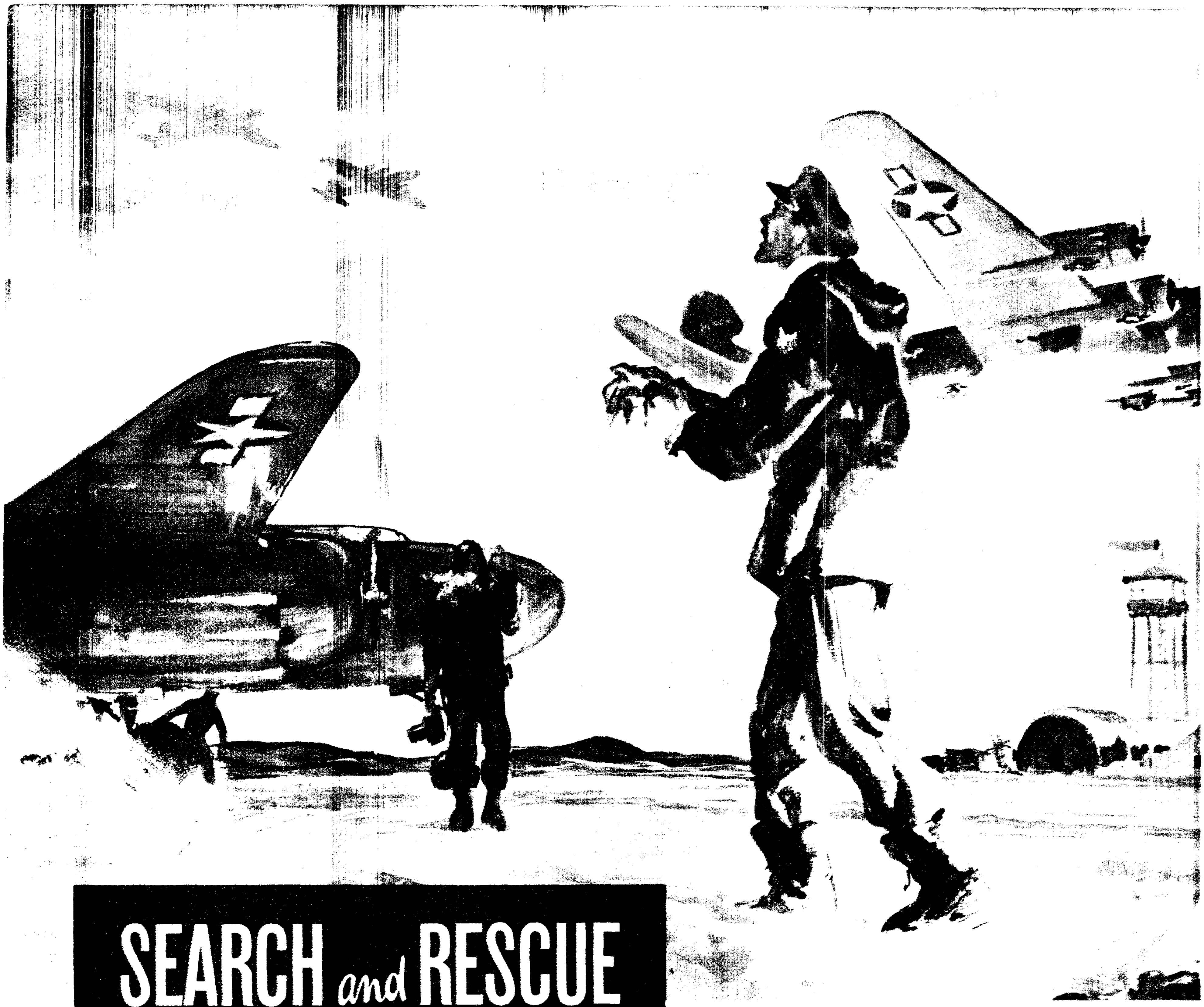
The greatest opportunity to improve our way of life and our government through extensive education is now available. Yet Mr. Hutchins would ignore it by restricting education to only a few—those with the very highest natural ability. Perhaps he should be reminded that even the best scholars can cast only one vote—and that under a policy of selective education, the Ph.D. is in a very small minority.

Perhaps the greatest challenge to the postwar world lies in the field of education. The veteran is the man who was sent away to war as the best American manhood available. Present victories are credited to his initiative, intelligence and strength. This is the material afforded to future education, and the G.I. Bill gives educators the opportunity to meet the challenge.

There is something deep in the hearts of returning veterans—something indispensable, but discoverable and educable. With my personal experience as basis, I know this is true. After many months of overseas service, men who return find life in these United States quite different and naturally they have, many adjustments to make. Veterans do not want pampering, but understanding and consideration are most vital to their rehabilitation. I find that the understanding professors—men who have acquainted themselves with veterans' problems—whom I am fortunate in having at the university where I am now enrolled under the G.I. Bill are a great help to me in forgetting the past, in adjusting to the present and in preparing for the future.

The defeatist attitude of Mr. Hutchins, as a leader on the home front, displayed in his willingness to abandon the philosophy of full employment and to accept unemployment of veterans as an economic certainty, does not argue well for the future of democracy. Could it be that some of the colleges and universities have become so detached from the actual need of society that they can make no adjustment to the needs of so important a group as the veterans of World War II?

Is it not conceivable that there is some need for rehabilitation among the colleges as well as among the veterans? If the colleges are not to be concerned with postwar economic problems and cannot meet the educational challenge provided by the G.I. Bill, then they fail entirely. In a world where changes have been speeded by the intensity of war, education cannot wring its hands in feeble protest against its responsibilities. Possibly some of us "hobos" would be assets to the universities rather than liabilities, if only for the purpose of serving as guinea pigs in the laboratory of teaching democracy. . . . ALFRED E. KUENZLI



SEARCH and RESCUE

BY WALT GROVE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

The sky was lead-gray when the major walked out of the hangar to where his crew chief was warming up his A-20. Just ahead, he saw Price with his camera. Would they ever be able to spot the Banana in this weather?

Human motives are obscure and devious, and no one can say if Major Clark's motives were good or bad—only that they challenged the elements, defied death and ignored a certain report

THE phone rang sometime after midnight waking Major Clark, and when the sergeant told him that the Banana was not coming in he got quickly out of bed onto the cold floor in his bare feet without really feeling it. His leg muscles were taut and he told the sergeant, a man named Peters who had a face like a potato, to send his staff car immediately. He dressed in cold clothes, puffing on a cigarette, and had time enough waiting for the car to get mad at the pilot who had flown the Banana. When the staff car came he had the driver take him to the Operations hangar and upstairs in the big room of which one side was window, he found Sergeant Peters working intently at a typewriter.

"All right, Peters," he said. "What's the story?"

"Well, sir, their ETA was 0130 and that was fifteen minutes ago," Peters said. "They were still seventy-five miles off the coast, they ought to be here. But they aren't and I thought you should know."

"Where were they fifteen minutes ago?" he asked.

Peters stood up, went to the big blue map. "Here."

The major did not like the wise, blind look on Peters' bumpy face and he turned and walked into his office, sitting down heavily at his desk without turning on the light. Through the window he could see across the runway intersection to the control tower, lighted and warm-looking in the snow. There was certainly enough ceiling for the Banana to come in and he began biting at the cuticle on his right index finger and listening. All he heard was the ticking of the clock. He sat in the dark hating the ticking. Finally Peters came in eating a candy bar and carrying a sheaf of papers. "It's after two; think they're down?" Peters said.

"I'm afraid so," he said.

"I went ahead and finished the monthly report since I'd started it."

"All right, leave it here," he said.

Peters pulled the paper off the candy. "Of course, this crash screws it up the way I typed it. It doesn't have a thing about the Banana. And it'd have been six months with no fatalities, too."

"They may not be dead," the major said.

"Well, this weather," Peters said. "What'll I write about the Banana?"

"Let it ride," he said.

"But the report is due tomorrow."

"I said let it ride."

Peters looked worried, stopped eating the candy and laughed. "But, you know how the colonel is, Major."

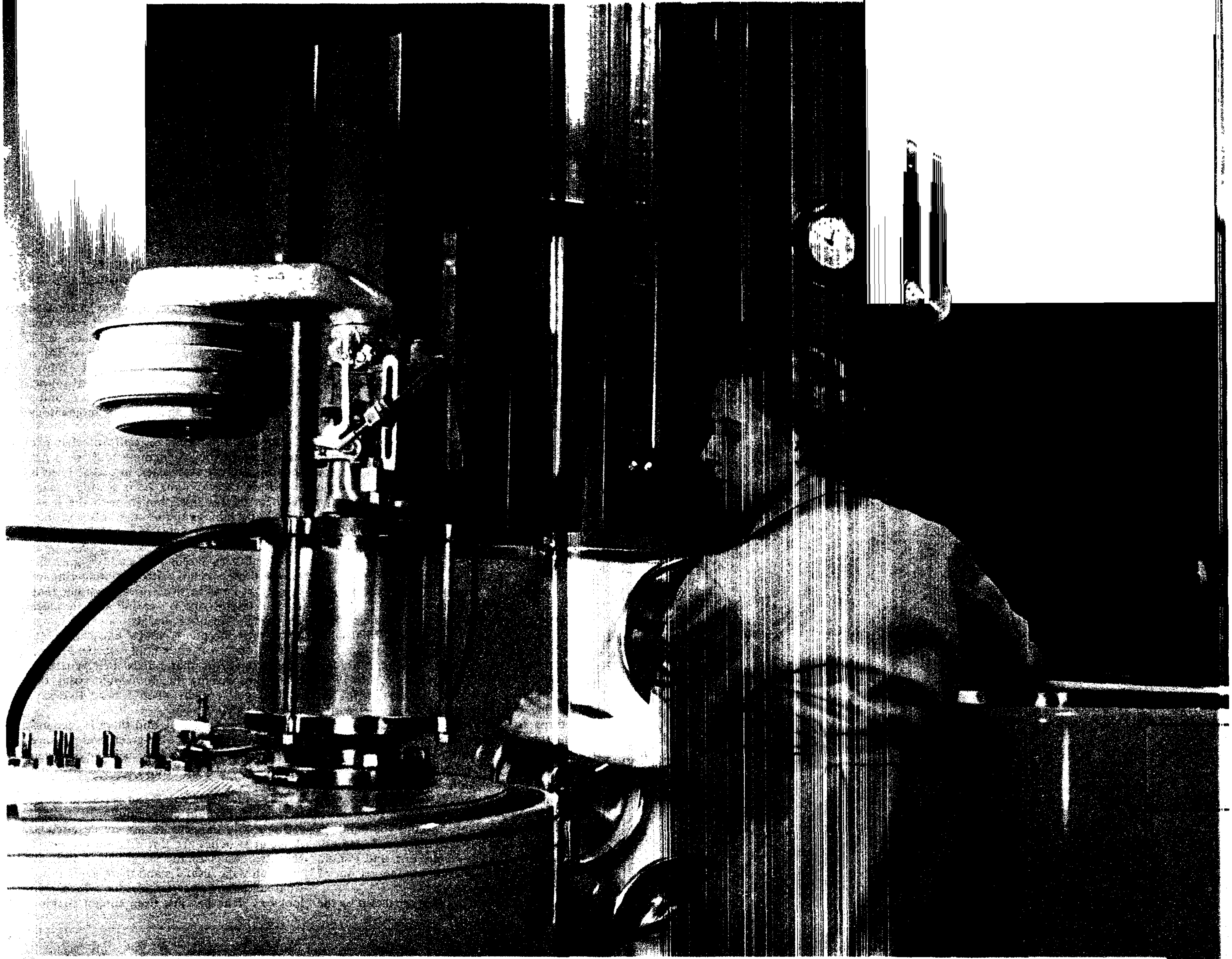
"Peters, I'm the Operations officer, let me worry about the colonel," he said as coldly as he could and stood up. "Call me before daylight."

Outside the staff car was waiting in the snow, its exhaust condensing in a white cloud, and the major rode back to his quarters thinking, *Why did it have to happen now that I'm up for promotion?* He knew he would have to send the report in saying the Banana had crashed and the general at wing headquarters would read it. He was especially determined that any such report would say that the Banana's crew had been rescued, because both the report and the promotion list would be on the general's desk at the same time. Once he had been the youngest major in the wing and now he wanted very much to be the youngest lieutenant colonel. He would hold the report back until the crew was rescued, and he would rescue them. At his quarters he undressed and got in bed between cold sheets and lay shivering. He knew there was no use in thinking about the rescue then and he concentrated on not thinking, the bed growing warm, and he slept.

At four-thirty the phone rang

(*Continued on page* 57)

✳ Imagination in testing



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TUNE IN { "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P.M., E.W.T.
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 P.M., E.W.T.

Photo Finish

Continued from page 22

New York City, I'm beginning to feel safe where Evie is concerned, for I tell myself that with the class she has, the infantry couldn't get near her. She's strictly out of this world and, as everybody knows, the doughfoot has his feet on the ground.

It is dark by this time and the way New York is lit up gives me ideas. I set my cap at an angle and prepare to give this Joe the gate.

"Well, here we are," he says, "alone in the big city. You know," he goes on, as we start up Park Avenue, "the thing I like about the infantry is its *esprit de corps*—the spirit of men together." He has an MP clutch on my arm. "Men bonded together in work and in play—remarkable, really. I know a little place I must share with you."

We have come to an intersection. I say, "Look, soldier, this *esprit de corps* does very well, but it'll never take the place of women. It's to forget I'm a man among men that I spend my leave in New York."

"The perfidy of the male," he sighs, "and you with a sweet little land mine like Evie."

He has me there, so we're together when we get the green light. He threads me through traffic and on uptown.

HIS target for tonight is a brownstone house in the East Sixties. With this Joe still holding my arm, I stop on the lower step and size up the place. It has a haughty façade and looks moldy with money, but while it tries to stare me down, I hear, coming from inside, the sounds of revelry by night burped on a very hot trumpet. This is more like it, I think. So I let myself be led up the stairs and this Joe buzzes the bell and we step inside.

"Why, it's Mr. Joseph!" says the major-domo who opens the door.

"Very right, Burrows," this Joe answers, giving him our garrison caps. "What's the price of admission to this high-class jive?"

Burrows says without blinking, "A hundred-dollar War Bond, sir."

And while I pale, this Joe says, "Make it two. One for me and one for my—friend." He turns to me with that look in his eye. "Something tells me," he says, "this is going to be worth the price of admission."

I'm still in a dazed condition when we get upstairs to a ballroom big enough for Barnum and Bailey. There must be nine hundred and ninety-nine of the Four Hundred under this big top, and this Joe stands in the doorway looking over the crowd. He still has that judo clutch on my arm and I stand there with him, wondering how to get out of here to seek my own level.

I look around and my eyes are dazed by the glitter. I've seen ballrooms before, but this one makes me feel as if I've just come from mud-slogging on maneuvers. The emeralds and white ties glide by beneath an aurora borealis of chandeliers that burst like Very lights from the gilt-domed ceiling. There is enough gold braid on the velvet hangings at the half-acre windows to make four-star generals of the whole noncom Army.

"Who owns the dump?" I ask this Joe.

He flicks me a look. "An uncle of mine," he says, and I see a light come into his eyes that has not been there before.

He tightens his grip like a tourniquet on my arm and pulls me across the floor, and in a lull of the music we come to a stop behind a low-cut satined back that does not look as if it has led a sedentary life. See what I mean? I begin to take a different view of things. She is female and brunette, which is the way I like them, but, beyond that, I can't tell a thing until she turns around.

"Hello," this Joe says, and the back turns, showing what is on the other side.

There is a moment when I endanger my life by not exhaling.

"Joe!" this apparition says. She hasn't seen me yet. She is giving Joe a fraternal kiss. "So you came, after all." She steps back from this Joe, and nobody but Eve Talon could have made it that superlative movement that should have been done to music. "Now all cousins are present and accounted for," she says, making something momentous of it.

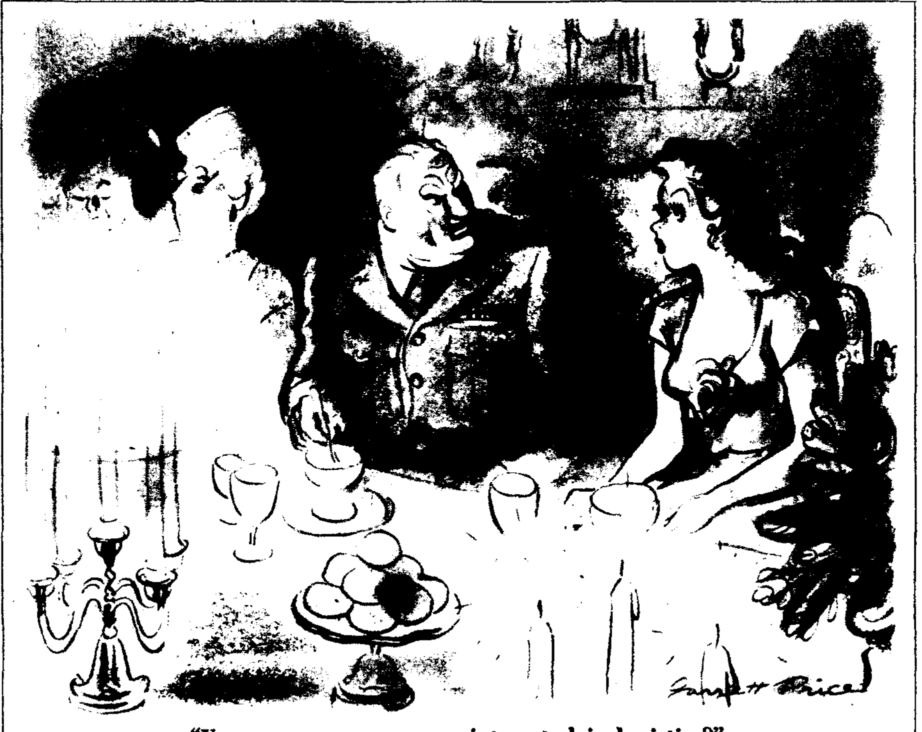
I try to shrink inside my uniform when she turns toward me. Something tells me I am looking straight at disaster, but what I see is this Joe's face. I think he is licking canary feathers off his lips, though with the hasty look I give him, I can't be sure. For just then Eve gives me the voltage of her high-powered eyes.

I stand there dazed. Her ice-blue gown fits like a flower petal, with a shimmering of color that flows in sleek lines down her long straight thighs. She is wearing a single piece of jewelry—an heirloom pendant that hangs about her throat. It looks like the great-grandmother of the gold standard, and maybe it is this that blinds me. Whatever it is, I am wishing this Joe would swing the ax and get it over, when I hear Eve say, "Why—it's *you!*"

Her voice is startled, and there is recognition in her long oval blue-green eyes. I stare at her, but she smiles at me, as if she has been waiting a long time to do this, and gives me her hand.

"How nice," she says, and seems to mean it, "that you could come, too!"

Something happens to my inside circuits. A lot of switches are thrown, and my blood runs two ways in the same veins, and my brain blows a fuse. I stand there gaping, but what takes my eyes is this Joe's face. He looks as if he has just been caught shaking



COLLIER'S "Young woman, are you interested in logistics?" GARRETT PRICE hands with the butler. His mouth is open and he burbles a little.

"You two," he croaks, "know each other?"

Very fast I get my generators to working. I say to Eve, encircling her about the waist, "Would you care to dance?" The music starts when we are out on the ballroom floor, about twenty beats away from this Joe.

It's when we settle down to the intimacy of the rumba that I realize it's Eve Talon I'm dancing with, and she feels very slim and expensive in my arms. I want to ask her why she has looked at me with recognition in her incredible eyes, but if I open my mouth, I will put my foot in it, as Mom says back in Iowa.

A few more steps and Eve looks up at me with those long oval eyes. She is dancing like a dream and for a minute I expect to hear reveille and start to reach out for my pants where I hung them in the barracks last night before taps.

"Why do you say 'It's you' when you see me?" I hear myself asking.

My voice sounds like a bugle that has been rained in. I clear my throat and try again.

In answer Eve looks up at me with that smile women have when they don't intend to explain anything. It's a very nice smile, but it makes me wonder if I'm as rugged as I think I am. Her eyes look like sea water turning lazily in the sun.

"Your dancing, Corporal," she murmurs, "is something special."

I try to tell her where I learned—in the hayloft back in Iowa.

"Iowa," she murmurs dreamily, and puts her head against my cheek.

Her hair is long and dark and straight, except at the ends which lie curled up on her shoulders as if that is a very contented place to be. I sniff at it and think of clover after a rain, and all of a sudden space is singing around me. Something has happened—something I have never felt before, not even when I fell down the silo.

Then from somewhere off in space I see this Joe bearing down on us from the stag line. He shoots me a look that says the guy will settle for murder and nothing else. I give Eve a whirl and we lose ourselves among the dancers, but this can't go on. Every dogface has his day, and mine, I think, is almost over.

"This Joe—" I say into Eve's hair.

She gives me a look with a smile in it. Before I can get the dazzle out of my eyes, the music comes to a stop with a last muting of the strains of My Love Affair Is Snafu.

I STAND in the center of the floor, falling from a great height into Eve's sea-water eyes, and say again, "This Joe—"

"He's my cousin." She keeps looking at me with those wonderful eyes. "Once removed," she adds, smiling as she slides the heirloom pendant back and forth.

That's not removed as far as I'd like him. I stand there while the dancers drift from the floor, and I'm thinking how it will be if this Joe establishes his beachhead before I can get him out of the maneuver area and back to the barracks. I look at Eve's luminous smile, and for a minute I tussle with an unworthy temptation—to come clean about those pin-ups and throw myself on her mercy. At least, I'd have more chance with her than with this Joe and the wolf pack back at the barracks, which way I'd lose Evie anyhow. But just then she looks at me with the candles lit in her eyes, and I decide to stay in my foxhole.

"He wants to marry me," Eve says lightly.

I say, "Who?"

"Joe. Where did you live in Iowa?"

I can't answer. It seems to me the luck of the Maguires has run out because just then I see this Joe sighting us from the stag line again. Instinct tells me to take cover.

"Let's get out of here," I say to Eve.

I pull her behind a potted palm, and peer out through the fronds across the polished terrain of the dance floor. This Joe is doing a thorough reconnaissance, trying to find us. He is weaving in and out among the dancers lingering on the floor, and the look on his face goes back to the Boston Tea Party and is brought up to date by what he has learned in the infantry. I have a hollow feeling that this time he will reach his objective.

"The fortunes of war," I mumble.

Eve looks concerned. She moves closer to me and touches me on the arm. "You aren't AWOL, or anything?" she asks anxiously.

"Listen," I say hoarsely. "A little thing like AWOL! This is serious. If I'm ever found out, those dogfaces will tear me apart." I look at her and do some thinking on the double. "Listen," I say, before I can change my mind again, "you've got to help me."

Her long oval eyes grow wide. "Of course," she says. Her eyes deepen, blue and green together, and she touches me on the arm again. "Of course," she says simply. What a girl!

"It's like this," I tell her, and my voice doesn't sound like the old Maguire. "I get a pass one night to go to town to lean against a lamppost. I'm lonesome, see—I need something for my—uh—morale—"

Eve smiles faintly. I can't tell what she's thinking, but I agree with her.

"Exactly," I say morosely, and I run a finger under my collar. "So I buy these pin-ups at a buck a throw. I buy maybe ten and inscribe 'em—uh—lovingly in a feminine hand and some of them say, 'Rocky, in memory of that moment,' and some just say, 'With love for the duration—and afterwards, uh—*Eve*.' "

Somehow I can't look at her. "I tell the fellows—well, they have the idea that you—that I—" I flounder to a stop and mop my face with a square of G.I. khaki. "You see how it is?" I finish lamely.

EVE stands very slim and beautiful before me, her dark brows arrowed in a frown. I sweat it out, watching anxiously as she slides the heirloom pendant back and forth.

Then when I'm about to hand myself over to the wolves, she begins to laugh. She laughs from deep in her throat, and somehow it reminds me of spring mornings back in Iowa, and of hayrides when I was in high school and ginger cookies turned out of the oven in Mom's kitchen. I start to grin.

"Rocky," she says, "in memory of that moment."

She presses a lock on the heirloom pendant, and it springs open. She holds it out, and I take a look at what's inside and jump almost out of my G.I.s.

"What's that?" I ask, my voice skidding.

Eve tilts her dark head and seems to consider. "A sort of variation of the pin-up," she says demurely.

I look again to check my sights. Inside that locket is a picture of me. I look some more. There I am in rugged close-up—nose slightly crooked, corn hair and all.

"Whuh—" I say. I feel as if I've just been given my overseas shots. "Eve—whuh—"

I can hear the laughter in her throat. "Originally," she says, "this was a snapshot of four K.P.s. Way back in basic. Don't you remember?" She crinkles her nice nose at me. "I trimmed your buddies away when I needed something for my—uh—morale."

I try to grin. "But—whuh—" I say.

The green lights dance in her eyes. "Joe sent it home to prove the rugged democracy of the Army—Back Bay surrounded by the whistle stops of America. I suppose he thought something should be done about it. And so did I—for different reasons. The right side of my family comes from Kansas. . . ."

"Kansas!" I interrupt, and then I'm beginning to understand the green lights in her eyes.

"Yes," she says. "Something Joe wants to forget—and I want him to remember. So I cut out your picture to show him how I think Back Bay compares with Topeka."

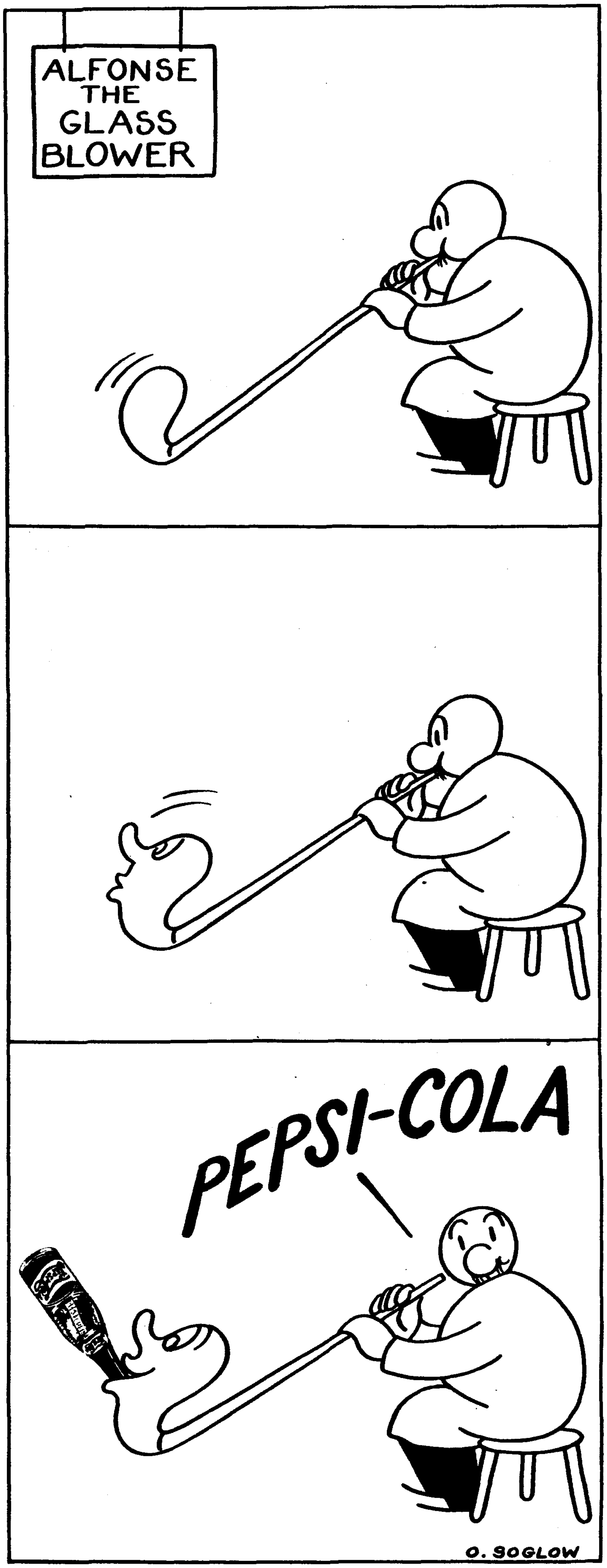
Evie closes the locket gently and all at once she is very near to me. Her face is uptilted and her sea-water eyes are blinding me.

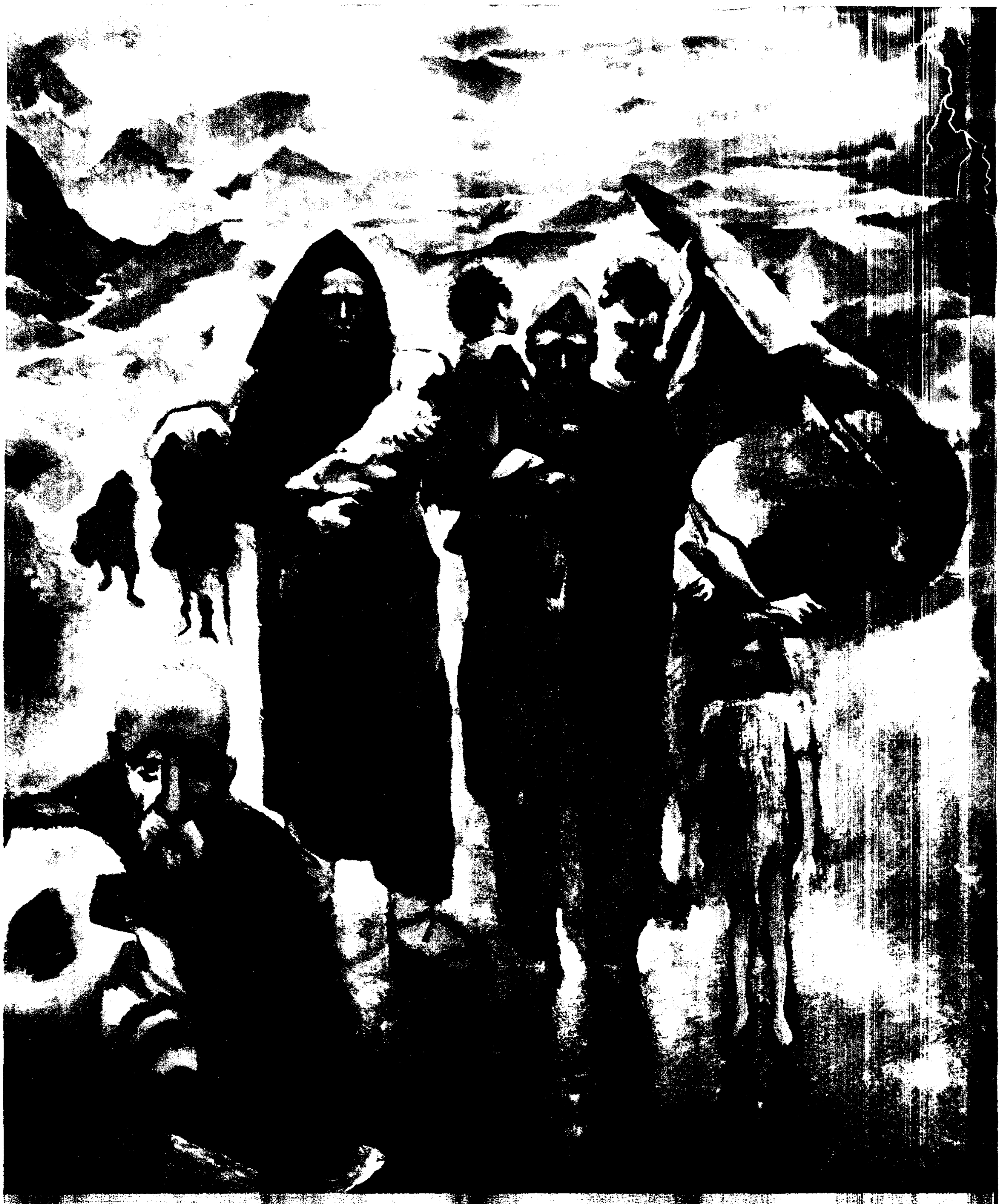
"Talk about the long arm of coincidence," I breathe. "Evie!" I take her hand and we step from the palms in plain sight of this Joe. "Evie, we've got—"

"A lot in common," she interrupts, and a little smile curves invitingly on her lips. "It's like meeting someone from home, Rocky—what's your last name?"

"Eisenhower," I say, and for a moment I almost believe it.

THE END





THE UNDEFEATED

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

RADIOED FROM PARIS

For six years the Spanish Republicans in France have lived in concentration camps. Their stunted children know no other life, have never owned a toy. All of them are fighters; you can shoot them and torture them, but you cannot break them

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

"After the desperate years these people remain intact in spirit. They are armed with transcendent faith; they have never won, yet never accepted defeat"

At THE end of the gray unheated ward, a little boy was talking to a man. The boy sat at the foot of an iron cot and from this distance you could see that they were talking seriously and amiably as befits old friends.

They had known each other for almost six years and had been in five different concentration camps in France. The little boy had come with his entire family in the great exodus from Spain at the end of the civil war in 1939, but the man was alone. He had been wounded at the end of the war and for six years he had been unable to walk, with a wound in his leg that was never treated and had never healed. He had a white, suffering face and cheeks that looked as if the skin had been roughly stitched together in deep hunger seams and he had gentle eyes and a gentle voice.

The little boy was fifteen years old, though his body was that of a child of ten. Between his eyes, there were four lines, the marks of such misery as children should never feel. He spoke with that wonderful whisky voice that so many Spanish children have, and he was a tough and entire little boy. His conversation was without drama or self-pity. It appeared that the last concentration camp was almost the worst; he had been separated from his mother and father. Also the hunger was greater, though the hunger had always been there, and one did not think about it any longer.

In the last camp they all ate grass, until the authorities forbade them to pull it up. They were accustomed to having the fruits of their little communal gardens stolen by the guards, after they had done all the work; but at the last camp everything was stolen. And there were more punishments for the children: more days without food, more hours of standing in the sun; more beatings.

"The man who guarded us in our barracks was shot by the Maquis, when they came to free us," the boy said. "The Maquis shot him for being bad to children."

His mother was here with him, and three sisters, too. An older brother was somewhere fighting with the French Maquis.

"And your father?" I asked.

There was a pause and then he said, in a flat quiet voice, "Deported by the Germans." Then all the toughness went, and he was a child who had suffered too much. He put his hands in front of his face, and bowed his head and wept for his father.

There were other men in the ward, waiting for this day to pass, as six years of days had somehow passed before. They were all veterans of the Spanish Republican army who had either been wounded in the war or destroyed by the ill usage of the concentration camps. There were the faces of tuberculars among them, and men without arms, and one-legged men, and all of them were ravaged by the long hunger and the long imprisonment. They came around the bed now to comfort the boy.

Kindness in a Lie

"Come, man," one of them said, "courage! Thou must not despair. Here is this señora who knows more than we know, and she will tell you; the Americans will free your father in Germany. He will come back. The war is almost over, man, you will see your father." We all told the child consoling lies, speaking earnestly and with great conviction, and we all wished to believe what we said.

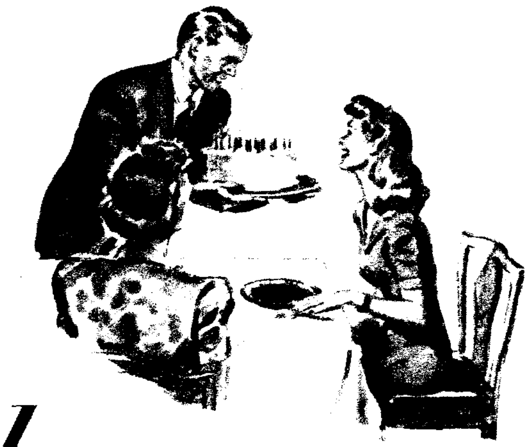
The child did not believe us, but he put his grief away where he kept it always, behind the anguished eyes and the lined forehead. His name is Fulgencio Lopez and there are thousands like him; and no country, no government, no charity takes care of him. It is hard to know whether it is worse to be Fulgencio Lopez or to be his mother, who had had to watch those lines forming on his forehead and the pain growing in his eyes, and has been helpless and is still helpless.

Fulgencio wished to introduce me to his comrades in another ward. Having been removed from their last concentration camp a few weeks ago (because even though France was freed, there was no place to free the Spaniards in), they were now given temporary shelter in a Red Cross hostel in Toulouse. They could be considered lucky because there were cots and the building was not as cold as it might have been and there was food and no one would be cruel to them.

Other Spaniards were not nearly so fortunate: They slept on straw in cement huts that had no heating and no windowpanes; they lay wounded in hospitals that are tragic in their poverty; they lived in various cold empty schools, factories, barracks, surrounded by wastes of mud, and waited while tuberculosis gnawed the sick and threatened the sound.

By contrast, the gray wards of the hostel were a palace. So Fulgencio introduced me to his friends, about twenty of them. The youngest was six and the oldest was sixteen and they were all smaller than they should have been, but they were all wondrously alive and funny, and beautiful to look at, for the Spanish make lovely children. And also they make brave children, for if you are a Spanish Republican you have to be brave or die.

The children rocked with laughter as they told about climbing illegally into their bar-



As a cake goes with a birthday

Wine goes with Food

Fish Steaks in White Wine

Marinate (for several hours in refrigerator) 3 thick fish slices in 1 cup California Sauterne or Rhine Wine. About an hour before dinner, cut 3 carrots in strips, parboil 8 minutes in 1 cupful boiling salted water; pour into shallow baking dish without draining. Add a sliced onion. Place fish on top. For sauce, melt 3 tbsps. butter or margarine, add 2 tbsps. flour; stir in a bouillon cube and wine in which fish was marinated. Pour over fish. Salt and pepper, top with lemon, and bake uncovered in hot oven (450°) 25 minutes, or until tender. Heap hot string beans around fish. Serves 6

FOOD LOVERS have called this a *test* dish—for it reveals how much better the eating gets when food is cooked with wine.

It's fish steaks and fixings oven-poached in a special sauce. In the sauce there's wine. Just try poached fish Sauterne, and judge.

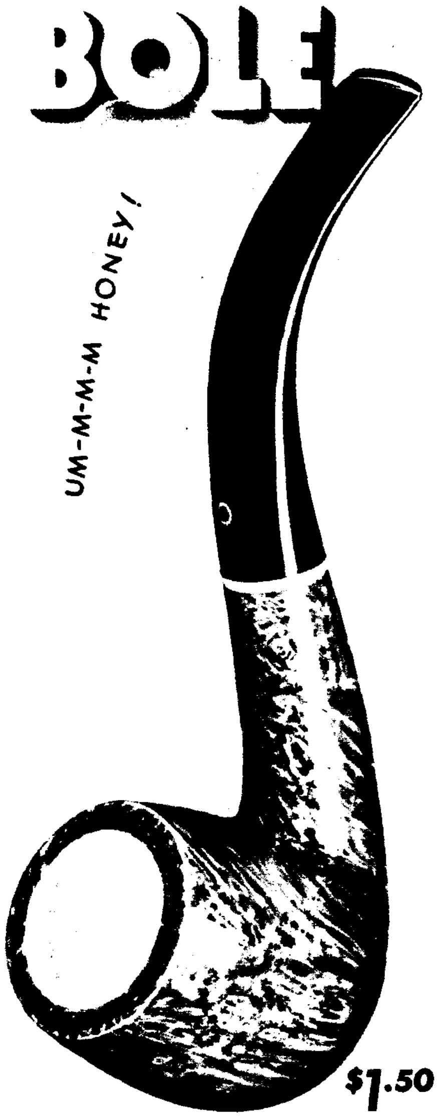
When you bring such a dish to table, serve glasses of the same wine you've used to prepare it. That's for taste harmony. That's for the appetite-whetting miracle that comes when food and wine keep company on your dinner table.

There are many other main dishes to which wine cookery brings perfection. Baked Beans in red wine, for example. Tamale Pie Burgundy. Wine Onion Soup. They and a host of others are printed in a booklet we would like to send you *free*. Write to Wine Advisory Board, 81 Second Street, San Francisco 5.

Port wine and walnuts! Ever try it? With raisins or apples—or set out alone—this wine and food combination brings a grand finale to a meal

Add to your share in Tomorrow... add to your WAR BONDS today

YELLO-BOLE



IMPERIAL
"Full Bent" Shape
Actual Size of Pipe 5"

HONEY
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Yello-Bole Pipes are treated with real bee's honey. Fill a new one with tobacco, light it, and enjoy a mild, pleasant, agreeable smoke, right away—then and there. There's no "breaking-in," as with some pipes. No period of "getting the newness out of it." If you can't get one immediately, it's because men at war are getting theirs—but your dealer is being supplied with his share, as available.

YELLO-BOLE IMPERIAL $1.50

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YELLO-BOLE A NAME TO REMEMBER, WHEREVER YOU ARE—AND WHEN YOU COME HOME

racks to get drinking water; the authorities locked the barracks all day long and the children were simply to suffer thirst between meals. The littlest ones wriggled in the windows and handed out water a cupful at a time. This was a huge joke apparently. Also they sang in the dark in their lonely barracks, separated from their parents, and when the guard came in to stop them and to punish the guilty ones, they acted as if they had been asleep all the time. (And how do you like that picture: the child voices inside the prison, singing defiantly in the night?)

There were two little blond characters of six, a girl and a boy. The little boy had a pair of cheap goggles on his head (he planned to be an aviator one day), which was the only toy or semitoy in the place. These two were called the fiancés! They had refused to be separated since they had been able to walk, and they knew nothing of life except jail.

The little boy's father had been killed in the war in Spain; the little girl's father had been deported in a German labor battalion. It must have seemed to them that only children could stay together in an unsafe world. When they went down the hall they held hands as if they were crossing a dangerous stretch of country, where enemies might fall on them and tear them apart.

The children wanted a bicycle: one bicycle for all of them. He who rides a bicycle is free and going somewhere. They said it must be a woman's bicycle so that even the smallest could ride it. If a bicycle was too much to ask they would like one Meccano set and one doll: these too would be shared amongst them all. They had never had any toys but they were full of hope, because some of them had ridden on the streetcar in Toulouse and for the first time had seen toys in shop windows. So, since these things existed, one day they might exist for them.

There are many Spaniards in Toulouse, and all up and down the Pyrenees frontier, and generally scattered in the villages and towns of France. You can go to a half-burned-out former French Fascist youth camp and see there the men who fought for their faith and their country, and in so doing became what is called *grands mutilés*—the armless, the legless, the blind. They lie on straw on cement floors, in cement buildings that are without heat or windowpanes, and in one building. half the men—twenty-four out of forty-six—have tuberculosis.

But there are no vital statistics for the Spaniards in France for no one was concerned with their living or dying.

All we do know is that there were ten concentration camps in France from 1939 on. It is alleged that half a million Spanish men, women and children fled to France after the Franco victory. Thousands got away to other countries; thousands returned to Spain tempted by false promises of kindness. By the tens of thousands, these Spaniards died of neglect in the concentration camps. And the German Todt organizations took over 7,000 able-bodied Spaniards to work as slaves. The remainder—no one knows certainly how many—exist here in France. The French cannot be blamed for their present suffering since the French cannot yet provide adequately for themselves.

Abandoned by the World

The Third French Republic was less barbarous to the Spaniards than was the Pétain government, evidently, but it would seem that all people who run concentration camps necessarily become brutal monsters. And though various organizations in America and England collected money and sent food parcels to these refugees, nothing was ever received by the Spanish. Furthermore, they were constantly informed by all the camp authorities that they had been abandoned by the world: they were beggars and lucky to receive the daily soup of starvation.

The only way to get out of these French concentration camps was to sign a labor contract: any farmer or employer could ask for two or ten or twenty Spaniards, who were then bound over to him and would have to work for whatever wages he chose to pay under whatever living conditions he saw fit to provide. If a Spaniard rebelled, he could return to the concentration camp. A well-known Barcelona surgeon worked as a woodcutter for four years at twelve cents a day. He is sixty-two and there is nothing unusual about his case.

Behind the Spanish refugees were two years of a fierce and heartbreaking war, and most of them left their families locked inside their own country. They have of course not seen any of them for six years at least, and mostly they are without news. All they know is that there are a half million Republicans in prison in Spain and another million working at forced labor, and that the executions in the Spanish prisons have never stopped.

The generally accepted figure is 300,000 executions in the six years since Franco won power. The total present American casualties, killed and wounded in all theaters of war, are about 475,000. It is obvious that the only way to defeat these people is to shoot them. As early as 1941, Spanish Republicans were running away from their French employers and disappearing into the Maquis. From 1943 onward, there was the closest liaison between the French Maquis and the Spanish bands throughout France.

That the work of the Spanish Maquis was valuable can be seen from some briefly noted figures. During the German occupation of France, the Spanish Maquis engineered more that 400 railway sabotages, destroyed 58 locomotives, dynamited 35 railway bridges, cut 150 telephone lines, attacked 20 factories, destroying some factories totally, and sabotaged 15 coal mines. They took several thousand German prisoners and—most miraculous considering their arms—they captured three tanks.

In the southwest part of France where no Allied armies have ever fought, they liberated more than seventeen towns. The French Forces of the Interior, who have scarcely enough to help themselves, try to help their wounded Spanish comrades in arms. But now that the guerrilla fighting is over, the Spaniards are again men without a country or families or homes or work, though everyone appreciates very much what they did.

After the liberation of France, the Spanish Maquis in the southwest made the now famous forced entry into Spain, in the Val Daran section of the Pyrenees. This attack has been wildly reported and wildly misunderstood. It was a commando raid, purely and simply, and was never intended as anything more. The Spanish Republican soldiers involved were too few in number and too lightly armed to expect to overthrow Franco. But it was a gesture that worked.

It drove news into a country where there is no news, for inside those closed frontiers only word of mouth can travel. It was a call from the outside world where dictatorships were being destroyed and it was a call of hope to people who have lived in fear and misery for a long time. And though many of the Spanish Republican soldiers were killed, and though most of them withdrew into France as scheduled, many got through, and they have work to do inside their country. Because of that armed entry, the world was forced to remember the men who had started fighting Fascism in 1936. It is interesting to note that 2,000 people suspected of Republican sympathies were arrested in Barcelona alone after the frontier attack.

Meantime the Spanish exiles in France are being criticized because there are two major parties, both claiming to represent Spain. It is extraordinary how the ideas of Hitler have filtered through the world and diffused and altered themselves so you hear people saying the Spanish Republicans cannot get anywhere because they have no leader. People seem to forget that Franco calls himself the Caudillo or leader and that these Spaniards detest one-man rule. It is one of the strongest guarantees of their passion for a republic.

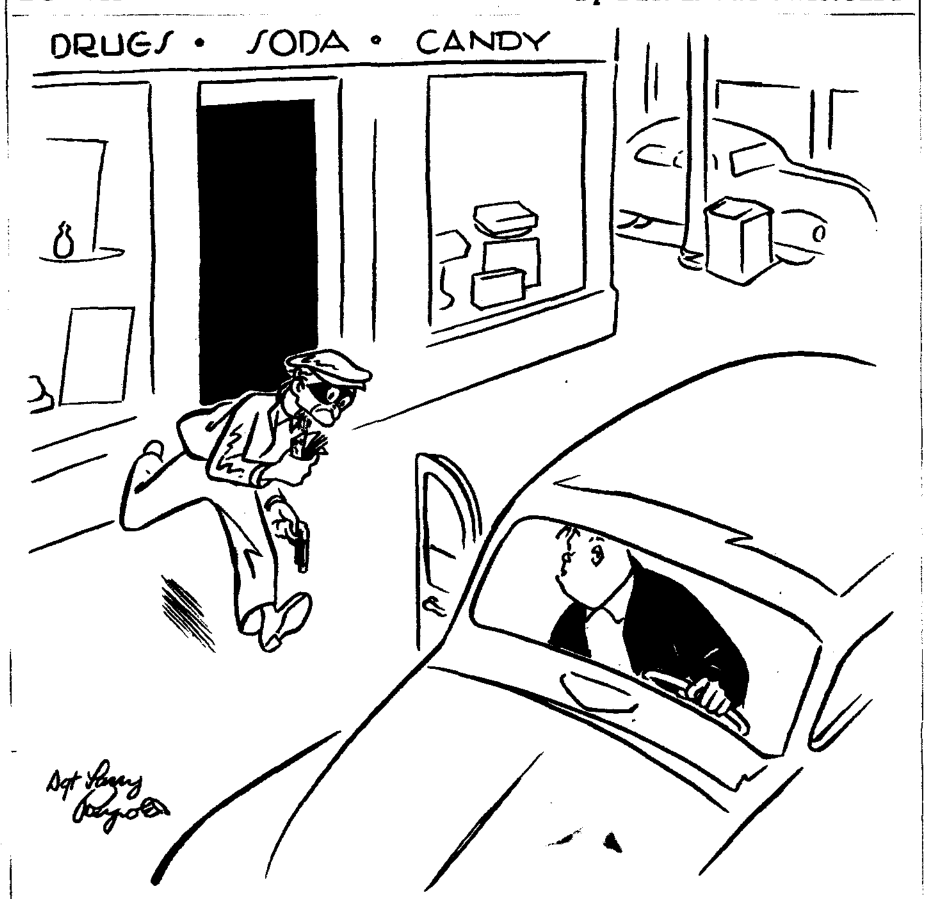
A Republic of the Spirit

The major Spanish parties in exile agree that enough blood has been shed in Spain to last forever. The chiefs responsible for the uprising that started the civil war and for the years of repression after the civil war are to be punished. But after that, Spain is to belong to the Spaniards who must live together in it in a fiercely needed peace.

After the desperate years of their own war, after six years of repression inside Spain and six years of horror in exile, these people remain intact in spirit. They are armed with a transcendant faith; they have never won, and yet they have never accepted defeat. Theirs is the great faith that makes miracles and changes history. You can sit in a basement restaurant in Toulouse and listen to men, who have uncomplainingly lost every safety and comfort in life, talking of their republic; and you can believe quite simply that, since they are what they are, there will be a republic across the mountains and that they will live to return to it.

THE END

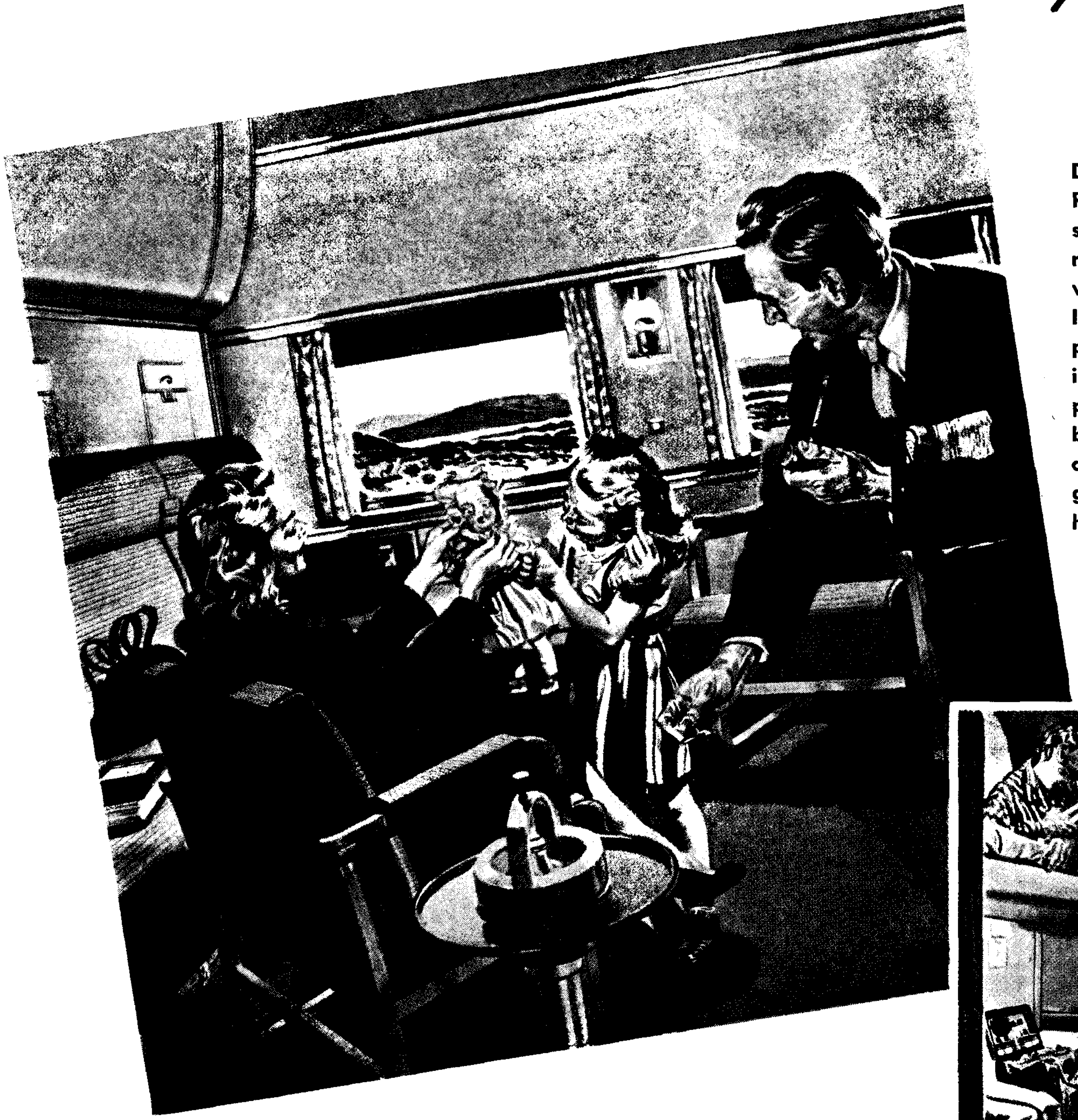
BUTCH by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S "Aw—just th' cash? You didn't even grab me a candy bar?"

Three is no crowd...

IN THE DRAWING ROOM *built by Pullman-Standard*



Designed for travel de luxe, this new Drawing Room sets new standards in luxury and personal comfort . . . in appointments for pleasant relaxation. By day, it is a spacious living room, with broad couch and two easy chairs . . . two large windows for scenic enjoyment . . . complete, well-lighted private washroom adjoining. At night, with ample dressing room, three persons may sleep comfortably in full-sized beds. Full-length mirror . . . shoe box with aisle outlet . . . roomy clothes closet and luggage space . . . individual regulation of lights, heating, ventilation and air conditioning.

Today's critical need for war matériel finds Pullman-Standard *making nothing but armament and essential war transportation equipment.* No deviation from this fixed course is conceivable until the war is won. To ease the railroads' wartime burden, new cars can be built as war needs dictate. When peace comes, the railroads—as vital to reconstruction as to military supply—will be in urgent need of new equipment.

Recognizing the responsibilities imposed by its leadership in carbuilding, Pullman-Standard will be well prepared to build this new equipment—in types as advanced as tomorrow—to help maintain full employment, and to provide opportunities for returning servicemen. In blueprinting these objectives, we believe we are performing an important service to our national economy.

The new Drawing Room, shown above, is typical of many innovations and new designs which will revolutionize former conceptions of travel. As originators of lightweight, streamlined trains and cars, and as headquarters for railway sleeping cars for more than 85 years, Pullman-Standard will hold its leadership in engineering, styling and building the trains of the future.

★

The bond you buy and fail to keep
Is like a sentry gone to sleep;
To match the sacrifice of war,
No man has bought enough; buy more!

★

PULLMAN-STANDARD
Car Manufacturing Company
CHICAGO · ILLINOIS
World's largest builders of modern streamlined railroad cars

Offices in seven cities . . . Manufacturing plants in six cities
Copyright 1945, Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company

OLD CROW
BRAND
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
W.A. Gaines

A Promise that is more important today than ever

Old Crow remains, as always, a great Kentucky straight whiskey

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG

AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Men derive a deep satisfaction in finding today's Old Crow *unchanged*—despite wartime conditions. Not as plentiful, of course, as in pre-war days, but you should be able to get Old Crow if you *keep asking for it.*

TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS, *Bottled-in-Bond*

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

City Dog

Continued from page 34

at hand included stops at any drugstore where he was known, at any time he so desired. He would simply turn into the drugstore, sit up on his haunches in front of the sandwich counter, and let loose with something which sounded like a long, pained yawn. The boys behind the counter would start throwing him pieces of liverwurst.

Every once in a while, just to keep him awake, they'd substitute a piece of sour pickle. It would get halfway down his cavernous throat before he could reverse his laryngeal gears and spit it disgustedly out on the floor.

Nobody ever fooled him about his food and nobody ever changed his tastes, either. He was part epicure and part glutton. Like many restaurant-trained eaters, he preferred to vary his diet between chophouse food and highly-flavored dishes of exotic origin. Vegetables, mashes, malts and other health-giving foods left him cold. During his early years the man and his wife had surreptitiously mixed green peas, string beans, spinach, carrots and other vitamin-laden goodies with his chopped meat. They soon gave up. It took them ten minutes to pick up the peas, string beans, et al., which he would carefully separate from his meat and then discard on the kitchen floor.

He was a great one for sweets and olive oil and probably got more than was good for him. He would drink olive oil and water alternately, like a man drinking boilermakers. But whatever his own gluttony, he was irritated and annoyed by the same vices in people. He hated the sight and smell of whisky, possibly because of painful alcohol medications for his occasional ear cankers, and he acted among drunks in the manner of a man who has recently and successfully come through a drunkard's cure. He was tolerant and uncomplaining but bored stiff and very, very superior.

He was a city dog completely, but the things which had been born in his bloodline never atrophied even though they never could fully develop. He would have made a splendid working dog. He loved Central Park with a deep and passionate fervor and he had had at least one session in it every day of his city life. Sometimes he had four or five sessions but they were never enough. He would have gladly gone twenty times in any weather.

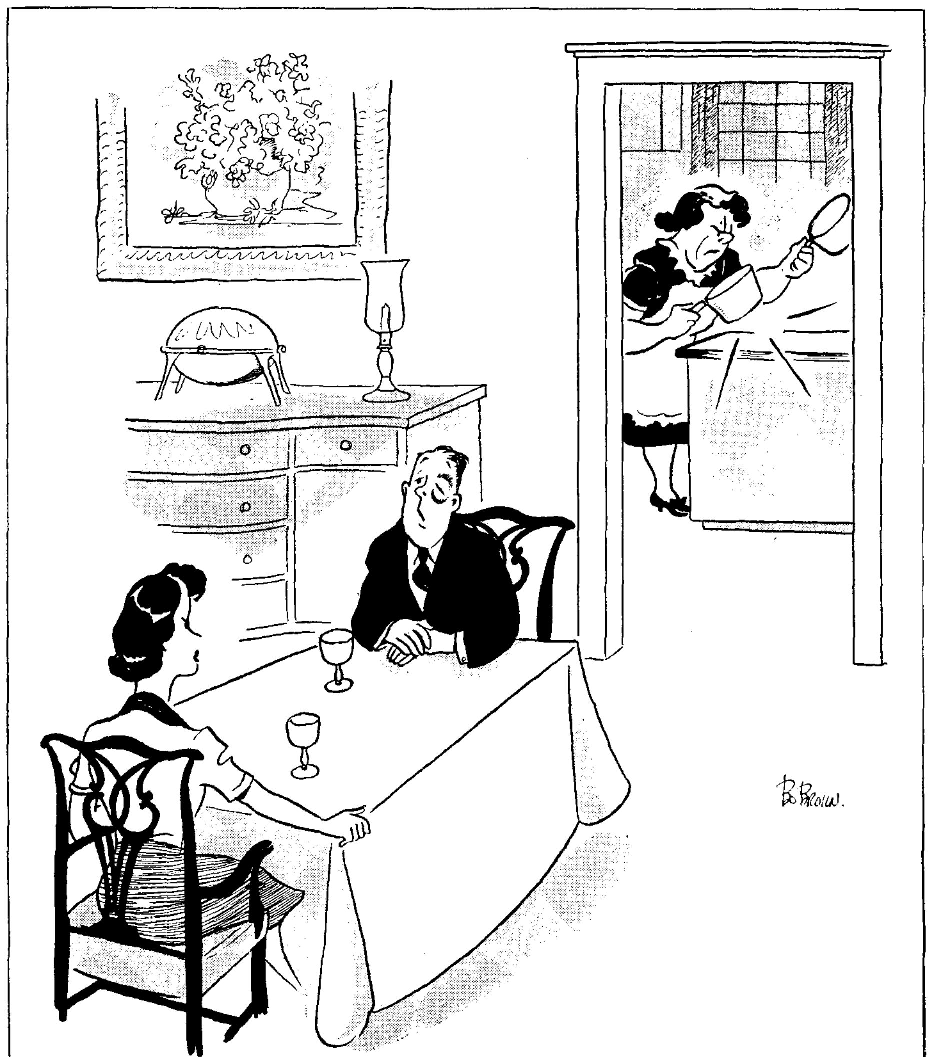
The lawns, rocks, hills and ponds of the park were an ever-absorbing book to him. His nose rarely came up from the ground even when he was running, full speed, or jumping around the crags like a goat. He went swimming in the filthy ponds at any and all seasons. He found, now and then, his particular kind of medicinal grass and he carefully pulled the stalks, one by one, and chewed them thoughtfully.

Something in the dim recesses of his mind told him that he ought to chase any animal that looked like a squirrel, so he dutifully chased them. He flattened out his body and ran after them as fast as he could. But it was obvious that he had no real interest in it. It was just something he felt he ought to do. The squirrels always reached a tree yards ahead of him and once they had made the tree he veered off and lost all interest.

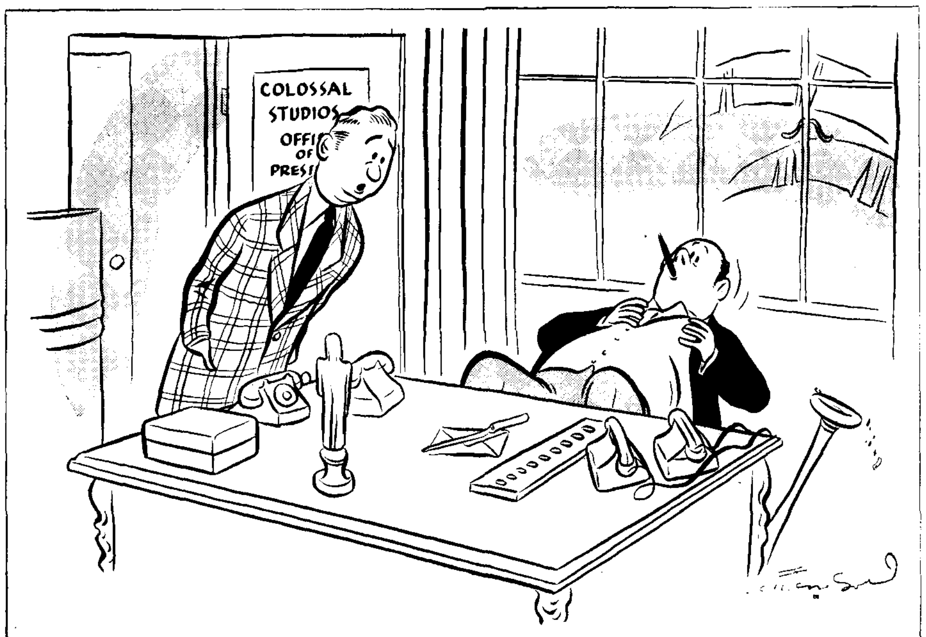
ONCE, in the Shakespeare Gardens of the park, he had come suddenly face to face with a squirrel sitting on its haunches. He was almost as flabbergasted as the squirrel. They had both frozen and for a long moment had stared at each other, their noses a yard apart. Then Captain uttered a low, seductive whine. The noise snapped the squirrel's nervous system back into place and he scuttled up a tree.

The man always believed he had more pleasure out of flushing flies in the apartment. He would point a fly just like a bird dog. If the fly came anywhere near him he would snap and take it in his mouth. He spit the flies out immediately, looking slightly nauseated but satisfied at having done a disagreeable job as best he could. He hated flies.

In the park, however, he had a world of friends both canine and human. All the park dog walkers eventually got to know each



COLLIER'S "You tell her—I told her yesterday!" BO BROWN


COLOSSAL STUDIOS OFFI OF PRES

"That best seller we just paid $100,000 for turns out is a cookbook!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

other. They never learned each other's names, just the names of the dogs. A dog walker referred to another dog walker as "Champ's father" or "Spotty's mother." An old actress who paraded nine wheezy poodles was known flatly and unimaginatively as "the woman with all the dogs."

Captain's archenemy in the park, and the enemy of all the other dog walkers, was a big, new policeman named Art McKeane. McKeane's assignment was to see that all dogs were leashed, people kept off the grass, nobody stole peanuts, and such corroding chores. He started his career in understandably bitter spirits. He handed out summonses literally by the hundreds. But no man, no matter how strong and ambitious, could long weather the storms which galled McKeane.

"You, idiotic, unhappy man," said the woman with all the dogs as McKeane wrote her the twentieth summons. She put everything into her voice that she had ever learned from Mrs. Patrick Campbell. "I have written the stupid mayor and that stupid Mr. Moses. I am an old woman but I will live to see you in jail where you belong. Why aren't you out catching murderers?"

"Please, lady," McKeane would say in anguish. "For Pete's sake, please. . . ."

In the end it was McKeane who surrendered, at least as far as the regulars were concerned. He would pretend not to see the dogs running free but would blow his whistle imperiously. Everybody would call his animals and hook them up. At regular intervals, of course, McKeane had to hand out summonses.

"Sorry, Captain," he would say, "but it's your turn. I got Rusty and Kerry Patch yesterday." Then he would enter into pleasant conversation with the owner. Finally he bought a dog of his own and softened up so that he was soon given a promotion and a better beat.

Yes, the Captain had had a life of it in Central Park. In the winter the snow had frozen between his hairy toes in ice globules and had to be cut out with scissors. In the summer he reeked of dead fish and slime from rapturous swimming excursions. Many was the sodden piece of dead wood which, for some reason of his own, he had laboriously dragged from where he found it to where he thought it ought to be.

He loved the country almost as much as he loved the park, but the country took a lot out of him. He would tackle the Long Island surf with the same confidence that he tackled the still ponds of the park and in the country he chased around all the time instead of for limited periods. He never got enough of the country to be able to take it in stride, and as a consequence his vacations were extremely hard work. He always seemed glad to be back in the city and for a week would lie quietly in a corner, moaning and tossing and resting his aching bones. He would be almost too tired to eat. Almost.

His owners had never been amused by dogs who could do tricks but he learned so easily, when any reward appeared forthcoming, that they taught him a few of the standard lie down—roll over—sit up—dead-dog routines. It was understood on both sides that he was engaged in a business proposition with these tricks and was not to be called upon to do them for nothing. After a few months he would go through his whole routine without any commands. All anybody had to do was rattle the cracker box.

The man wondered how big a human vocabulary he really understood. It must have been surprisingly big. Certain words would send him into any one of a dozen moods. He also had his own ideas about people. He could distinguish easily between old friends of the family and people who weren't old friends but who were around the house a lot. There was only one person he adamantly and violently hated—a mendicant who roamed the streets as a one-man band.

Long after he was out of hearing of the one-man band his hair would still be standing up on his neck and he would be grumbling and muttering curses to himself. The one-man band actually spoiled his whole day.

SITTING beside him in the taxi, the man reached out and tenderly touched the dog's head. He was panting, as he had panted for weeks, and his sides bulged with the tumors which were the curse of his breed. He had failed slowly, when he started to fail, and it wasn't until his owners had noticed he was having trouble getting upstairs that they had really started to worry.

For a while they had carried him up and down. They would have been happy to carry him forever but the time inevitably came when it hurt him to be picked up and, finally, even to be touched. Even with a hassock in front of it he couldn't climb onto his window tower. There were nights when he couldn't lie comfortably no matter how he tried.

The cab stopped and the man opened the door. In front of the building he hooked on the leash because he knew that, once the dog got a smell of the building, he'd have to be pulled through the door. No animal hospital could fool that nose, sick as it was. He got him inside and took off the lead.

"Carry it up, Cappie," he said. "I know you want to go there under your own power and not on any lead." The dog took the folded lead in his mouth and slowly followed the man up the stairs.

The man was glad that the veterinarian was a young one. Young vets are vets because they want to be, not because they're frustrated brain surgeons or dietitians. The man insisted on lifting the dog into the big box himself. The animal turned his glazed eyes toward him and looked at him for a questioning moment. The young vet gently closed the box and turned on a motor.

Downstairs, the man stood inside the street door for several minutes. He wanted to get his face back in shape.

THE END

Self-Polishing
SIMONIZ
FOR FLOORS
Shines as it Dries
Glamourize your home
How to

GIVE YOUR FLOORS LONGER WEARING BEAUTY!

Get the Amazing New Self-Polishing Simoniz

Floors always clean and sparkling . . . with less care. That's what Self-Polishing Simoniz means to you. It gives your floors the same long lasting beauty which makes Simoniz so famous for automobiles . . . something you can only get with Self-Polishing Simoniz! And just think . . . without rubbing or polishing! All you have to do is spread Self-Polishing Simoniz over your floors. Then as it dries you'll be thrilled the way they sparkle. You'll also, be surprised how easy it is to keep your floors clean. Dirt wipes up with a damp cloth and they sparkle as brightly as ever. So insist on Self-Polishing Simoniz for your floors.

Sold by leading grocery, hardware, auto accessory, paint, drug and department stores.

FREE . . . Booklet containing many valuable hints on "Glamourizing Your Home." Send for your copy today.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2120 INDIANA AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

ADEL is pronounced ă-del′ *(rhymes with "excel")*

ADEL is pronounced the same the world over—ă-del′ (rhymes with "excel"). Famous among fighting men everywhere for hydraulic, electric and mechanical equipment used on tanks, ships and planes, ADEL will have special significance for you after Victory. For then ADEL's advanced engineering skills will bring you new and better products—the exciting ADEL *Color* Camera,* for instance. THE camera designed especially for color pictures! Then there's the ADEL *Color* Slide Viewer and ADEL stainless steel kitchen tools—these are but a few of many new products for home, industry and transportation. Buy war bonds.

ADEL

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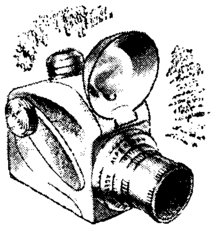
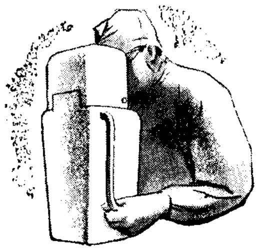
After Victory...the ADEL-AGE!





***ADEL *Color* CAMERA AND SURGISCOPE...**

Soon available to civilian doctors, the new ADEL *Color* camera was first produced for Army and Navy hospitals where its use with sterile Surgiscope adaptor permits almost 3rd-dimensional pictures to be taken in less than 15 seconds. Skin and tissue tones faithfully reproduced.

EVEN A CHILD CAN TAKE COLOR PICTURES

No complicated adjustments—just point and press for good results every exposure. A true reflex camera, made of aluminum and other lightweight metal alloys. Uses standard roll color film. Self-contained—requires no expensive accessories. Booklet is available to doctors.

SAFE
COLIN ALLEN

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Maggie is Willing

Affectionately known as "Maggie," the world's lightest practical metal, magnesium, is about to make a conquest all her own. Maggie looks forward today to an endless series of opportunities to make the things that move. One third lighter than aluminum and just as rugged in skillfully compounded alloys, she will turn out featherweight furniture, rugged beams for buildings and bridges, sheets for stamping car and trailer bodies, train and airplane seats and fittings, house doors and window frames and kitchen equipment, and machine parts of a thousand varieties. Practically anything now built of metal can be fabricated with Maggie's help, unless exceptional strength or electromagnetic properties are needed. Soon she will be competing with other front-line materials at about the same cost, pound for pound, as aluminum.

Maggie is not a fire risk, for she burns no more easily than aluminum. But unlike her lightweight cousin, she welds perfectly, better even than steel. She is ideal for machining, drawing, rolling, punching, extruding, yet whatever form she takes, she is nineteen times stiffer than steel of the same weight.

Some unexpected jobs for Maggie after the war: lawnmowers light as air, bicycle and motorcycle frames, vacuum cleaners, farm machinery, cash registers, ladders, typewriters, auto wheels and artificial limbs. A wheelbarrow of steel weighs 85 pounds, but Maggie will produce one just as rugged at 30 pounds.

Brilliant Colors Will Mean Safety

Everyone knows the stop-and-go symbols, red and green, and obeys instinctively the white lines on the highway. But tomorrow the natural warning values of many other colors will be put to work wherever people handle machines. For the psychological effect of bright colors is far quicker and more powerful than printed or verbal instructions.

Early experiments with six carefully chosen paint hues used as warning symbols show such remarkable improvements in factory safety and efficiency that nationwide standardization of the color code is being urged. When adopted, a screaming yellow will be employed for marking "stumble hazards"—obstacles like stairways, posts, curbs and protruding parts of machines. Specially dangerous obstructions will be painted with yellow and black stripes, which no eye can miss. Orange, next in order of brilliance, will be used for whirling gears, cutters, hammers, etc., that can nip off a finger or catch clothing. The rollers of a washing machine, for instance, may be finished in orange to keep the housewife constantly aware of the danger. Bright blue will be the symbol for switches, valves, ladders, doorknobs—any control mechanism that must not be operated without full knowledge of the consequences. The triggers of firearms would thus be colored blue.

Red will be reserved solely for fire extinguishers, hydrants and fire-fighting water mains, whether in factory, office or home. Green will always denote safety devices such as first-aid kits and stretchers. And white lines will direct traffic indoors as well as out. In addition, high-visibility buff paint on the main bodies of machines will bring the operating parts into three-dimensional relief by contrast. The frame of a sewing machine, for example, would be buff-painted to give the seamstress a better view of the flying needle head. Color-blind people will find the code equally effective because red and green, which they commonly confuse, will not be used as safety warnings.

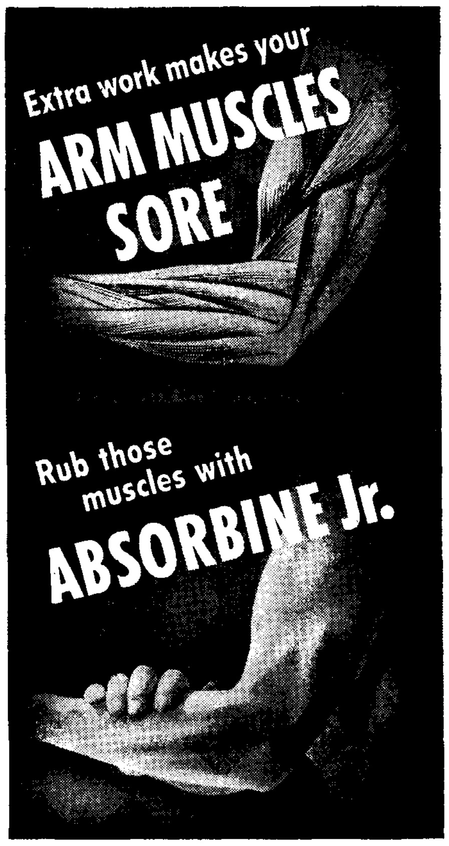
New Use for Mud

Erosion control, already so important to the American farmer, will have another equally vital role to play after the war. Virtually every cubic foot of the precious topsoil now washed away from the nation's farm lands eventually chokes up navigable rivers and harbors, and must be dredged out again to keep channels open. By elaborate programs of soil conservation, the government expects to cut in half the country's huge dredging bill after the war.

Dyed on the Vine

Russian scientists, who are among the world's most daring, are growing experimental cotton that is colored when it matures on the plants. So far, they have produced browns and greens, and are well along toward various other shades. This startling result of a closely guarded secret process is obtained by making the plant roots take up the coloring matter along with their regular food.

Cloth made from such cotton won't have to be dyed. The color, being part of the plant structure, won't fade or run. ★★★



● It's so easy to get relief with a little Absorbine Jr.! Just rub it in well. This 50-year-old favorite makes overworked muscles tingle with relief as pain and stiffness seem to disappear. Always keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. handy. At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Any Week

Continued from page 4

Nuit, Toujours Moi and Stradivari (immortal melody of love from the golden voice of a violin, captured in a glorious perfume to play on the strings of a lady's heart). My postwar plan, however, is to concoct a particularly smelly mess and label it Stinque. I couldn't cater to those who prefer *Toujours Moi* but I can see buxom babes buying Stinque by the quart, and they'll be sure of what they're getting. P.S. Already making plans for next week's column. Begins with a little piece on drunken astronomers."

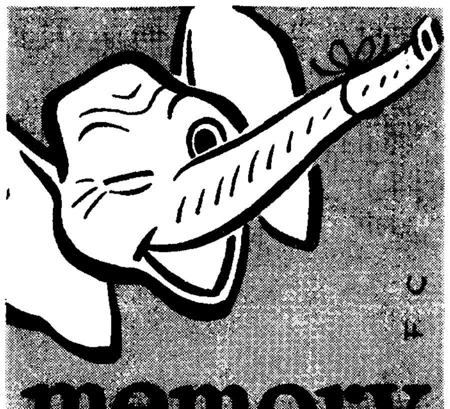
OUR Pacific Coast correspondent, Mr. Jim Marshall, reports that he is in Hollywood writing a couple of pieces about senile delinquency. Mr. Raymond W. Porter of Phoenix, Arizona, says that the son of a friend of his told him that he had decided "not to take time off for a proposed midwinter vacation this year, as he had to finish high school so he could get a pension." And Mr. A. E. Holcombe of Portland, Oregon, notifies us that the following classified ad appeared in The Oregonian: "Wanted—Man who gets paid on Sat. and is broke on Wed. to make financial arrangements with man who gets paid on Wed. and is broke on Sat."

A LADY in Brownsville, Texas, in search of a maid, inquired for a girl named Opie. But Opie's sister said that she wasn't available. "You know," said the sister, "Jim got drafted, and Opie has an allotment. She isn't working." The lady said, "But I didn't know that Opie and Jim were married." Said the sister, "Well, no'm, they ain't exactly married, just doing light housekeeping."

WHILE pondering the manpower situation, we observed an example of time-saving employed by a 3½-year-old friend of ours. When answering the phone he wastes no time with hellos, who-is-its or how-are-yous. He starts right in with the subject at hand. No shilly-shallying. "I'm playing with my airplane," is his salutation to the bewildered caller, "and one wing got broke, but Daddy says it'll be okay, so why don't you come over for a drink because Mommy will be up from her nap pretty soon?" Jimmy Byrnes might want to promote this technique.

ONE of the more important reasons why this war has lasted this long may easily be found in the following G.I. communication from the U.S. Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School, Northwestern University, to the Chief of the Bureau of Ships, Navy Department, Washington, D.C.—"Subject: Parade Drum—Request for References—(A) U.S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois, Shipment Request No. 1123 (dated April 23, 1944. (B) BuShips ltr. NN3/1123—(SR) (773) dated May 7, 1944 to CO, USNTS, Great Lakes, Ill. QR/NC1/(N)/A15(559-42) Sir: On my stub requisition No. 1123, I requested a parade drum for this NRMS. On May 14th, I received a copy of reference (b) which states as follows: Sir: It is noted that the subject request covers parade drum for the USNRMS at Chicago, Illinois. The Bureau's records indicate that no band has been assigned this activity. In view of the foregoing Ref. 1-a 23459702-A 2-c) the subject request is returned herewith without action. Ind. 2: Sir: For the purposes of assisting said midshipmen to keep in step, I need a drum. I do not want a band but I do want a drum. Even children playing at soldiers use a drum. May I have a drum?". . . We could go on with this correspondence for some time, the file being voluminous. Has anybody got a drum that he doesn't want? Let's get on with the war!

G. W.



memory LIKE AN ELEPHANT

Yes, people remember seeing unsightly dandruff... it's so unpleasant!
So why take a chance?
Banish loose dandruff, stimulate your scalp and bring your hair under well-groomed control, by massaging daily with

JERIS for Loose Dandruff

at all drug stores and barber shops

IT'S LIKE A BREATH OF FRESH AIR

VICKS
Inhaler

Makes Cold-Stuffed Nose Feel Clearer in Seconds

A Few Refreshing Whiffs of this handy Vicks Inhaler bring a grand feeling of relief when a cold, dust or bad air stuffs up your nose.

Greater Breathing Comfort comes fast because Vicks Inhaler is packed with aromatic medication that really gets to work.

And Most Important you can use this easy-to-carry Vicks Inhaler anywhere, anytime—as often as needed. Try it.

VICKS INHALER

SOOTHE THROAT
So good because they're medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of famous Vicks VapoRub.
VICKS Medicated COUGH DROPS

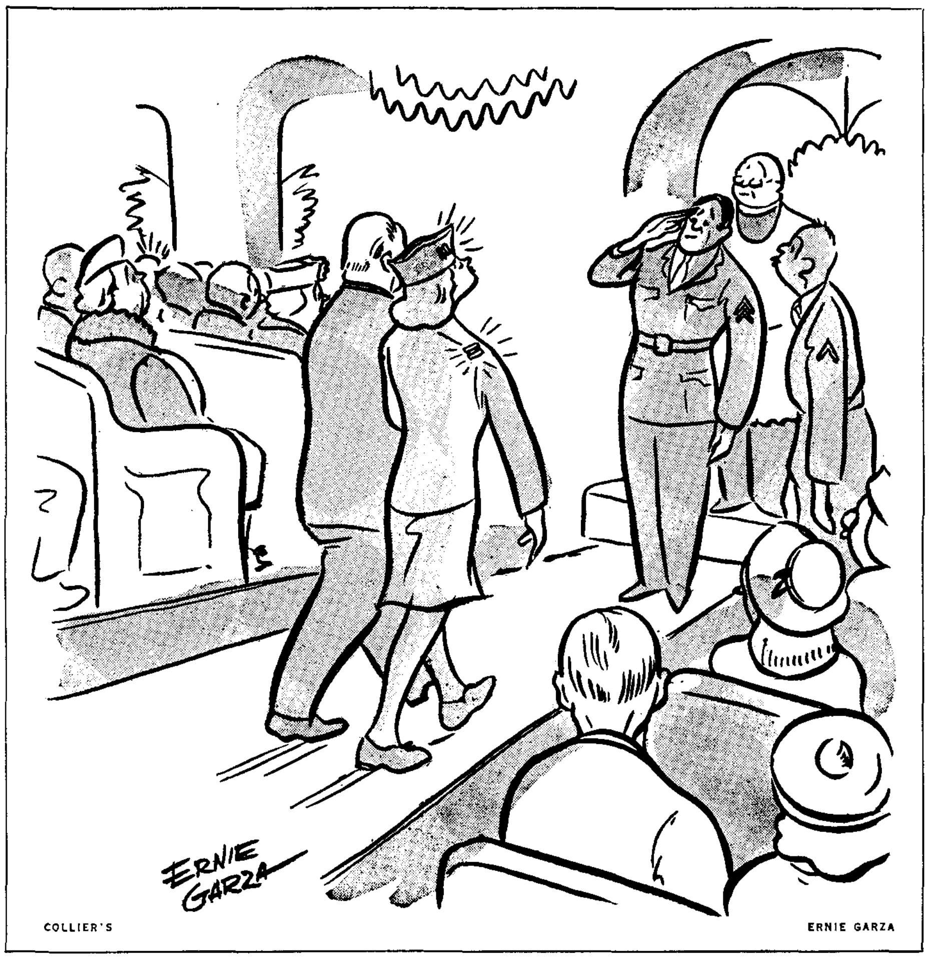
Hey lady-
STOP!

You don't need *all* that equipment just to clean a toilet bowl! Hasn't any one told you about Sani-Flush? It's an easy, sanitary way to remove ugly stains and film *without scrubbing*. Used twice a week, Sani-Flush keeps toilet bowls spic and span, disinfects, destroys a cause of odors.

Sani-Flush is not like ordinary soaps and cleansers. Its chemical action extends to unseen, hard-to-reach surfaces, even cleans the hidden trap. Absolutely safe for all toilet connections and for septic tanks . . . (See directions on can.) Sold everywhere in two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Sani-Flush
REMOVES A CAUSE OF TOILET ODORS



COLLIER'S
ERNIE GARZA

Freedom Wins Its Wings

Continued from page 24

The cartel idea is usually sponsored by those who are already established in world trade, with their markets set up, their lines of communication and finance working smoothly. The competition idea is usually supported by the have-nots, the fellows who want to break into the game. Thus Britain, to whom cartels are definitely not anathema, and who has always followed the "chosen instrument" policy, would be interested in protecting the prewar airlines to already established bases throughout her vast empire. Thus also, Pan American Airways sided with the British—although this had no direct part in the conference—for Pan Am has long enjoyed a virtual monopoly on U.S. flying over foreign land and water.

There are good arguments for both sides—for the British and Pan Am, and for the Americans and the seventeen airlines which have banded together under the banner of the Airlines Committee for United States Air Policy to fight for free competition and against Pan Am.

Pan Am's position is understandable to old-timers in air transport. Its present worldwide operations are an everlasting monument to the vision of its president, Juan Terry Trippe, who started with a 90-mile route between Key West and Havana in October, 1927, and wound up at our entry into the war with lines to Central and South America, Ireland, England, Portugal, France, Africa, Alaska, Hawaii, New Zealand, the Philippines, China and India. Only the gap between France and India prevented him from having complete world coverage.

In the early days of air-transport development, there was a tacit agreement between the potential operators on the one hand and the government on the other that Trippe's Pan American would stay out of the domestic field, and the domestic boys would stick to the job of developing airlines within the country. The government aided the domestic operators through mail contracts and the establishment of 35,000 miles of lighted and radio-equipped airways, while municipalities in most cases came forward with airports. Pan American was given special foreign air-mail contracts which took into consideration the cost of providing its own navigation facilities and also left it pretty much up to Trippe to negotiate landing rights, return mail contracts and airport usage along his expanding routes. In all, Pan American negotiated sixty-two agreements for operational rights with foreign countries, including England and France.

Pan American has powerful friends and outspoken enemies. Its friends have saved it on two occasions from serious encroachment on its monopoly. The first time came in September, 1929, when the New York, Rio & Buenos Aires Air Line planned to offer a seven-day service between New York and Buenos Aires. Pan Am, faced with a battle over mail contracts, bought out the competitor.

Again, in 1939, Pan Am was threatened with competition when the Civil Aeronautics Board granted American Export Airlines a certificate to fly across the Atlantic over Pan Am's opposition, in July, 1940. Pan Am took the case to court and lost, but when the matter of appropriating mail payments to Export came up before Congress, Pan Am convinced the Congressional committee that it should not be granted. But American Export was able to operate its Sikorsky four-engined flying boats on contracts from the government because we were getting into the war. Since, American Airlines has attempted to buy the line, but approval of the sale is now before the Civil Aeronautics Board, and Pan Am is opposed to it.

A World-Wide Network

To operate an organization such as Pan American's calls for a sizable force all over the world. A very important port of call on Juan Trippe's world airline network is Washington. From a modest, one-room office in 1928, the Washington organization has spread to suites of offices in three downtown buildings. In addition, Pan American maintains a house on F Street, which became the subject of an attack in Congress by Representative Harry R. Sheppard, Democrat, of California, on February 3, 1944. The congressman characterized it as a "hush-hush mansion" and the most "mysterious" house in Washington. He charged that Pan American was attempting to establish a monopoly in postwar transocean commercial flying.

"It is high time," he said, "to bring this whole thing out into the open and show the

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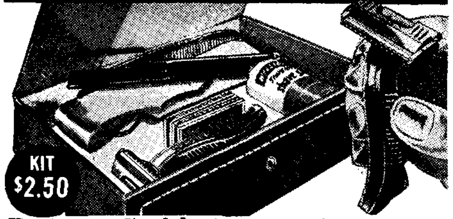

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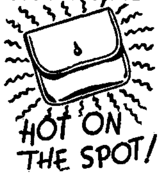


HOT ON THE SPOT!

American public the scheming and backdoor intrigue used by Juan Trippe in his desperate attempt to re-create a monopoly."

The congressman then launched into a roll call of Pan American's directors and their affiliations and other friends of the airline and concluded: "May I add to their number Mr. Trippe's not unknown brother-in-law, Mr. Edward Stettinius."

What Sheppard referred to was that sixteen years ago, Elizabeth Stettinius married Juan Trippe. Today, Assistant Secretary of State Clayton, successor of Adolf Berle, is in charge of international aviation, reporting direct to the President. Mr. Stettinius has let it be known that he has no interest in that section of his department.

As to the house on F Street, Pan American justifies its maintenance on the ground that other big concerns with heavy traffic in company officials to Washington have been forced to lease houses and apartments because of the shortage in hotel accommodations.

Pan American not only is apprehensive over a deluge of foreign airlines to the United States, but it is also opposed to the desire of the seventeen domestic airlines to engage in ocean flying. This opposition to free competition, its enemies say, is only natural for a concern which with British Overseas Airways Corporation, the single, government-subsidized company of Great Britain, could easily divide up the air space of the world and run it as they see fit. Such is Trippe's dream, his detractors say, and they are not going to let him have it—too much power for one man.

But Trippe has made thousands of friends for the Pan Am system through the service he has given American travelers. Pan American boasts that of the sixty-two agreements it made for landing rights, it had to surrender reciprocity to only two—England and France. The State Department, however, contends that should Paraguay or El Salvador, for instance, desire to start a line to the United States and find the bars against them up here, they'd pull the plug on Pan Am overnight and there'd be no more stopping to discharge, refuel and pick up new business in those lands. The American delegation at the Chicago conference went on the theory that if we want our planes to fly to all parts of the world, then we must be prepared to let foreign planes come into this country.

Stokeley W. Morgan, Chief of the State Department's Aviation Division, in a recent speech, declared there was a "small minority" in this country who think we should bargain at every step, "ask all and give little and proceed on a basis of strictly power politics. Their position merits careful consideration for it is no doubt sincere, and much will be heard along these lines in the near future.

"Their chief reason for advocating this course," he continued, "is a fear that our airline industry will be unable to hold its own in competition with foreign operators coming to this country under the reciprocal grant of the so-called freedom. The idea that American aviation must be protected against foreign competition by closing the doors to foreign operators while forcing them open for our own has little support among the people who hope and expect to operate our planes. The American delegation at Chicago was ably advised by a large group of technical consultants borrowed from the air transport industry. No step was taken without their advice, nothing was done without their okay."

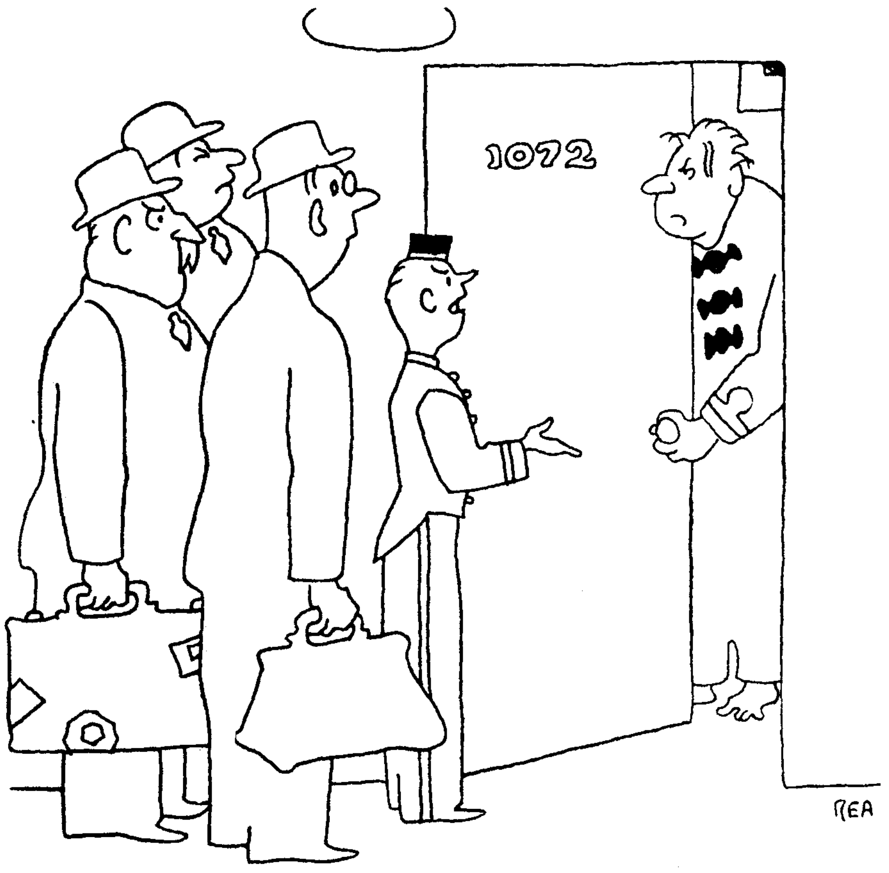
While Pan Am was building up its international air routes, the domestic airlines were developing a great domestic system. There was always a bit of superiority on Pan American's side, for its planes flew the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, while our domestic lines, closely guarded with all the known aids to air navigation, stayed close to emergency landing fields, beacon lights and radio beams. Pan Am had nothing like that. Really, they were two separate and distinct types of operation, and each was supreme in its field.

Wartime Impetus to Air Lines

But the war changed all that. Lines like American, Eastern, Northeast, TWA and United were given contracts to fly to foreign lands, some over ocean and others in this hemisphere. Vital cargo and people had to be rushed to all corners of the globe.

Eventually the domestic lines, heretofore geared to the Federal Airways System, were flying land planes to everywhere, and they awoke to the realization: "This is easy. We want to do it, too!"

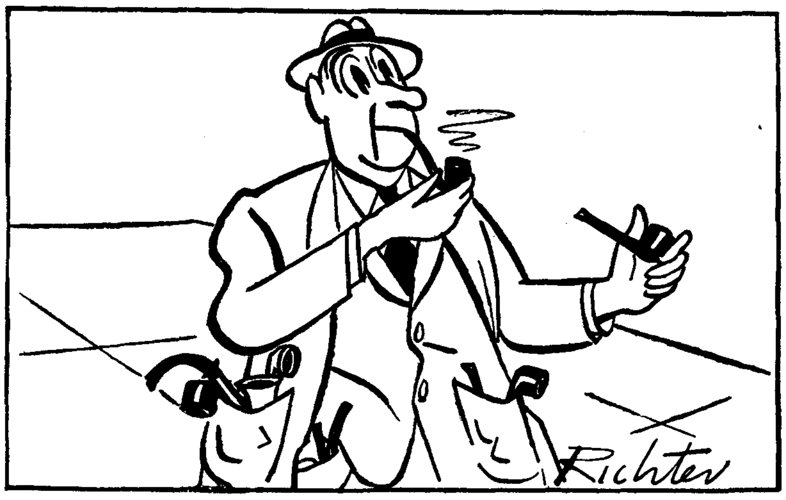
As the desire to develop foreign territory began to spread among the domestic airlines, a committee of seventeen operators was formed to get a cut of the postwar business. United Air Lines didn't join, though its record of Pacific flying for the Air Transport Command is brilliant and it wants to continue commercially after the war. This Airlines Committee for United States Air Policy has its headquarters in Washington with Alexander B. Royce, a Vermonter, as chairman. Royce pulls no punches when he talks



"But you've already slept three whole hours, sir—and you must remember that there are others waiting!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

PIPE TYPES. . . .by Richter



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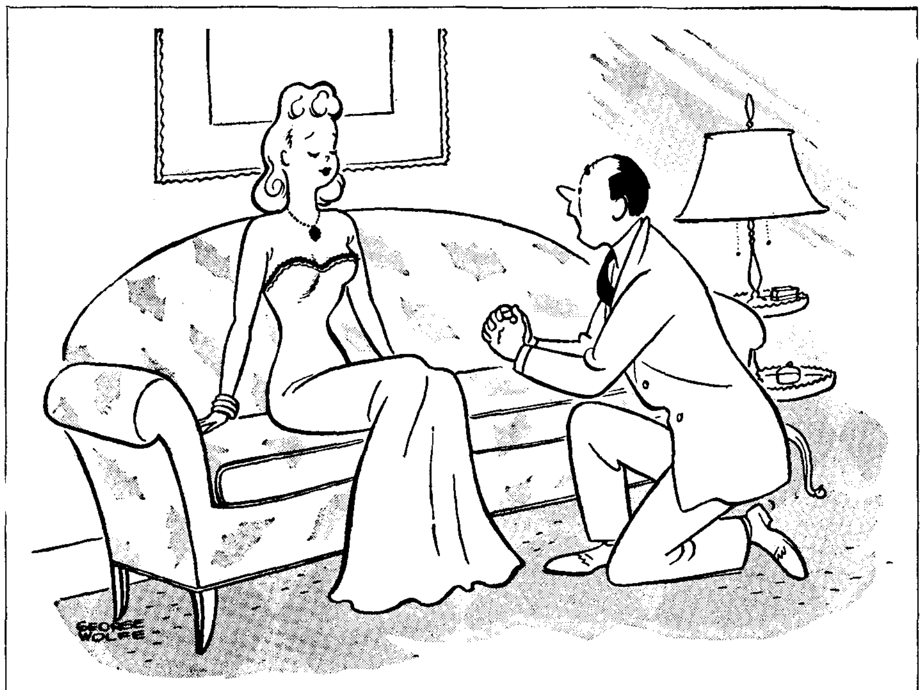


COLLIER'S "Say yes, or I'll buy a pair of skis and kill myself" GEORGE WOLFE

about Pan American's monopoly and the right of free competition for his seventeen airlines. He decries the theory that it is in the national interest for a single company or a jointly owned company to negotiate with foreign nations for landing permits and other necessary rights.

"Our Department of State," he declares, "is charged with responsibility in all relations with foreign governments. It is the function of government, not private companies, to negotiate with other governments on international subjects as important as air transportation."

Here it must be said that while Trippe certainly does not want to yield anything he has built, he has taken a stand in favor of a "community company" (he hates the term "chosen instrument") in which all American transportation interests able to contribute would be permitted to participate under an organization plan approved by the government. He says that such a single operation would be strong enough to compete on even terms with the great foreign air-transport monopolies despite their government subsidies.

In expounding this theory, he inferentially endorses the McCarran Bill now before Congress. The bill provides for such a community company, and the seventeen air lines are opposed to it.

"The McCarran Bill should not pass," they declare. "Community company means community management. It freezes the competitive enterprise of the minority."

The seventeen airlines also believe that such a community company would be dominated by Pan American.

Alexander Royce's committee is fortified with government backing in important quarters. The Civil Aeronautics Board has interpreted the Civil Aeronautics Act of 1938, as being for free and open competition in international air transport. Royce's committee declares that law is sufficient and need not be changed. Another ally on the side of the seventeen airlines is Senator Bailey, chairman of the Commerce Committee, who came out against government ownership of international airlines after he received former Secretary of State Cordell Hull's opinion on the competitive system versus the community company:

"The experience of most other countries which have adopted the monopoly or so-called 'chosen-instrument' policy has been that such a policy, either intentionally or by sheer force of gravity, led to a government-owned system, or else to a system so completely government-controlled as to have all the qualities of government ownership."

Mr. Royce also pulls another trump card in his campaign: The Department of Justice has endorsed the competitive system as against the community company. Further, he maintains that competition will cost both you (the airline ticket purchaser) and the government less than monopoly. And the War, Navy, and Commerce departments have gone on record as opposed to a single chosen instrument for American international air commerce.

But to return to the Chicago conference: What did happen during its thirty-seven days? An agreement was signed by thirty nations, including the British (and more will come in), that the transport planes of all signatories may fly over their countries and land for fuel and repairs without the necessity of negotiating bilateral agreements. This became known as the "two freedoms," and you can see how many months of dickering it will save. And twenty nations signed a full-out agreement allowing the planes of other signatory nations to bring passengers in from the homeland, take them back to that homeland and pick up business at intermediate points. These make up the other three concessions which are included in the "five freedoms" to which the British so strenuously objected.

And it was the last of these "five freedoms"—the right to pick up and discharge passengers at intermediate points—that bothered the British so much. What they objected to was this: Suppose a U.S. plane was flying a route from New York to Cairo. Under the five-freedoms plan, it might stop at London, Paris, Geneva and Rome. At each place it would let off some passengers, pick up others destined either for Cairo or for other intermediate stops along the way, the only restriction being that it could not pick up passengers at one point in a country and fly them to another point in the same country.

The Americans claimed that if this kind of thing were not allowed, the airline operators would be flying a continuously increasing number of empty seats on long hops, because a certain number of passengers would get off at London, more at Paris, more at Rome, and by the time the plane reached Cairo, maybe only two or three seats would be occupied.

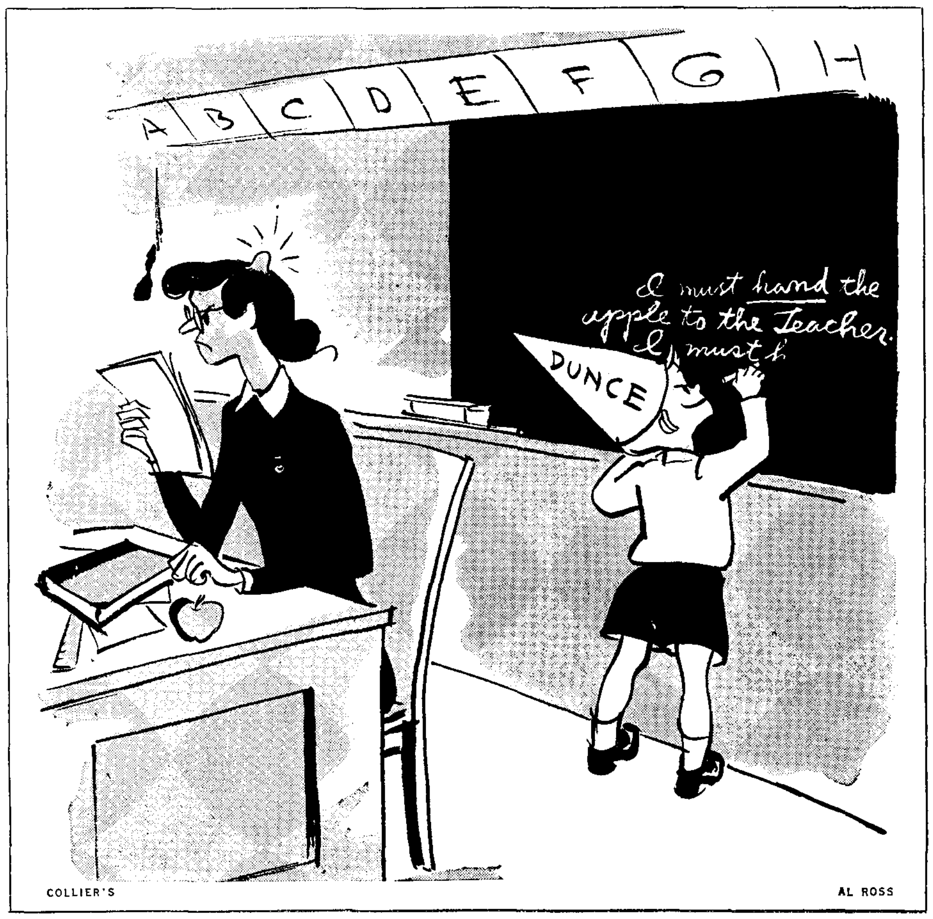
The British objection, on the other hand, is understandable enough from their point of view, because England is such a small place that almost never would passengers travel from one point to another within the country; almost all travel would be from country to country. So that if English airlines are to live at all, they must get business from other countries.

More nations are expected to come in later on the five-freedoms agreement, but some of them will hold back until they are satisfied that we in America are going to support our delegation's work. For if Congress feels that the American group went too far in making international commitments, it can throw out the policy altogether and insist on a return to the old method of making bilateral deals.

In this event, your postwar global planes will be delayed. For there are some who hold that while we may obtain all these freedoms to operate around the world, in return we have guaranteed the same to all other nations party to the document. How much of a deluge of foreign airplanes and air routes will result for the United States and its possessions is a guess that has a wide range—from a whole lot to little or none. The American delegation to the conference believed there'd be very little we'd actually give up, and that our dominant position in equipment and operating procedure would give us a head start we could always maintain.

But should Congress regard the deals made at Chicago as "executive agreements" and not treaties, the most optimistic predict that by late summer provisional routes will be laid down for American-operated airlines, and regardless of whether victory comes this year or next, everything will be ready for air transport to play its expected role of speeding up the reconstruction of the world. Already we have signed agreements with Sweden, Denmark and Spain, and more are in the mill with other nations for early settlement.

THE END


A B C D E F G H
I must hand the apple to the Teacher. I must t
DUNCE

COLLIER'S AL ROSS

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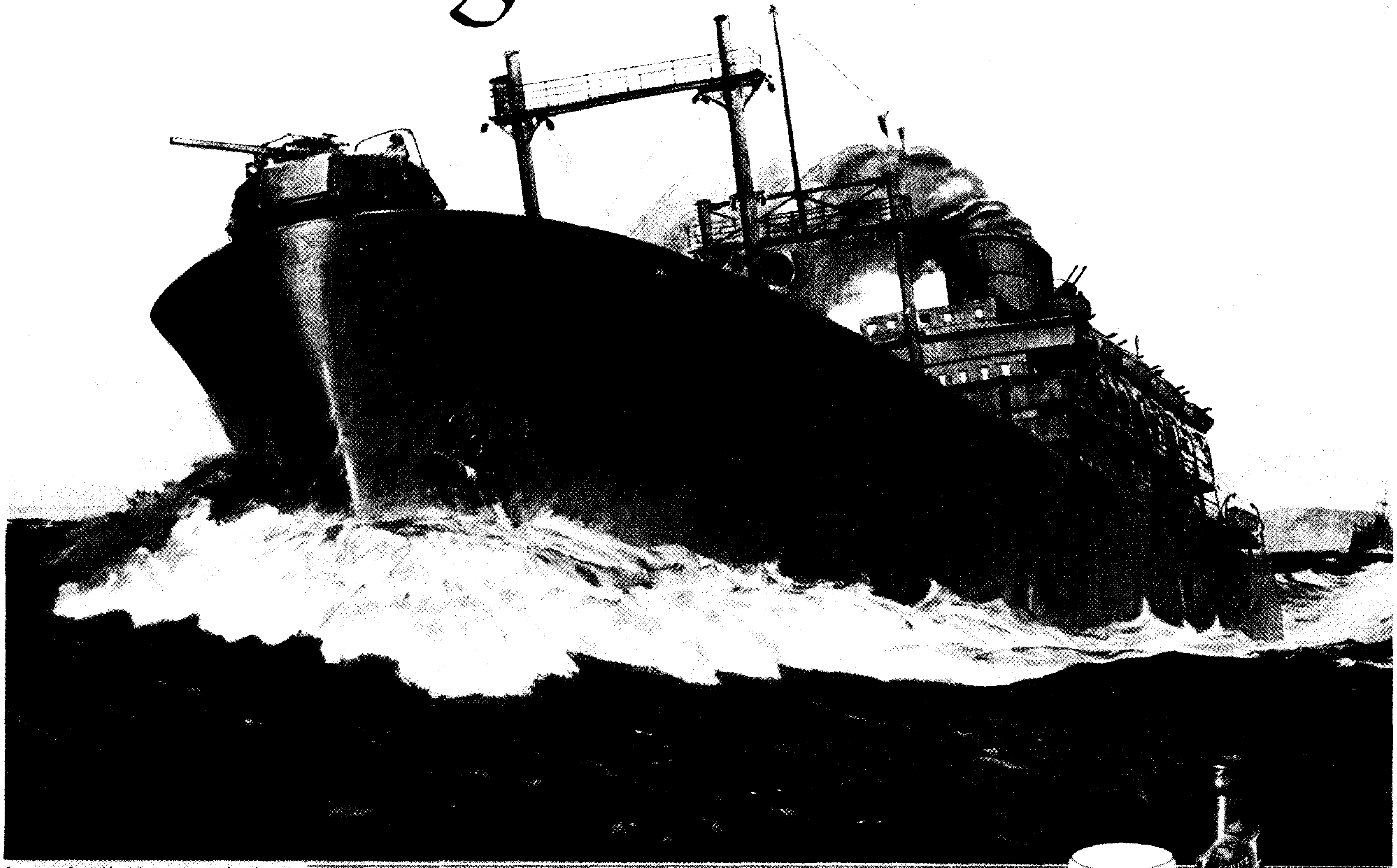

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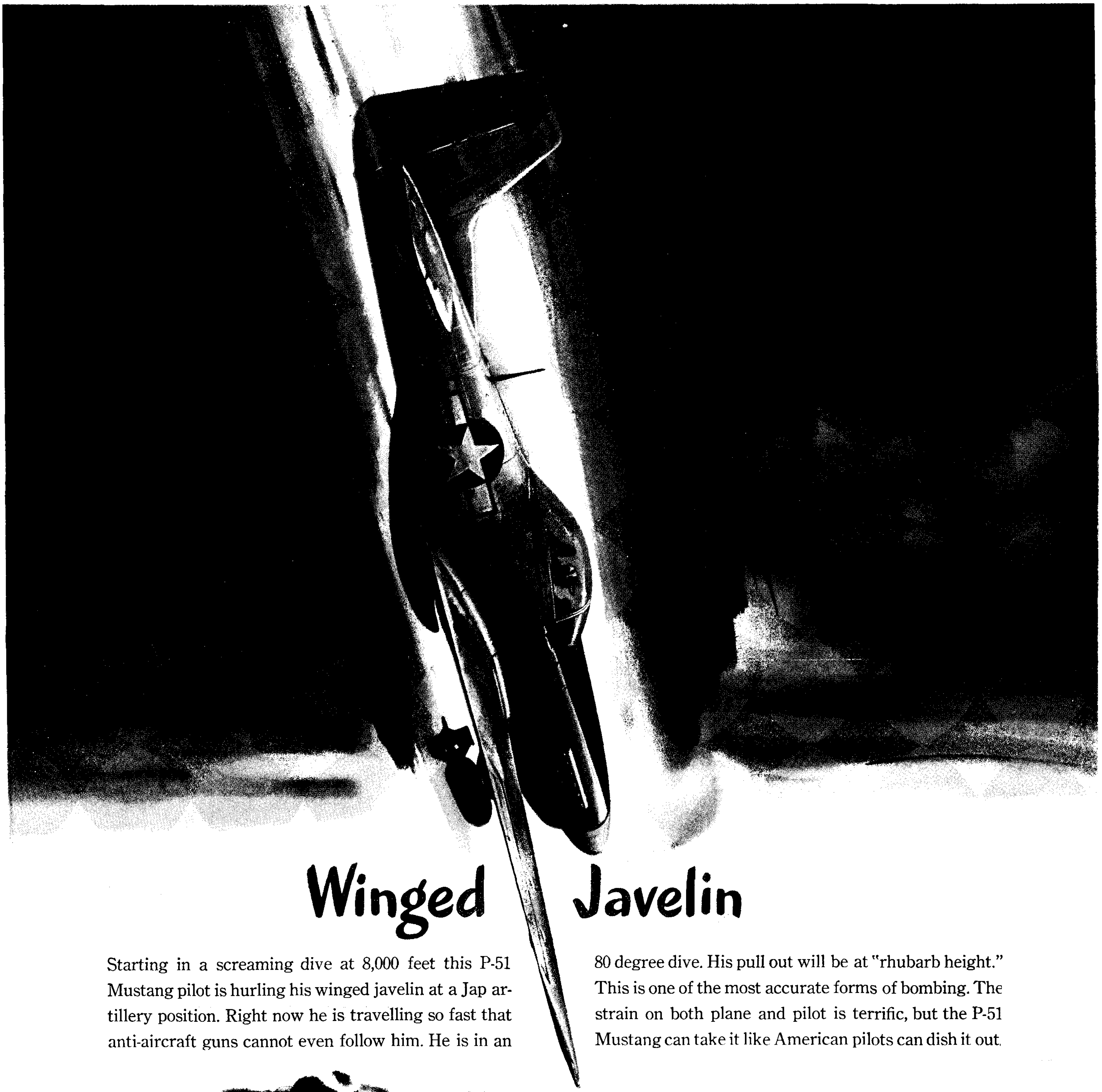

Winged Javelin

Starting in a screaming dive at 8,000 feet this P-51 Mustang pilot is hurling his winged javelin at a Jap artillery position. Right now he is travelling so fast that anti-aircraft guns cannot even follow him. He is in an 80 degree dive. His pull out will be at "rhubarb height." This is one of the most accurate forms of bombing. The strain on both plane and pilot is terrific, but the P-51 Mustang can take it like American pilots can dish it out.

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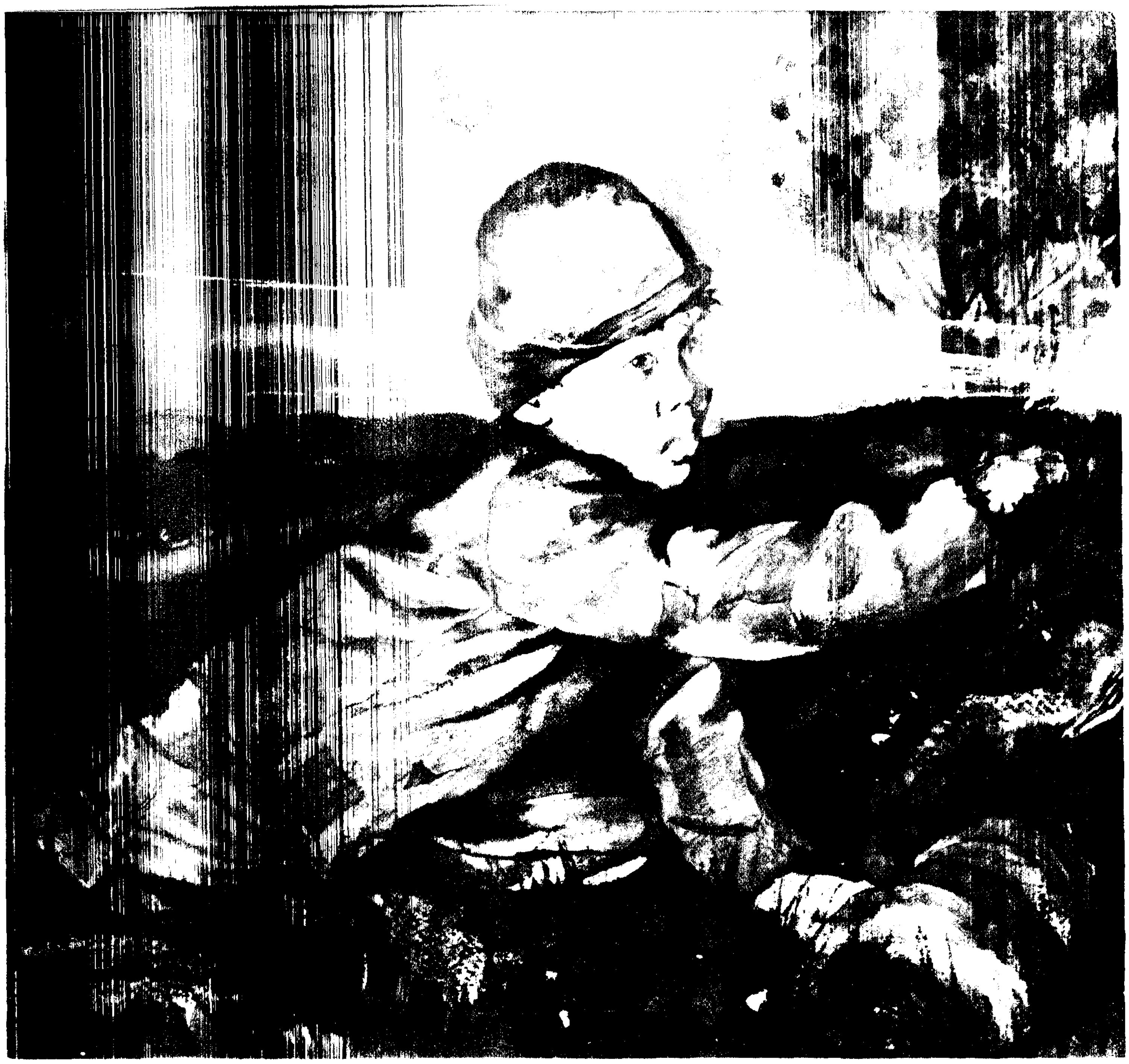
PLANES THAT MAKE HEADLINES...*the P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), B-25 and PBJ Mitchell bomber, the AT-6 and SNJ Texan combat trainer. North American Aviation, Inc. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*

SMALL BOY

BY ELEANOR SHOEMAKER



The powerful searchlight was sweeping its way from side to side. Small Boy was desperate. He must not be caught now!

SMALL BOY plodded confidently along the deserted road. Occasionally he shifted the pack on his back although, actually, pride carried the load for him. When he straightened his thin shoulders the contents of toothpaste, cigarettes and fountain pens grumbled. The sound unfailingly brought a grin to his wide flat face and lighted his slanting roguish eyes.

He had no doubt that he would pass safely through the Japanese blockade between Free and Occupied China but he must avoid being stopped for inspection on the way. There was always the chance that the sentry might confiscate a few cigarettes and then the hard earned co-op bank note, carefully rolled inside, would go up in smoke. Such loss of face was not only unthinkable for Small Boy personally, but for those who had entrusted him with this mission.

Sniffing the twilight wind, Small Boy knew that frost was in the air. By dawn the barren land would glisten, and even the black, bare trees would be beautiful. He began to look about for a place to take his early sleep. He must awake by midnight and cross the blockade line when men slept heaviest. On the edge of the road a solitary clump of bushes caught his eye and he decided on its feeble shelter. Small Boy cast an anxious glance over his shoulder. Satisfied, he dropped the pack and examined the broad ditch that fell off sharply behind the bushes. Then he sat down and burrowed the earth with his rump.

At eventide one's personal, separate universe of existence had a way of magnifying individual isolation. Overfatigue and undernourishment warred in his empty rumbling belly, but vying with these aches was a greater gnawing that came from a dim yearning for some atavistic security. Accustomed to hunger, he associated this with a like cause, for in all his eight years of life, he had never known the cure, but had experienced only the mute, unanswered needs of loneliness.

His attention was abruptly arrested by a faint stirring near at hand. Turning, he located the sound beneath a small flat stone. His eyes sparkled with interest and, snatching off his cap, he pounced it securely over the stone. Carefully, he explored beneath the cap and felt a crusty animation tap against his fingers. He cupped his hand and drew the object out, then opened his palm slowly, and gazed at his captive. Two gently waving antennae tickled his fingers investigatingly. Small Boy laughed aloud.

"Foolish one, why aren't you safe and warm in the earth? Frost comes tonight." His pleasure was voiced in tones of dignified superiority.

Warmed by the hand, the cricket gave an experimental chirp. And for Small Boy, the friendly, living noise filled the solitary world. He brought the cricket up to his face, peering at it in the last faint light. The long, awkward, yet graceful legs bespoke prowess. "I shall call you Jumper," he murmured.

Newly christened, Jumper fixed its bulging eyes in space. Any warmth was a cause for joy, and obligingly, the toothed fiddlestick bow sawed against the wing covers, setting up a vibrating song of gratitude.

Small Boy dug into his pockets in vain for a crumb left over from his one meal of the day. He knew with despair that it was useless to search for an edible root or leaf for the peasants had long since stripped them away. Troubled, he looked anxiously at the cricket, reassuring it with promises and words of encouragement. If only it would not die before he could secure food. As much to sustain himself as his new-found friend, Small Boy thoughtfully related the wonders he would perform on Jumper's behalf.

He would feed Jumper on fresh lettuce and build a fine bamboo cage. If his luck was good, he would one day edge the cage in jade, like those of the old emperors' crickets. Wasn't a cricket worthy of the best? Everyone knew that only the cricket was astute enough to be trusted with an emperor's life. Trained to chirp at the slightest vibration in the palace, the small insect bodyguard warned of stealthy footsteps that escaped a dozing sentry, a dog bribed with a bone or a chamberlain deafened with gold. But the heart of the cricket was incorruptible. For a lettuce leaf a week, the emperor was safe.

As he talked, Small Boy's sense of well-being swelled anew. Added to the unparalleled trust bestowed on him in his mission, he now owned his own private and personal cricket. Surely nothing dire could befall them in all these bounteous happenings. For all Jumper's improvident staying above ground in the face of frost, the insect's legs were strong, its wing covers were a healthy jet black, and the solid helmetlike head was a proud symbol of its warrior ancestors. If Jumper turned out to be a fighter . . . why, then their fortune was made! Coming from a race of inveterate gamblers, Small Boy had instinctive comprehension of box office. A good cricket fight was a poor man's sport, and already Small Boy saw himself the owner of a much lauded champion.

He reached out a gentle finger in wordless feeling, and the cricket crouched under the slight pressure, reducing its song to a *mezza voce* of contentment while Small Boy propounded the immediate problem of Jumper's housing. Presently, breaking off a few short bush twigs, he plaited them, dome-shaped, like a hat. Putting Jumper on the ground, he covered the cricket with his thatched work. Jumper continued to chirp, and Small Boy stretched out on the ground with a sigh.

He had never owned anything in all his life, and the expanding reaction was like sunshine seeping into the pores on an autumn day. It was what he had always imagined a full belly was like. He was replete with warmth and glowing from within, and he could not resist sticking his finger through Jumper's house once more. Jumper twiddled his antennae over the bony flesh. As Small Boy's drowsy feelings flowed out toward the cricket, he felt somehow, mystically united with this small spark of breathing animation in a brotherhood of living.

IT WAS warm and dark where he was and he had no wish to give in to the senses that would awake his body to the cold wind. He held his eyes tight shut, determined to let himself be lulled back into the dark world of sleep. But the sound, insistent, excited and somehow alarming, beat in on his brain. Suddenly he recognized it. He sat up. Beside him the cricket hopped up and down, the five hundred prisms of its bow lashing fortissimo fury in its cry of warning.

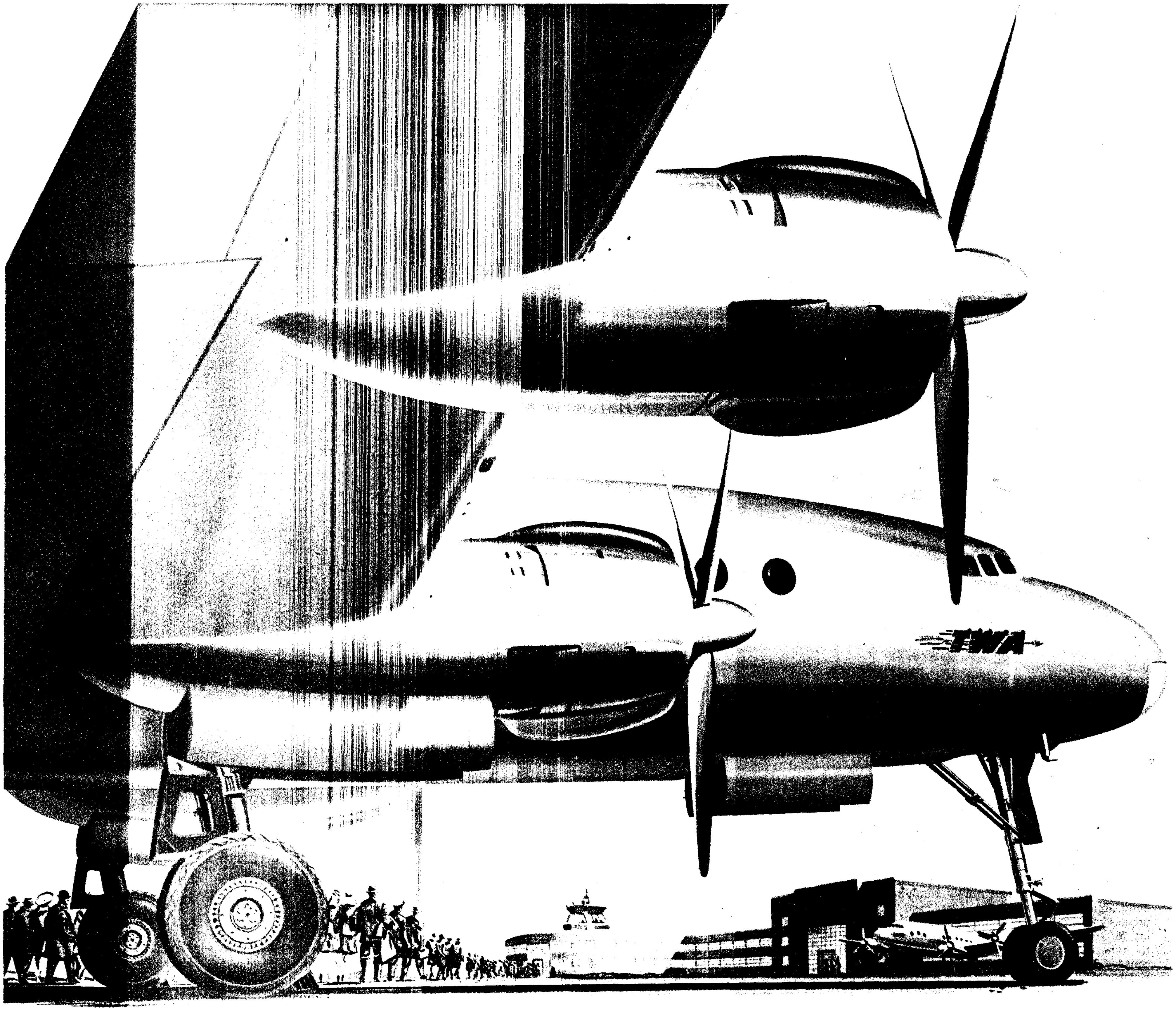
Up the road the powerful Japanese patrol searchlight was feeling its way from side to side. The next swing to the right would put Small Boy in full view. With a sweep of his hand, he sent the pack rolling into the ditch and pitched himself after it. As his body sank noiselessly into the ooze, Small Boy realized that Jumper was imprisoned in the hut on the road. He clenched his fists, but the cries of the soldiers were close, and Small Boy knew by the tone that the Devils from Beyond the Sea were drunk. The machine-gun-mounted truck careening from side to side substantiated the knowledge. He shivered. If caught, his wits could not save him now. He must not be caught! Desperately he tried to send Jumper a telepathic message to cease chirping. But Jumper had turned scatterbrain with fright, and Small Boy dare not reach up to snatch the cricket to safety.

In this spell of suspended horror, Small Boy heard each twig of the plaited covering he had built for Jumper crush separately under the heavy wheels of the patrol truck. And the short, half note on which the cricket ended its song echoed in his head as Small Boy struggled with his wrenching stomach. The truck lurched forward in the din of its exhaust and the inane laughter of its occupants.

Small Boy crawled out of the muddy ditch and adjusted the pack on his back. Fortified by his responsibilities, he leaned over the broken twigs. His stiff, grubby fingers gently excavated the squashed mass. Then he wrapped it tenderly in a strip torn from his jacket and buried it in a tiny grave beneath the bush. With the patrol out on the road, this was the moment to slip safely over the blockade line. His face was screwed up in a paroxysm of heartbreak but no tears came as Small Boy walked stolidly along the road toward Free China.

a short short story complete on this page

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



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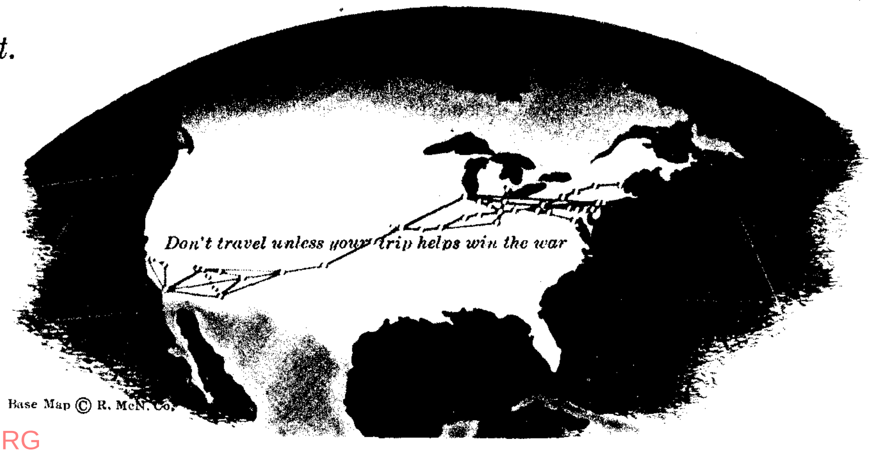

Don't travel unless your trip helps win the war

Base Map © R. McN. Co.

he wanted the elements to fly. After the crews had crowded out of briefing he walked down to his office and stood at the window staring at the lights on the snowplow clearing the runways until the B-17s began to taxi to the end of the east-west runway and take off one by one.

The sky was lead-gray when he walked out of the hangar to where his crew chief was warming up his A-20, the Labrador Floosie. He got in the pilot's seat and sat listening to the engines until Price squeezed in, carrying a movie camera.

Price sat in the copilot's seat and the major put on his headphones and talked to the tower and then taxied to the end of the runway. The sky was very light and he took off, climbing the A-20 rapidly the moment it began to lift. The air was quite rough and he flew the course the Banana had been on. Below, the ground was white, the glare on it terrific, and as they approached the coast there was dirty green timber below, and now and then a lake. After flying a few miles out to sea he turned and flew back to the base, landing at exactly 1200. Though he had not expected to find the Banana himself he was slightly peeved and went to his office to wait for England's squadron to return. He was sitting at his desk, smoking, when England came in, still in flying clothes.

"Well?" he said.

"They aren't there," England said.

"You searched the entire area exactly as I said?" he said.

"Hell, yes," England said. "What did you think I did?"

"Search it again," he said.

"It's no use," England said. "They aren't there."

"I said search it again." England might be right, he knew that, but he couldn't afford to take the chance that he also might be wrong. There wasn't much time if he wanted to reach them alive and the only thing he could be sure of was the Banana's stated course.

"Listen, Major, let me look where I want to," England said.

"Captain, I said search it again and you will search it again. I am still the Operations officer and when I say search, boy, you will do just that."

England said something dirty.

"Oh, come on, England," Price said. "Those men may be dying."

England said the same thing again and walked out.

"That fool," the major said.

"Let's go to lunch," Price said.

"I'm not hungry," he said. "We have to see the flight surgeon."

"Okay, after I come back from lunch," Price said.

PRICE left and the major sat in his office chewing on his finger and trying to think if he could possibly have been wrong in sending England to search where he had. He kept thinking, *What if the Banana wasn't on course?* He sat and worried until he was too nervous to sit and when Price came back from lunch he was walking up and down.

"What's the matter, nervous?" Price said.

"Oh, hell, no." He picked up his flying jacket. "Let's go."

The only vehicle parked outside the hangar was the Operations jeep and it had no side curtains. The major drove it, the wind whipping into his face, and when he got to the hospital he went quickly inside cursing the weather. The corridor was quiet except for the clacking of a typewriter. He stamped the snow off his boots and walked with Price into the flight surgeon's office. Captain Nairn, a gray, tubby little man, grinned at them.

"Hi, Major. You sick?" Nairn asked.

"No. Have you heard about the Banana?"

"Sure. Tough, isn't it?"

"I want you to go on the rescue," he said.

"You want me?" Nairn said.

"Certainly."

"But I'm not in shape, Major. I can't tramp through that bush."

"You have to go," he said.

"I refuse," Nairn said.

"You *what?*" the major said.

"I refuse. I'm too old," Nairn said.

"Don't give me that, Captain," he said. "Don't you give me that."

"I'm not giving you anything, Major."

"Captain, don't give me that. I said you'll go."

"I won't," Nairn said.

"I'll go to the colonel," he said. "Do you want me to go to him?"

"But I'm an old man, Major."

"So's the colonel," Price said. "Look, Nairn, the major isn't asking you to die. The rescue squad will take care of you. It may mean the difference between someone living and someone dying, see?"

"Oh, hell," Nairn said.

"I'll brief you beforehand. Come on Robert," the major said, and turned and walked out, hating Nairn very much and really not able to understand why he was not getting wholehearted co-operation. All afternoon he sat in Operations with Price, chewing his finger and waiting for the tower to call and say the Banana had been found. No call came and at twilight Price, standing at the window, said that England was bringing his squadron in. The major waited at his desk, tapping a pencil, until England came in looking very tired.

"Not a damn' thing," England said.

"Search again in the morning, same time."

"Same area?" England asked.

He looked at England. "That is correct, Captain."

"You know this is foolish?" England said.

"I don't think it's foolish, Captain. Do you think it is foolish?"

"Hell, yes," England said.

"Now that's too bad, Captain, because you'll do it."

"Come on, England," Price said.

England turned and walked out.

The major sat down at his desk, rested his face in his hands. When he looked up Peters stood dumbly in the doorway and he said, "Peters, if you say a word about that report I'll have you doing guard duty in that snow until you're blue with cold."

He went to bed early that night but the next morning he still felt rotten. When England came in from the search at noon he knew the answer was no without asking and he sent England up again. That afternoon Price sweated it out with him, waiting for a call from the tower. Every time the tower buzzed them they would jump.

FINALLY the tower called, saying that England had found the Banana, and the major ordered all the planes in and felt very happy and ate a sandwich with Price in the snack bar. He was waiting on the line in the staff car when England landed and he drove England to his office and made him sit down and accept a cigarette. "What's the story?"

"It's smashed bad and it's in the bush all right," England said.

"Can we get ski planes to it?"

"No. But there's a frozen lake not too far away."

"It's the lake then," he said. "Did you see the crew?"

"No," England said. "I buzzed it but I didn't see anyone."

"It hadn't burned, had it?"

"No, but it's a bad one, Major."

"Well, you get some rest." He slapped England's shoulder, walking to the door with him. "You'll have to guide the rescue party from the air."

After England left the major phoned Nairn and Albert and told them to be in the briefing room at eight with their men. At his quarters, showering, he began to think about England's seeing no survivors. He got a very clear picture of England buzzing the wreck, no one coming out, and he could not shake it. When he and Price briefed the rescue party at eight he was still thinking about it. Several times during his explanation of how the ski planes would fly the rescue party to the lake and how the party would be guided by radio from the air, he faltered, thinking of the Banana in the bush and everyone in it dead. Leaving Price to finish the briefing he went tiredly to his office and found Peters sitting at his desk with his feet on it.

"It's sure good they're found," Peters said. "I feel sort of a release."

"Oh, get up from there," he said; and sat down.

Peters stood, awkwardly lighting a cigarette and shaking the match and finally having to blow it out, and sat on the desk's edge. "Just what will I say about all this in the report?"

"Get off my desk," the major said.

Peters stood. "What's the matter, Major?"

"What did I tell you?" he said, wanting very much to hurt Peters. "What did I say about that report?"

"You said to let it go."

"That's right," he said.

"I let it go," Peters said. "Didn't I?"

"Well, keep on letting it go!"

"Always?" Peters said.

He leaned forward and said, "I'm going to have you busted."

"But what have I done, Major?"

"You're too eager." He saw Peters was afraid and he smiled. "Just how long have you been in the Army, Sergeant?"

"Twenty-eight months, sir."

"Haven't you learned to do what a major tells you?"

"But, sir, I let it go."

"Did you?"

"Yes, sir, I just thought—"

"You're not supposed to think. I'll do the thinking."

"Then you don't want this in the report?"

"Peters! For the last time I don't want a report. When I want a report I will tell you I want a report and I will tell you what to put in the report. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then don't you forget it, Sergeant."

"No, sir."

The major picked up his cap and went out, very browned off, thinking, *Stupid, eager ass.* Outside, the moon was bright on the snow and he walked tiredly to his quarters, slipping now and then on the ice. He knew that he would have to wait until the rescue squad reached the Banana before he knew and the thought made him very tired.

THE next morning the major was in the A-20 warming it up when Price climbed in with the camera. On the tower's signal the major took off on the north-south runway, banked and came back low, buzzing the field. That made him feel better and he climbed to five thousand and flew on a direct course to the crash. The glare on the snow below was terrific. Near the coast he found the Banana in a thick stretch of timber, its wings broken back and fuselage buckled. He pointed down and Price nodded, lifting the camera, and the major put the A-20 into a steep dive, going down very fast at the crash. Beside him he was conscious of Price trying to open the window and the major thought, *Will he never open it?* Then the cold air hit him and Price was hanging out the window with the camera. The major saw the crash quite close now and pulled out, going away over the treetops. Twice more he buzzed the wreck but no one came out and he knew that the Banana crew were all hurt or dead.

After he returned to the base and parked the A-20 he went up to Operations and all afternoon sat with Price sweating out a radio from Nairn. He had reached the point late in the afternoon where he was pacing the floor when the tower buzzed.

"Operations, Major Clark there?" the loudspeaker said.

"Yes, yes?" he said, standing in front of it.

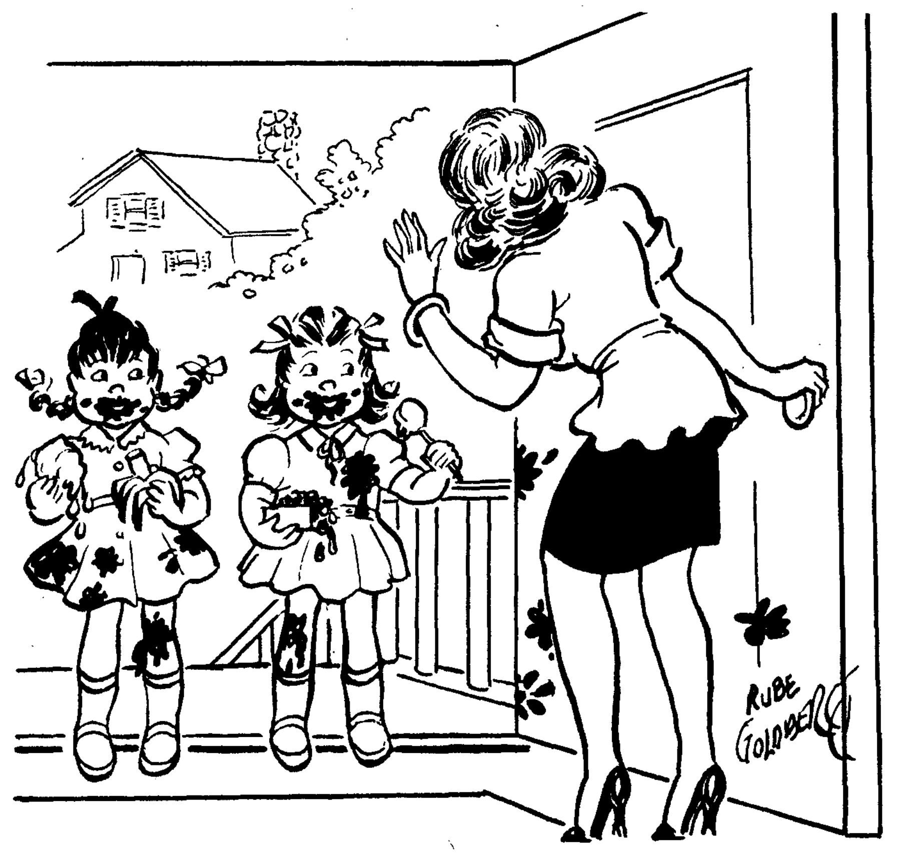
"The Banana crew has been reached, Major, but they're all badly injured and the pilot's almost dead—"

"Okay, okay. Tell Nairn not to spend the night but start back," he said. "We'll have ski planes at the lake at dawn. Got that?"

"Roger."

He went into his office. "Robert, call Weather and see how it'll be."

THE SQUAWK CLUB . . . . . . By Rube Goldberg



"Why is it that the neighbors always give my little girls gooey chocolates or bananas or soft molasses cookies after I've spent hours dressing them beautifully? It ruins their dainty dresses, sends their coats to the cleaners and completely upsets their little tummies. I'm going to hang signs on them: 'Please do not feed the children!' "—Mrs. Walter London, Holly, Michigan.

YOU must have a pet beef or peeve. Send it to The Squawk Club, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. If it is published in Collier's, Rube Goldberg will illustrate it and you will receive the original drawing and a membership certificate in The Squawk Club. Runners-up each week will receive the certificate.

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COLLIER'S

"Weather office," Price said into the phone. "This is Captain Price. Will we have good weather tomorrow?"

"What do they say?" the major asked.

"No," Price said, holding the phone.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"It's going to snow with icing—" Price said.

"What time, what time?" he said.

"They say about ten." Price hung up. "Well?"

The major stared at Price, thinking: *England can fly one ski plane and I'll fly the other.* They'd probably have to come back blind and he did not want one of the service pilots handling a load of injured. He tried to plan more, to have something more definite, but he could not and thought again: *England can fly one ski plane and I'll take the other.*

The next morning he took off across the snow beside the runway with England on his wing. Price sat silently beside him in the copilot's seat and he flew, watching the blackness below turn to gray. When he reached the lake it was quite light. He landed and taxied across the lake and turned into the wind, leaving the engine turning over, and watched England land.

FOR a bit he smoked. He tried not to look at his watch but he looked and it was eight o'clock. Price was slumped in the seat as if he were asleep. The major stared intently at the bush and lighted another cigarette. At nine-fifteen he got out of the plane and was standing on the ski when the rescue party came out of the timber and he yelled, "Hey, hey, here we are!" He counted eleven stretchers and jumped off the ski into the snow up to his hips. Price was out of the plane, too, camera to his face. The rescue party came across the lake and Nairn shuffled up, leaned against the plane, and said tiredly, "You know what you are, don't you, Major?"

"Are they alive?" he said.

"The pilot's got to have a transfusion."

"Can't do it now, we're getting out."

"I'm going to give him a transfusion," Nairn said.

"Nairn!" Price stopped taking pictures. "Do it on the plane in flight."

As the major watched Nairn tell the medics which stretchers to put in which plane a snowflake settled on his cheek. He looked up and one touched his eye. He was afraid. Price was taking pictures again and Nairn was saying something about plasma, and the major saw Albert shuffling over.

"Hey, Major, there isn't room for my men."

"You'll have to camp here," he said, looking at Price.

"Oh, fine. Try carrying stretchers—"

"I'll send someone back," he said. "Robert, get in the plane."

"But my men are in no condition—" Albert said.

"We have to get out," he said. "Get in the plane, Robert."

"Look, Major, my men—"

"Shut up, there's no choice." He saw Price was still taking pictures and said, "Give me that damn' camera," and grabbed it out of Price's hands. He did not get a firm grip on it and it slipped and he grabbed at it, hitting it, and the camera spun through the air, opening, and the yellow film lay in the snow. "Now look what you've done," he said. "Get in that plane."

"I've done?" Price said.

"Captain, get in that plane!"

Price got in the plane. The snow was falling evenly now and the major climbed in, saw Nairn putting the transfusion needle in one of the men's arm, Price holding the plasma bottle aloft. The major closed the door and got in the pilot's seat, waved to England and took off. When it lifted he knew he had a load and he climbed steadily and cut into the beam. He talked to the tower; there was no ceiling and he would have to come in blind. Nairn came forward and flopped in the copilot's seat and went to sleep.

He could see nothing and he followed the beam in until he hit the cone of silence over the base. The control tower heard him and kept talking as he banked and cut into the other beam and banked again. He started going down blind, one eye on the second hand of his watch. It seemed very long until it was time to level off and just before he felt the skis touch he saw the snow and relaxed, grinning. Before he stopped, an ambulance was alongside. He cut the engine, and the first person through the door was the chaplain, looking excited and saying, "Is anyone dying?"

"Get the hell out of here," Nairn said. "These men are hurt."

"Of course," the chaplain said and helped lift a stretcher.

The major got out of the plane, taking off his helmet and watched England land. Price got out, too, and England walked over and the major absently took out a package of cigarettes. "Say," he said, "do you fellows think I could salvage the Banana? I could use Albert's rescue squad to dismantle it and carry it out."

"You never stop, do you?" Price said.

"What do you mean?" he said.

A jeep drove up, sliding to a stop, and Peters leaned out, looking like an old woman in his parka. "Nice going, sir!"

"Thanks," he said. "Drive us in?"

"That's what I'm here for," Peters said. "This is going to look all right on the report. I'll bet the general will like it."

The major laughed and got in the jeep, but he, too, thought that the general would like it. Price and England crowded in and they drove along the runway and no one said a word.

THE END

IT'S A FACT

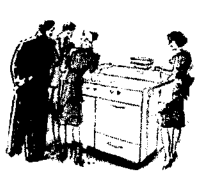
THE TELLER	THE FACT
Meteorologist, Albany, New York	Official records since 1874 show that a rainy St. Swithin's has never been followed by 40 more rainy days.
Scientist, London, England	His experiments proved that owls cannot see in pitch darkness.
Historian, Falls City, Nebraska	The head on the Indian penny is not an Indian chief's, but a white girl's.
Researcher, Baltimore	General Forrest never said "fustest with the mostest." He said, "first with the most."
Aviator, Washington, D. C.	Crows fly crookedly, never in a straight line.
Explorer, Portland, Oregon	There are no ice igloos in Alaska.
Psychologist, Colgate University	The eyes of deceitful people are less shifty than those of honest persons.

—W. E. Farbstein

1 *Girl:* I think this "Platter Party" idea is super! But why does your crowd always meet at Betty's?
Boy: Wait'll you hear their phonograph—that's something special.

2 *Boy:* Listen to that—even at low volume you can't hear a whisper of needle scratch!
Girl: That *is* super! I'm going to tell daddy about this.

3 *Boy:* Get that trumpet—that's solid.
Girl: It really sends you! Sounds as if we were right there. Hope we get a Crosley at our house—then I can dig a "Platter Party" too!



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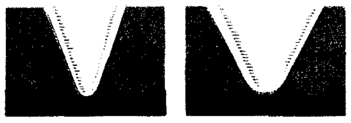
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Jenny Wingate

Continued from page 21

they got their own supper and took it out on trays to the den or the garden. Now it seemed to her just another of the things she had destroyed.

She stopped in the kitchen passage to listen, to see if her father was home. She couldn't hear him, but everybody had been quiet in the house lately. Even the house itself sounded dead and empty where it had always pulsed with life and gaiety. She went through the dining room and out into the den. Her father might be there. But he wasn't. It was Tommy, just sitting motionless by himself. He looked so young and bruised, his mouth turned down at the corners and his eyes dull and unhappy, that Jenny hesitated, then started to turn back. Tommy didn't look at her. He always kept his eyes the other way, even at the table, so he wouldn't have to meet hers.

He stood up. "I gotta do my homework," he mumbled. He got as far as the dining-room door, knocking against the table and hitting a chair leg on the way, and stopped.

"Jen." His face was a dull, painful red as he stood, his hands stuck down in his pockets.

Jenny bit her lip to keep it from trembling and blinked to keep back the quick tears that sprouted along her eyelids. It was the first time he had spoken to her but his dumb, silent misery was much harder to bear than Anne's white-lipped fury.

"Aw, don't, Jen." He came back and flopped down on the sofa and sat, poking at the worn place in the rug with the toe of his shoe. "I mean, gosh, Jenny . . . there's . . . there's just one thing I don't get. I mean for gosh sakes, Jenny, you didn't love that guy, did you?" He was suddenly articulate, blurting it all out in a disordered rush of words. "I mean, after Steve. I don't see how you could fall for another guy so quick, Jenny. You weren't that crazy, were you, Jen?"

Jenny couldn't speak to answer him. She just sat dumbly shaking her head. Tommy edged awkwardly a little closer to her along the sofa.

"I mean I could get it all right, Jen, if you were just all balled up on account of Steve, and everything just went haywire all of a sudden . . . Was . . . was that it, Jenny?"

Jenny nodded her head. She couldn't look at him but she knew what he looked like with his face all tied up in unhappy knots and his eyes, like a hurt spaniel's, pleading with her.

"Aw, gee, Jenny." He edged over closer and put his arm gingerly around her. "It isn't so tough if that was it. Don't cry, Jenny. Come on . . . come on down and let's play something. I don't care what anybody thinks. Aw, gee! Jen. Don't cry."

Jenny turned her head quickly and pressed it hard against his collarbone.

"Thanks, Tommy. Thanks . . . ever so much."

TOMMY nuzzled his face around on the top of her head, feeling awkward, not used to the role of comforting angel.

"Hey, don't, Jen. You're getting me all wet," he said unsteadily. He pushed her away, sniffling a little himself. "Go on up and wash your face before Ma and Annie come down."

Jenny got blindly out of the den and ran upstairs to her own door. Tommy didn't care what anybody thought. That meant people were saying things he couldn't help but hear and it wasn't fair to him when he loved her as he did. She hadn't any right to hurt him like that. She started into her room and stopped.

Anne's door was open. Jenny could see the pillow in the middle of the bed, crushed down where she'd been lying with her face buried in it, all gray where she had been crying again. She was in Helen's room now. The door was ajar and Jenny heard her voice, desperate and passionate.

"I won't lie to Kip . . . but, oh, Mother, I don't see how I can tell him! I could die! Oh, I hate her, Mother, I hate her! How could she, Mother!"

Jenny went into her own room and closed the door quietly. She sat on the bench in front of the dressing table with its white organdy flounces and stared blindly into the triple mirror. . . .

Tommy took Jenny's supper tray out to the den for her, sat beside her on the sofa while they ate and, when they were through, took the tray out to the pantry again for her. His behavior was something so totally new that Helen Wingate watched him, surprised and a little disturbed. She couldn't figure out what had happened. It wasn't only the tray. It was a sudden protective belligerence that was fine as long as it didn't give them a lot more trouble—they already had plenty.

She waited now until the two of them were out in the pantry washing up the dishes.

"I don't know what's got into Tommy," she said looking over at her husband.

"It's the way it ought to be," he answered quietly. "I'm glad he's snapped to."

"So am I unless it means he's going around with a large chip on his shoulder. He nearly came to blows with Anne before you came in—and over nothing at all."

She looked up at the clock on the mantelpiece. "If you're going to take him to the movies, I think you'd better start, Tom. I don't want him around here when Kip comes. It's going to be hard enough as it is. *Whatever* am I going to say to him, Tom!"

She closed her eyes a moment and opened them again. "Tom, we've simply *got* to send Tommy away to school this fall. But if Anne doesn't marry Kip . . ."

JENNY stayed out in the kitchen after Tommy left for the movie with her father. Her mother and Anne were in the den. She folded the dish towels and hung them on the rack over the sink, watching the electric clock on the wall above the icebox. Kip Rogers was coming on the train from Landover. It got in at 8:25. At twenty minutes past eight she went upstairs, got her jacket and slipped down the back stairs and out the side door. It was dark and fragrant in the garden. The moon sifted its pallid light through a nimbus of fleecy clouds, making the tin-hipped roof of the Actons' garage shine as if it were wet.

Jenny's hand closed on the key to Alice Acton's small car; she had driven it to the market for Alice that afternoon with some produce from the farm, and had formulated her plan during the trip. No one would think of looking for her in the garage until it was too late. It seemed easy now, easier to go out that way than to continue hurting all of them, lying, making everyone else lie for her. All she had to do was go in the side door and close it. The big doors were already closed, and the tank was full of gas which was kept for use about the farm. It wouldn't take very long.

She glanced over toward Alice's house, and stood there for a few moments, then moved slowly around toward the front of her own house. She had to see Kip first and tell him, so Anne wouldn't have to, or her mother. She had to make him see that there wouldn't be any disgrace. . . .

The train's long nostalgic hoo-hoo-hoo floated across the night. It had come and gone; the whistle was for the bend out beyond the river. Jenny looked at the front door and hurried down the walk to the hedge. At any other time Anne would have been out on the porch waiting. She stopped in the shadow of the hedge, her hand still in her pocket gripping the leather folder with the car keys in it.

Two yellow blurs of light rounded the corner at the end of the block past Alice Acton's house. It would be Kip's taxi. In a minute . . . but the car swerved over to the wrong side of the street and drew up in front of the Prestons' house. Jenny slipped quickly behind the hedge inside the garden. Charlotte and her mother were home. As they got out of the taxi, she could see Charlotte's shiny hair and hear her voice, dripping with honey. Then she saw Kip Rogers. Her heart sank uncontrollably as she realized that he must have come down from Landover on the train with them.

"Thanks for the lift, Kip. You were sweet."

He was paying the driver, and then he was

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taking Charlotte's and her mother's bags up to the porch. Jenny waited breathlessly. He came down, hurrying, as the taxi moved away, and strode across the street. Charlotte was still in the doorway looking back at him, but just as he got to the sidewalk, she went inside. Jenny stepped out from the shadow of the hedge.

"Kip."

"Oh, hi, Jenny. Listen, what in hell goes on—"

"Ssh—don't make so much noise. Come over here and sit down—I want to talk to you for a minute."

"How's Anne?" he demanded urgently. "And what the hell gives? What's the matter?"

He put his bag down on the grass and followed her over to the iron seat by the sun dial in Alice Acton's garden.

"Listen, Kip," she said. "It's me."

Her eyes, accustomed to the dark, could see his face, bewildered and uncomprehending. His uniform was crumpled and travel-worn.

"You?" He sat down beside her, confused and surprised, and his hand shook a little as he took out a cigarette and lighted it.

"Me," Jenny said quietly. "I'm going to have a baby."

His lighter, halfway to the tip of the cigarette, stopped, and the flame went out. He lit it again and held it to the cigarette.

"Or did Charlotte tell you?"

"She said they'd heard you and Bill Acton—"

"That isn't true," Jenny said.

When he put the cigarette in his lips the light was out, and he threw it down on the grass.

"Oh," he said.

"That's what's the matter."

He was silent for a moment. Then he said, "What's it got to do with Anne and me? I mean, I'm sorry, Jenny, but so what?"

She looked at him blankly. It was not what she had expected him to say, and she couldn't think of anything to say in return.

"I mean, it's too bad, Jenny, and all that, but it's Anne I'm concerned with, right now. What does she mean, 'false pretenses'?"

Jenny swallowed and moistened her lips. Somehow he didn't seem to be able to understand . . . or she didn't. It was a kind of ghastly anticlimax after a week of agonizing tragedy.

"I mean, is that what it's all about? She isn't fool enough to think it would make any difference to her and me . . ."

"It's your parents, Kip."

He put his head in his hands. "Oh, for Pete's sake. Here I've been in hell for the last three days, thinking she didn't love me any more. Good Lord, she's not marrying my parents. And what business is it of theirs, anyway? I mean, what is this, New England in 1800?"

HE PULLED out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead. "Isn't there any way out, Jenny?"

"No."

"So you're going to have it."

She nodded.

"Then that story about Bill . . . is that . . ."

"That was Aunt Alice's idea, to cover it up. Because Charlotte knows . . ."

"Okay, then, what the hell!" Kip said. "If that's our story, we start sticking to it. It's a good story. I didn't know there were women that decent in the world, myself."

He wiped his forehead off again and took a deep breath. "I've sure been on the hot seat." He sat there for a moment, then took her hand and gripped it tightly.

"It's a tough role, old girl. And it's a rotten shame. But buck up. You're not the only one it's happened to. You've got friends, Jenny, and you're going to have an extra brother this time next week. We'll just cram it down their throats and make 'em like it. The hell with all of them—including the Rogerses. What they don't know doesn't hurt them."

He put his arm around her shoulders for an instant, then got up. "Where's Anne?"

"In the house," Jenny said mechanically. "I guess I don't have to knock."

She shook her head. He was gone so fast that she watched him, thinking he'd trip over something and break his neck, but he got to the porch steps and cleared them in a jump. The door opened and slammed shut. She sat there on the iron bench fingering the keys to the Actons' car, but they were nothing but keys now. It seemed silly to think she had thought of them as anything else. Maybe, she thought, Charlotte doesn't really know after all. And somehow, after Kip, it didn't matter so much whether she did or not. Charlotte couldn't really hurt her now. But even as she thought it, she shivered a little, suddenly cold without knowing why she should be.

BUT Charlotte did know. There was never any doubt in Jenny's mind after the first time she saw her. Yet, for some reason she could not make out, Charlotte was keeping it quietly to herself, and this itself disturbed and frightened Jenny when she thought about it alone at night. Once when Anne came home for a week in the middle of July after Kip had gone with the general to London on staff duty they had talked about it, she and Jenny.

"Maybe the pot doesn't dare to call the kettle black, sweetie," Anne said. "Or maybe her father has pointed out that she doesn't dare to call Alice Acton a liar. Her father does an awful lot of business for the Actons."

But when Anne went back to Cleveland Jenny wasn't so confident that that was it. Charlotte still came over once in a while but not so often. One hundred and seventy-eight of Jenny's two hundred and eighty days were gone, and she did not go out a great deal any more. When Charlotte came in, bland and sweet, only an occasional glance, a covert smile or a half-veiled reference to Bill or to Rick Hadley would make the danger signals fly sharply in Jenny's mind.

Charlotte never told her what people were saying any more. Whatever they were saying, Jenny never heard it. Sometimes she thought her father and mother must, and she knew Tommy had before he went away to school. The day of Anne's wedding he had come in, sullen and sultry-eyed, his lips cut and his clothes blood-stained. Whom he had fought with or why, they never discovered, but Charlotte's brother, Bobby Preston, had a black eye and a broken nose and couldn't go to the closing exercises at school three days later. There were other times, too, but when vacation came it wasn't so bad, because Tommy worked six days a week at the Acton farm and on Sunday he was too tired and too busy sleeping to fight with anybody.

And no one ever told either Alice Acton or the Wingates about the scene at the Surgical Dressing Unit Meeting on the first Monday in October. The Unit met around the big table in the Welfare Board room in the Acton Building on the square, with Mrs. Jacob Reynolds in charge.

"Mrs. Wingate . . . where is Helen?" The secretary looked up from checking the list of members.

"She had to take Jenny to Landover for a checkup," Mrs. Reynolds said.

"They couldn't have a local doctor, I suppose," someone said.

"I think Alice wanted the very best medical care available, dear," Mrs. Reynolds said.

The rector's wife asked, "When does it arrive? Does anybody know?"

"Early December," Frances Reynolds said. "Now if you'll be more careful, girls. Last week's dressings were sent back, all of them."

"You know, I've never understood why Alice waited so long to tell people about Bill and Jenny," Mrs. Robert Preston remarked. "It's always seemed remarkably strange to me."

Mrs. Reynolds' nostrils flared for an instant. She began handing out her materials.

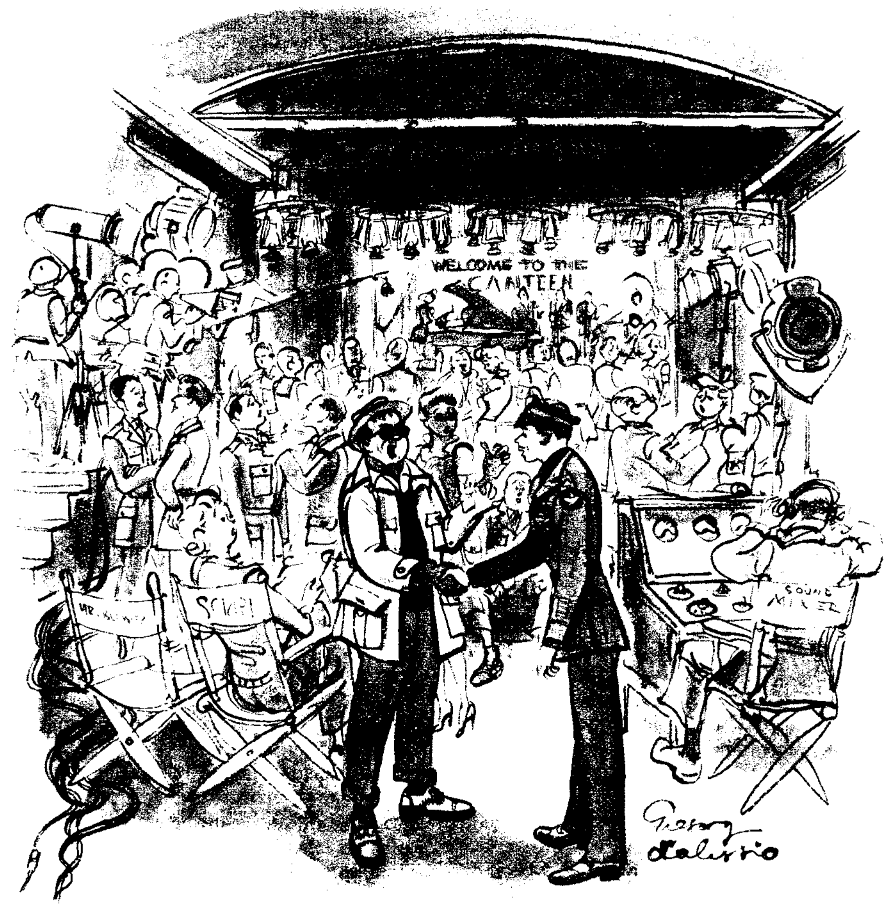
"It's Bill and Jenny I don't understand," someone put in. "He was so *painfully* shy. And Jenny was supposed to be so mad about poor Steve Dillon."

"Then there was that very attractive Lieutenant Hadley, you know," Adelaide Preston said. "He was interested in Charlotte, but I didn't like his type, myself. But of course I'm sure Alice would never have . . ."

Mrs. Jacob Reynolds stopped handing out rolls of cotton and sticks for swabs abruptly. She had one gray eye that under stress looked off at an oblique angle. It was looking that way now, and the other was fixed on Mrs. Robert Preston.

"If I remember correctly, Adelaide, you did everything you possibly could, short of actual physical force, to get Lieutenant Hadley interested in Charlotte. And not only Lieutenant Hadley but Kip Rogers too, Adelaide. Now if you are trying to say that there has been anything *untoward*—and I

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Back for good, Major? Swell! Now hop into a private's uniform and get in this scene!"

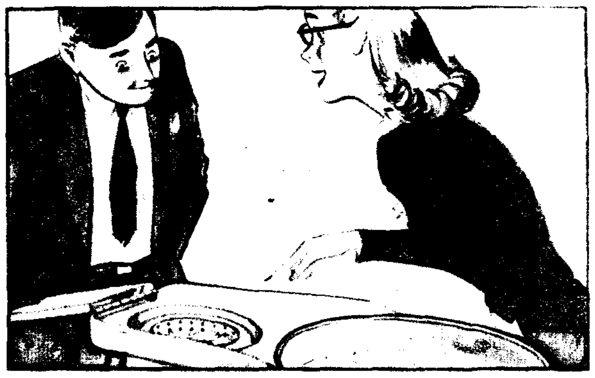
COLLIER'S

"Another love has come into my life, Cedric!"

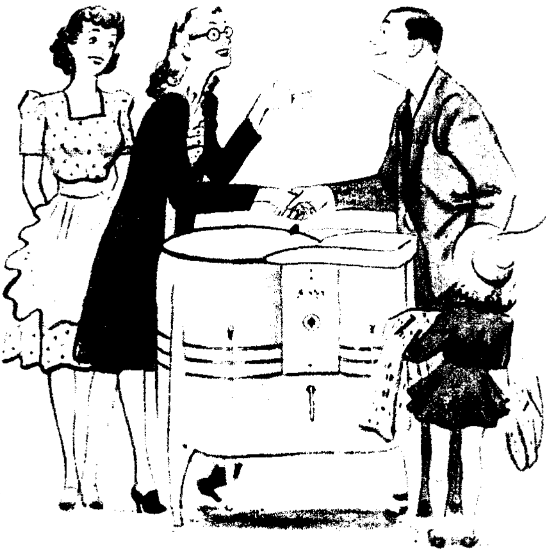
A page of Women in Love
EASY

1 Boy, does she give me a turn! It's hard to believe she could fall for another *man*, but—"What is this?" I ask. Well, you know Daphne. She just turns on her most annoying smile, and leads me across the street to the Wheelers. "Here," she says, "my new love. I'm mad about it!" And of all things. It's their Easy washing machine!

2 "Since when are you in love with washing?" I ask. "I'm not," she says, "that's why I want an Easy Spindrier. It gets their whole week's wash done in less than one hour, Mrs. Wheeler says. If anybody can take the drudgery out of washday, Easy can. They've specialized in washing for 68 years!"



3 "See this extra tub?" she says. "It *spins* the first load damp dry while the second load is washing. And gentle? Mrs. Wheeler's blankets fluff up like new. She doesn't even dread spring cleaning because she can trust the Spindrier with her best drapes and slip covers. It whirls out up to 25% more water than old methods with no hard creases or broken buttons!"



4 "It sure makes sense to me!" I'm forced to admit. "If there's anything I hate, it's to see you always messing around with washing. I'm for *anything* that gets it done *faster* so you can spend more time with me and the kids." I end up agreeing a Spindrier is our *first* post-war buy and what do you think? *She* agrees to stop calling me Cedric!

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SPECIALISTS FOR 68 YEARS

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1

"It's Bill! He's home on leave... hooray!

"Oh, Janie, what fun! What'll you wear?"

2

"This calls for something special —and me with my last cent spent!"

"But what about your private piggy bank—the 'Secret Hideaway' in your Lady Buxton?"

3

"Thanks for reminding me, Sally! Eureka! There's enough to get a dream of a date dress, and have my hair done, too!"

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It's easy to save for a rainy day in Lady Buxton's "Secret Hideaway"—hidden pocket made by inverting the separate inner fold, open side down. You're not rash with cash when you don't see it! Nine different compartments provide a complete "pocket file"—a place for everything from keys to license. But even though you load it down, a *special patented construction* lets Lady Buxton keep its trim shape practically forever! All styles have an easily removable "Magic Purse," too!

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think that's a very kind way for me to put it, my dear, then I wish to say that not only I, but every other woman at this table would resent it very much."

Mrs. Reynolds' long upper lip was tightly drawn down over her lower one for a grim and acid moment and her good eye glared from one face to another around the table.

"Any woman who's fit to call herself a woman, is perhaps what I should say."

She paused a moment.

"I've known all of you here for a long time. Some of you since you were children. I should like to remind everyone—and out of my own knowledge, I might add—that there are very few houses in Fairfield that one can afford, on one ground or another, to throw stones in. I think also, if you'll allow me to say so, that there are still laws that protect one against slander and libel. And now if you please, ladies, we'll turn our attention to the swabs we're supposed to be making, and if you're allergic to cotton, Lucy, perhaps you'd like to move over to the other table and continue with the four-by-fours."

TWO hundred and sixty-four days were gone, only sixteen were left. It was Thanksgiving Day, and at half-past five Tom Wingate hurried across the lobby of the Fairfield and through the arcade to the annex where the Fairfield Men's Club had its rooms. It was a yearly occasion when the members gathered to get the football scores, and sat in peace and quiet, away from the little woman and the kids and visiting female relatives, with the drinks on the House Committee. As treasurer of the Club Tom had to show up for at least half an hour or so, but he wanted to get away as soon as possible. Jenny was at home and Maggie was staying with her until he got back. Helen and Tommy, home for the holiday, had gone out to a big house party at the farm that Alice was giving for the teen-aged crowd . . . for Tommy especially, because it was awkward having his friends around the house when Jenny looked so fragile and finely drawn. They were all worried about her. Meanwhile he wanted to get to the Club lounge and make the rounds and get back to her as quickly as he could. It disturbed him to have to leave her at all.

He put his hat and overcoat in the cloakroom and went through the passage into the Club rooms, which were already well filled. The radio was blaring about Navy, Army, Notre Dame, and the cheers of various alumni were drowning out other scores that other alumni were straining their ears to hear. Tom stopped by the door to speak to a group of Army officers, guests of the Club. As he left them and made his way toward the bar he saw Big Steve Dillon.

It gave him a funny sort of feeling. Somehow, and in spite of both of them, their old relationship had changed. They still met in the course of the business day and at the draft board on Saturday afternoon but they both found it easier not to try to talk. Big Steve must know about Jenny but they never mentioned her and they had never mentioned Steve but once after he was reported lost. It was all too bad because they had been such close friends for so long.

As Tom passed the group at the table Big Steve got up. He wasn't very steady on his underpinning.

"Hey, Tom."

Tom stopped. "Hello, Big Steve," he said. "How's everything?"

He waited while Big Steve made his way around the crowd. It was the first time he remembered seeing Big Steve at the Club for a long time. In spite of the fact the governors had made him a life member, paid up, Elizabeth thought it was a luxury they could do without and Big Steve seldom came.

"Want to talk to you, Tom." He put an unsteady hand on Tom's shoulder. "Got a minute, Tom? 'S private and confidential. I've had a drink, Tom, but that's all right. Is that all right, Tom?"

"Sure, it's all right with me, Big Steve," Tom laughed. "I'm going to have one myself in a minute."

Big Steve took hold of his arm. "Where'll we go, Tom? Wh'ever you say's okay with me."

Tom glanced through the green door at his left. The steward's office was empty. "Let's go in here."

"Okay, Tom."

They went in. Tom closed the door, and Big Steve looked around him with elaborate caution. Then he said: "You always been a friend of mine, Tom. I've gotta tell you, Tom."

"All right, old man. Pull yourself together. What's up?"

Big Steve steadied himself against the desk. As Tom waited for him to speak, something suddenly seemed to be going wrong with his face. He kept working it around, blinking his eyes, and trying to make his mouth move to say something.

"What's the matter, old man?" Tom asked gently.

Big Steve made a desperate effort to control himself. "It's Steve, Tom! It's—it's Little Steve. He's—he's okay, Tom, he's okay. I'm telling you, Tom. Can't you understand? It's Steve. He's alive. He's okay. Oh God, Tom, he's alive. He's coming back to us, Tom!"

He slumped down into the chair at the side of the desk and put his head down on his arms. "He's okay." He kept repeating it, again and again, through the sobs shaking his small body.

After a moment he raised his head, quite sober now. "I knew you'd be glad, Tom. Just go 'way and leave me, will you, boy? I guess I'm making a damn' fool of myself. So get out, will you, Tom, before I go to pieces again."

He got up. "I just wanted you to know, Tom. We got a wire from the Marine Corps this morning. They're sending him back for a while. He's going to be back here, Tom. Here, Tom, have a cigar."

He fumbled in his vest pocket, and his hand shook as he passed over a battered cigar. Tom Wingate took it, then put his hand on the little man's shoulder.

"You know I'm glad, Big Steve." It was all he was able to say.

"Sure, Tom. I knew you would be. That's why I wanted to tell you."

He fumbled in his pocket for a match. "And Tom. Don't pay any attention to the women. You know what women are like." He hesitated a moment. "I just wanted to let you know how I look at it, Tom," he said.

He held the match to his cigar and blew out a cloud of smoke. "I just thought maybe you'd . . . you'd like to tell Jenny, Tom. Now get out of here, will you? And shut the door, boy. I just thought Jenny would like to know, Tom."

Tom heard the radio blaring about California and Washington, first quarter, heard the mumbled undercurrent of voices in the bar. He went along the passage, got his hat and coat and slipped out the side door. He had to get home, quick. A taxi was just letting out a load of officers at the annex door. Tom Wingate jumped in and gave his address.

"And make it snappy, will you?"

The driver glanced back at him. "Okay, buddy."

THE tires screeched as the car careened around the bend in the drive. Tom Wingate tried to think. One thing he knew without having to think—they were not going to tell Jenny—if he could get home before anybody else had a chance. This was news that wouldn't take long to get around, but it was a shock that they were going to keep from her until after the eleventh of December when the baby was due. And how to do it, he wondered. It was a small town, news traveled fast. They'd have to get her away or somebody would tell her. He should have let Alice Acton take her to New York for the last month as she had suggested. Helen had thought it a good idea, too, but he wanted her at home until they took her over to the Medical Center in Landover a couple of days before the baby was to come. He could not stop feeling frightened at the idea of letting her out of his sight.

The taxi drew up in front of a car parked at the curb, but Tom Wingate did not notice it. He tossed the driver a dollar bill, slammed the door behind him and ran up the steps. He stopped for one moment with his hand on the doorknob to collect himself, then opened the door and stepped into the hall. He came to an abrupt stop, his heart in the pit of his stomach, and steadied himself with one hand against the wall.

"She knows."

He whispered the words, numb and sick at heart, too paralyzed for an instant to do anything but stand there. But how? Who could have been so cruel as to tell her? The instant he had opened the door he knew she had been told. A quiet, urgent voice was coming through the open doors from the telephone in the kitchen passage. It was Dr. Copeland. Some of the words were lost, others were clear. Ambulance . . . their own house address . . . at once. Dr. Evans to assist . . . premature . . . labor induced by emotional shock . . . right away . . . hurry.

Dr. Copeland came out, his square, powerful face set in heavy lines. He nodded curtly at Tom, motioned toward the door of the den and went on in.

TOM WINGATE had prayed before in his life, but no prayer had been more profoundly or more deeply earnest in his heart than the one beating in it now. He dropped his hat and coat and followed the doctor, pushing the door open slowly—

"Everything's fine, Tom—take it easy," Dr. Copeland said. "We've been trying to get hold of you."

Jenny was trying to smile at him, trying in her desperate anguish to reassure him. Her face was deathly pale and her lips drawn and gray.

"You'll be all right, Jenny," Tom heard himself saying. His hands were clammy and shaking as he went over to the sofa and took hers.

"Just be quiet, Tom," Dr. Copeland said. "We're getting her to the hospital at once. I've got a room. You're going to be all right, Jenny. You're scared, that's all. Just be as quiet as you can."

Jenny's hand closed on her father's with a convulsive agony. Dr. Copeland looked at his watch. Tom was aware of the tension easing as the long low wail of the siren sounded in the distance.

Dr. Copeland put his watch back in his pocket. "Go see if Maggie's got her bag ready, Tom."

"Oh, no, Daddy! Don't, Daddy! Please don't leave me!"

"She's coming," Dr. Copeland said. He stood up, looking over toward the corner of the room. A sudden spasm of anger contracted his face, and his eyes blazed with an instant's castigating fury. Tom looked around quickly.

Charlotte Preston was there, huddled in silent, abject terror by the window. Her face was white, her eyes wild and staring. She crouched farther back in the chair and raised her hand to her mouth as her eyes met Tom Wingate's. She might never have seen murder in a man's face before, but she saw it then.

"Get out of here," Tom Wingate whispered. His voice was so shaken that it was hardly audible.

"She can stay till we leave," Dr. Copeland said deliberately. "Here are the men. Just take it easy, Jenny girl. Out of the way, Tom."

Jenny clung to her father in sudden terror. "Oh, don't leave me, Daddy! Oh, please?"

"I won't, Jenny," he said.

Maggie was in the door, her hat and coat on, Jenny's bag in one hand. In the other she held Tom's hat and overcoat. He took them and put them on. Charlotte was still cowering in her chair as the men lifted Jenny onto the stretcher. Tom Wingate closed his eyes for an instant. He had never known the human heart could burn with such intensity of anger and of love.

"Daddy!"

"I'm coming, Jenny." . . .

Tom's secretary came into the inner office. "Can you see Dr. Copeland, Mr. Wingate?"

The doctor's gruff voice cut her off. His rugged figure was already in the door. "Don't be a fool," he said. "And get out."

The secretary smiled, picked up the papers in the out-basket and closed the door behind her.

Dr. Copeland put his worn bag down on the desk and sat down. "Jenny's all right and the baby's fine," he said.

Tom relaxed, not aware until then that he had tightened up the instant he heard the doctor's name.

"I've been around to the house to see her. The baby's coming home tomorrow. She's done a good job, up to this point. I've just been giving her hell."

Tom took his pipe out of his pocket. "It seems to me she's had hell enough already," he said.

He was remembering too sharply her white listless face and her fixed gray eyes staring at him from the pillow in the barren hospital room. He thought of the tiny tree he and Helen and Anne and Tommy and Alice Acton had taken to her Christmas morning, and the heartbreaking effort she had made to be interested in it. It seemed to him they were back where they had been in February and March and April. Jenny was silent and withdrawn again. The three or four times he had tried to talk to her about Steve Dillon had met no response of any kind; she had just turned her head away and said, "Don't, Daddy, please." If she could only tell him what was going on inside her, if he only knew what Charlotte had said to her before he got there Thanksgiving afternoon! But she had been silent about that too, when he tried to ask about it.

"There are different kinds of hells," Dr. Copeland said. "Everybody's got his own private assortment. I'm sorry you didn't have enough confidence in me to come to me in the first place."

He glowered across the desk at Tom. "I'm just horse-and-buggy," he said. "I'd have given her the devil but I'd have given her some moral preparation. I don't ask for my patients' marriage licenses even if I've brought them into the world like Jenny. So far as I'm concerned she's Mrs. William Acton and the baby's not going to be branded all her life as an illegitimate child. If I perjured myself, I don't want to know it."

Tom was silent.

"But Jenny's got to pull up her socks," Dr. Copeland went on, his voice brusque. "If that little Preston brat hadn't bludgeoned her, and the baby had come normally, she'd have had enough to take her mind off Steve taking care of it. And that's what you've got to see she does. No nurses—and no grandmothers. It's her job. She's strong enough, and that's what she needs. I've told her that and I've told Helen too. I'll tell Alice when I see her."

He hesitated for an instant. "Steve's on his way home."

Tom nodded. "I know." He knew because the Chamber of Commerce and the War Bond Sales Committee were arranging a welcome, complete with flags flying, with speeches and a parade of troops from McNair, the local Boy Scouts and the Motor Corps. They had talked about it at the weekly lunch that noon. He was planning to get home early to tell Jenny before it came out in the evening paper.

"I told her," Dr. Copeland said bluntly, as if he knew what Tom Wingate was thinking. "It's time you quit treating her like a child. That's what I came in to tell you now. Let her stand on her own two feet."

He got to his feet and picked up his bag. "I mean what I say. And don't let her go in for all this modern hogwash about not spoiling the baby. Let her love it. Both of them are going to need all the comfort they can get."

He stopped at the door. "Elizabeth and Big Steve have gone to Chicago to meet him. They took Charlotte with them. That's fine. The poor devil . . . but I hope Elizabeth sticks her down his throat until he gags . . ."

HE'S coming back. Jenny Wingate thought. Steve's coming back. For days her pulse beat it out, endlessly, monotonously. It was a slow, dull beat too numb for pain. He's coming back . . . he's coming back. For days and weeks it sounded in her ears, dragging by leaden-footed, until suddenly the whole town was in a frenzy of excitement and every paper she picked up had his picture in it. "Hero Returns." "Fairfield's

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AGENCY PAPER CO., New York 13, N.Y.

"Son, Four Times Decorated, Returns from South Pacific." She couldn't look at the picture at first. It was taken in the Chicago Station with his mother and Big Steve on his right, and on his left Charlotte Preston holding his arm. Both Charlotte and his mother had orchids on. It was funny she had looked at the orchids when she couldn't look at Steve. And finally she made herself do it. He wasn't smiling the way the rest of them were, and he looked terribly thin. She would hardly have recognized him—he was so thin and changed.

"Fairfield Hero Spends Three Weeks at Mare Island Recuperating," it said in heavy type halfway down the page. She looked back at his face. The picture was a wire photograph and not very clear, not as clear as Charlotte's smiling face or his mother's and father's, not as proud and beaming as theirs.

"The reception committee—the representative of the commanding officer at Camp McNair, the mayor and representatives of the city council and of other civic organizations—will meet the 3:25 train tomorrow afternoon and will proceed to the Post Office Square, where a thousand-dollar war bond, the gift of Fairfield's merchants, will be presented to Fairfield's most distinguished war hero . . ."

THE Landover paper carried another picture, one the photographer had caught of Charlotte kissing Steve as he was setting down his bag. "Denies Romance," it said underneath it. "Charlotte Preston, beauteous red-haired home-town girl, says shyly there's nothing but friendship between her and returning hero. Fairfield boy says he's glad to be home again. Looking forward to homemade pie and a good sleep in his own bed. Laughs off ten months in jungle caves, five alone on Jap-occupied island."

Jenny looked at his face again. There was no laughter there that she could see. She wondered dully whether they had told him. She wondered, with nothing but a deep, blank void in her heart, what they had told.

All that day her pulse beat the same monotony . . . he's coming back . . . he's coming back . . . She bathed the baby. It was so small she was afraid her hands would break the tiny arm. Its name was Alice, and yet she could not think of it, somehow, as having a name of its own and as being hers. Its ugly, screwed-up little face got angry red when it cried and the funny crooked legs kicked the oil out of her shaking, unskillful hands when she tried to rub it on. It didn't seem like anything that belonged to her. And all the time her pulse beat . . . he's coming back . . . he's coming back.

She took the three-o'clock bottle upstairs. The baby was still asleep. She stood looking down at it, the bottle in her hand, and turned when she heard the nursery door opened. It was Alice Acton.

"Hello, darling."

"Hello, Aunt Alice," Jenny said.

"Why don't you let Maggie give Allie her bath and you and I go down and see the parade?" Alice asked calmly.

Jenny shook her head, put the bottle on the dresser and unpinned the blankets. It was the wabbly little head that frightened her most. She was terrified for fear it was simply going to drop off when she picked the baby up.

Alice watched her. She never knew whether to laugh or cry when she saw her touch it so gingerly.

"It won't break, dear," she said. "You'd be surprised how tough the little beasts really are. Here—let me do it."

Jenny shook her head again. "It's my job. Why don't you go down and . . . and see the parade?"

Alice shook her head. "I don't like parades. And I don't imagine Steve does, frankly. Unless he's changed."

Jenny sat down with the baby in her arms and put the bottle to its mouth. One tiny hand clung firmly to her little finger.

"They're funny, aren't they?" she said.

Alice Acton nodded. "Look, Jenny," she said. "What are you going to do? Steve's home. Are you just not going to see him?"

Jenny's dark head was bent over the child in her arms. She did not answer for several moments.

"I'd like to go away," she said at last. "Anne's back in Cleveland. She says I can bring the . . . the baby and stay with her. I'd like to have gone before, but Doctor Copeland says it's too small to move."

"You can leave her with me," Alice said. "I'd love her over there. I really would."

Jenny shook her head again. "No, Aunt Alice. Thanks . . . but I . . . I brought her here and I'm not going to ditch her. Just sometimes . . . today I guess was the first time really . . . I sort of feel so darned sorry for her. She's so helpless, isn't she?"

"Yes," Alice Acton said. "She's very helpless, Jenny."

"I'd like to go away. I don't want to see Steve."

She put the empty bottle on the table, lifted the baby cautiously to her shoulder and patted her back. Then she put her back in the bassinet, young hands and lonely young heart learning slowly.

"You know," she said, "I remember thinking, a long time ago, when . . . when it first began, that Steve would have understood. It's funny, isn't it? As long as he was . . . well, nowhere and everywhere . . . Do you remember a poem—I forget who wrote it but we had it in school—about rolled around in earth's diurnal course, of rocks and trees and wood . . . Well, that's sort of how I thought about Steve. I mean he was somewhere all around me, and he understood. But as soon as he was here again, alive, I . . . I saw how crazy I was. He's just the one who . . . who couldn't understand."

She looked down at the baby again and adjusted the blanket. Then she put the window up a little and stood there for a moment to see if the January air would be too cold.

"Kip could understand," she said, "because it wasn't Anne. If it had been Anne he wouldn't have been so . . . understanding, I guess."

"I'm afraid you're probably right about that, Jenny," Alice said. "I'm . . . glad you see it."

"Of course, he might have forgotten about me, anyway," Jenny said. "I know he'd had a lot of girls he beaued around. I was probably what they call war psychosis with him anyway. It could have been somebody else just as easy. Probably if I hadn't been so . . . so starry-eyed about him he'd never have noticed me."

"That doesn't make sense, darling."

"I think it does," Jenny said quietly. "I've had a lot of time to think. And you know, the one thing now that upsets me most is that . . . that I don't want him to get home and have people saying, 'Remember Jenny?' I don't want him to be reminded of something maybe he's forgotten . . . or embarrassed by some kind friend saying anything that might make him feel that if he'd married me, the way I begged him to in spite of Mother and Dad, I wouldn't be in the mess I am. I don't want him ever to have a moment's . . . a moment's distress on my account . . ."

She stopped and raised her head, listening. The train whistling for the bend beyond the river sent out its long melancholy hoo-hoo-hoo. "He's come," she whispered. "He's come." She caught Alice Acton's arm. "Listen—you can hear the band."

They sat there. Through the window opened to give a small baby fresh air came the far-off roar of the shouting crowd and the stirring cadences of the military band from McNair. "He's come," Jenny said.

"Yes. He's come."

"I wonder if he's seen Mother," Jenny said. "She's . . . she's leading the Red Cross Unit in the Fire Department's Ambulance. Poor Mother . . ."

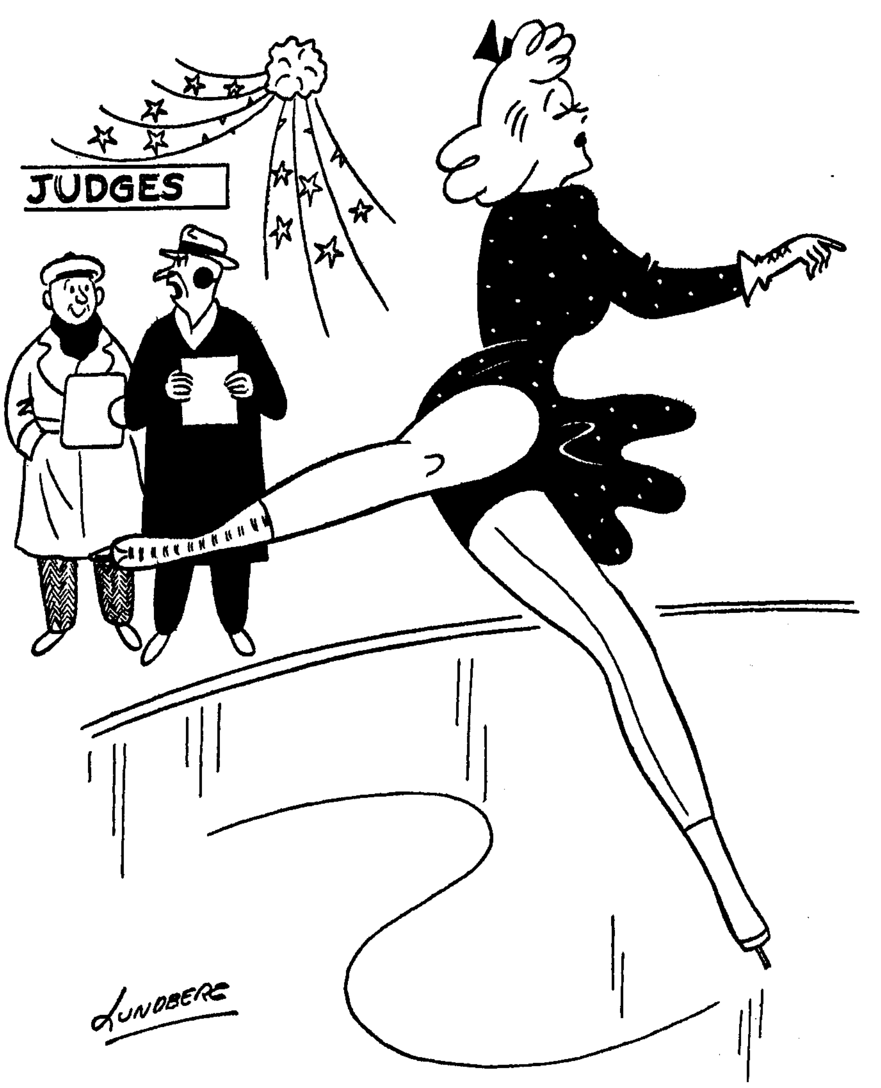
Her voice broke. She put her head down in Alice Acton's lap and began weeping convulsively.

"Oh, I wish I didn't love him so much . . ."

"Hush, darling, you'll wake my grandchild," Alice Acton said gently. "Come along . . . let's go downstairs."

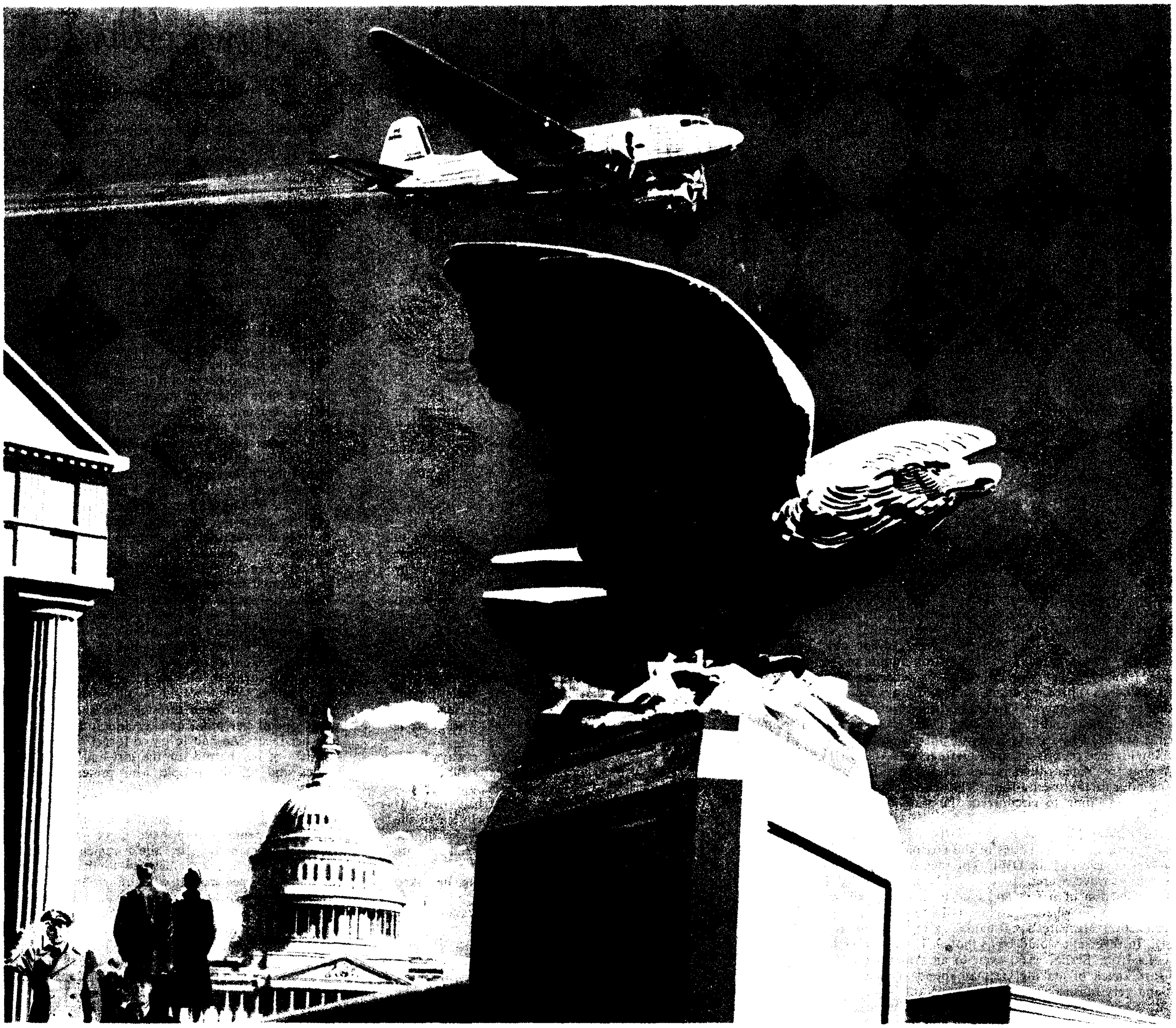
ELIZABETH DILLON sat beside her son on the flag-draped bandstand in the Square. Her boy was home. It was wonderful, and it was wonderful the way all Fairfield had turned out to meet him. A great white banner with his name on it was stretched clear across the front of the Wingate bank;

(Continued on page 68)



"Never mind that. What about the figure she's doing?"

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG



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The airplane at war heralds the world to come. The immensity of the task performed by Army and Navy air transport on the foundation laid by Airline experience and personnel is a clear indication of the part which civilian air transport will play in the nation's postwar future.

Yes, ours is a nation built on speed. And on speed it will continue to thrive, now that the Air Age is undeniably here!

* * *

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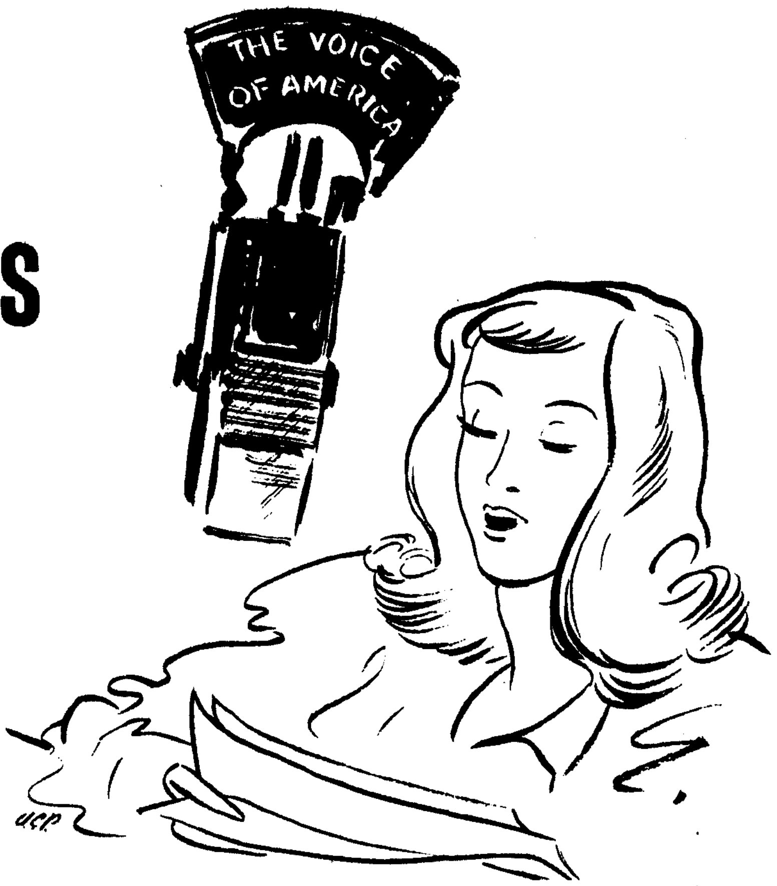
The WEHRMACHT'S YANKEE GIRL FRIEND

BY JOSEF ISRAELS II

The United States now has its own "Tokyo Rose" except that ours beams her platters and patter to the German soldier



J. C. PELLEW

TOKYO ROSE, Axis Sally and a half dozen other glamor girls of the Axis radio are old-time favorites with American troops in both Pacific and Atlantic war theaters. Their excellent recorded American music alternated with hilarious propaganda has delighted our boys. A few weeks ago, the United States presented a daily feminine counterpart prepared for the German Wehrmacht.

For the Germans the "Amerikanische glamor girl" is known only as Margaret. Her daily fifteen-minute program, entitled simply Music with Margaret, is recorded in New York and transmitted by short- and medium-wave stations at times and on frequencies found best for reaching German troops in the field and at rest areas. These hours and wave lengths are fixed by careful study of prisoner interrogations and Intelligence reports of what German soldiers are doing and what frequencies their radios are likely to be tuned to at any hour of the twenty-four. The schedules are changed from time to time to circumvent the watchfulness of the Gestapo.

Music with Margaret is one of the many civilian and military propaganda activities of the German Section in the Overseas Division of the OWI. The identity of Margaret is a closely guarded secret. It took yards of knotty red tape and a collection of passes and escorts to admit this writer to the tiny studio where Margaret talks to "her boys of the Wehrmacht." Margaret's real name is a famous one in Germany. In reverse it would be as though Lana Turner spoke to G.I.s from Berlin. And even to an American, she has the rare knack of making German sound at once a seductive and very musical language.

Margaret's radio personality as well as the material she uses is designed to present her as a naïve, yet serious-minded girl, perhaps in her early twenties. She is quietly astonished and amused at the strange and funny things she hears about life and events in Germany. Secret Nazi reports reveal that she is already noted as the starting point of many of the subtly destructive jokes about Nazi big shots which sweep Germany without ever rising above the whisper level. Her serious news reports and humorous anecdotes about Germany are interspersed with records of American jazz of the sweet type and an occasional schmaltzy number.

Seated at her microphone in a tiny soundproof room deep in the OWI's radio section, Margaret seems a minute human weapon to be aimed at the mighty German fighting forces. Only a bilingual producer and a technician are with her in the studio. She is blue-eyed and fragile. She takes her job with the intense seriousness of a fine actress, heightened by a feeling that she wants to help cleanse her homeland of Hitlerism.

A little buzzer sounds in the control room, and Margaret is on the air.

"Hello, Margaret," says a male announcer's cheery voice from a master record.

"Hello, Mike," answers the girl.

Then a syncopated background theme of Alexander's Ragtime Band plays behind the stock announcement in German: "Here is Music with Margaret especially for you, our friends in the Wehrmacht. And what have you today, Margaret?"

"I have music," she answers, "but also I will tell you of the Wehrmacht what I think as I read the news."

The program isn't audible in this country. A typical Christmas broadcast continues like this: "You know," says Margaret, "the paper had a story about a priest in Germany. He was a priest in one of the liberated cities along the border. He thanked God for his Christmas, for he said it was the freest Christmas his town had seen since the Nazis came to Germany. You know that the Allies carry out their promise of personal freedom for everyone. And now music by Jerome Kern." The disk plays Showboat tunes.

Margaret runs a daily quiz. There are no prizes. Each program asks a memory question of the listening German soldiers. The answer is given the next day. "Who said this?" Margaret asks. " 'Germany is militarily untouchable and economically as secure as in peacetime. Europe could wage a war against us for thirty years without bothering our land.' Now who could have said that? But I'll give you a hint: It was an old Party member. Was it Goebbels, Goering, Hitler himself? Listen tomorrow and I'll tell you." The quote is from a 1940 speech of Von Ribbentrop.

After another musical selection, Margaret, always mild-mannered and rather wondering if this is really funny, tells a typical underground joke: "In Holland a Nazi officer, living with a Dutch family, complained of the bad food. 'If you'd take down that picture of Queen Wilhelmina in the living room,' he told his hosts, 'and put up one of the Fuehrer, you'd eat better.' The housewife agreed and up went Hitler's face in place of the Queen.

"When her husband came home that evening, he asked angrily, 'Who's that picture on the wall?'

" 'Oh,' said the wife, 'that's our new groceryman.' "

No Disguise Will Hide a Nazi

Another one Margaret recently told was about Hitler and Goering preparing for their escape from Germany. The Fuehrer dressed up as an aged man with a long beard. Goering put on woman's clothes. To test the disguises the pair entered a café. Hitler stepped up to the bar and ordered beer in a quavering voice. "Very well, mein Fuehrer," said the flaxen-curled barmaid.

"Ach," said Goering, "she knows you. Let me try. Two beers, please."

"Very well, Herr Reichsmarshal," said the barmaid.

Goering and Hitler were furious. "How did you recognize us?" they thundered.

"Ssh," said the frightened girl. "Be still. Can't you see? I'm Goebbels!"

Often Margaret's music points up her anecdotes. A purported want ad in a Reich paper offering to swap a gold Swastika for a pair of really useful warm boots was followed by Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf? After chiding Goebbels for having been so optimistic as to invest heavily in Suez Canal bonds during the occupation of France, Margaret played My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.

The jokes are mixed in with serious news items of the kind Germans never find in their home papers. Factual accounts of Nazi atrocities play on the knowledge that regular army troops hate the SS and Elite Guard Nazis and their wanton brutality. The facts about Allied victories on both fronts are emphasized. Margaret does all this as a disinterested yet kindly friend of the German fighting man—just his girl friend in America who wants him to know what's really going on and to offer a pleasant quarter-hour's listening.

"Come again tomorrow, won't you?" is Margaret's closing invitation.

The syncopation of Alexander's Ragtime Band fades into the martial beat of Yankee Doodle. An authoritative male voice reiterates the trade mark of a million American programs beamed into enemy lands since the war began: "This is the voice of America." ★★★

Jenny Wingate

Continued from page 66

the band was playing, whistles blowing, motor horns tooting. Mrs. Dillon's cup of pride was overflowing. It was only when she looked at Steve that its ambrosial sweetness turned to sudden bitterness. He was gaunt and saffron-colored and his blue eyes were shuttered, concealing everything he must be thinking as he searched the crowd of faces that packed the Square. He was looking for *her.* He had seen her mother, sitting at the wheel of the Fire Department's big red ambulance, Mrs. Dillon knew, and she felt bitterly about that as well. Tom Wingate had had the decency not to sit on the platform with the other officers of the Chamber of Commerce and Rotary and Kiwanis. His wife might have had the decency to keep out of the limelight, too.

Mrs. Dillon looked at Steve again. His eyes were moving, always moving. . . . A small sliver of doubt was festering in her otherwise iron confidence. Maybe they should have told him the whole story. It was Charlotte's idea not to, because if they did, she said, being sick and in the hospital it would worry him. But Mrs. Dillon understood what Charlotte had meant even if Big Steve didn't when he agreed maybe it was best. She had meant that holding off the truth would give him time to readjust and . . . to forgive. But never, never, never, while she was alive. The bitterness turned to more than gall. Not after the way Jenny came over that afternoon, the way she went out that night to a dance . . . no, not to a dance—to a roadside cottage with another man. Mrs. Dillon's hands trembled in her lap. The way the town had covered her up! Everybody knew she wasn't married to Bill Acton. It was only because everybody liked her parents and because Alice Acton had lied, dragging her own dead son's name in the dirt to save a . . .

Elizabeth Dillon's lips twitched. She had no words to call her what she was. And her son, her Steve, was sitting there deaf to all the acclaim, his eyes searching everywhere. What would he do when he found out? After what he'd been through, the shock . . . She put that out of her mind quickly and forced a smile back on her face. She had to try to forget the corroding bitterness of her hatred for the girl and for all the Wingates and all the people who pretended they didn't know the truth. . . .

STEVE DILLON sat on the flag-draped bandstand. Surely Jenny would have come—even if she had married somebody else, she'd remember, and come. Only his outward ears listened to the tripe being put forth in the speeches. It was strange how little meaning they had, how little everyone knew about the war really, how little it actually meant to them. They talked about foxholes as if they were furnished with twin beds and a bath and icebox. They all, all of them, reminded Steve of the old spiritual: Everybody talk about Heaven ain't goin' there . . . only this was Everybody talk about war ain't been there. . . .

But as he looked at his mother and his father, he found himself trying to keep the bitter twist out of the grin on his mouth. They were pathetic, especially his father, who kept blowing his nose as if the clear winter atmosphere was saturated with rose pollen. He looked at Mrs. Wingate, sitting erect behind the wheel of the ambulance. She didn't look as though she were seeing anything at all, the way she kept her eyes fixed straight ahead of her.

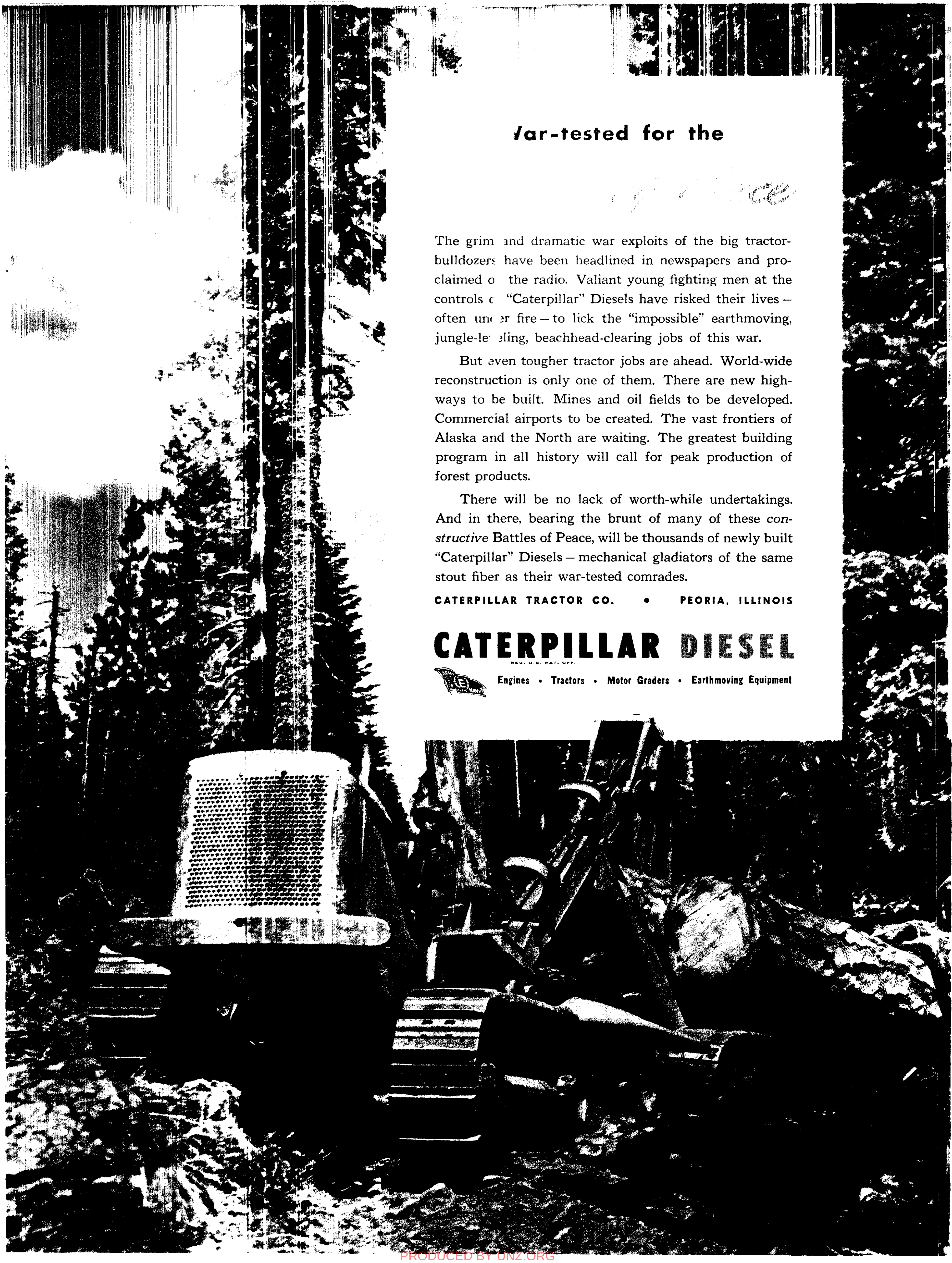
"What the hell," he thought. "Jenny didn't come, so what?"

But his eyes kept on searching. It was his own fault. He should have come right out when they met him in Chicago, his mother and father and Charlotte (and why the devil had they brought her along?), come right out and asked them then. Instead, he had listened to all the gossip, everything about everybody he didn't give a damn about, waiting for them to say something about Jenny. But they didn't; they never mentioned her name. He guessed they were afraid he'd be hurt. But he wouldn't have been, he'd been through all of that at Mare Island.

It was a funny damn' thing and the hollow where the bottom of his stomach should have been got deeper and emptier as he thought about it. All the letters he'd tried to write to Jenny telling her he was back. And the nurse, a slick little blond chick, bringing him a pound of writing paper one morning that she'd bought herself.

"Steve, don't you know there's a war on?" she said, laughing. "And a paper shortage? You've torn up this ward's supply for a month. Why don't you just say, 'Honey chile, I love you. I'm back, I love you. How about it?' That's all you have to say."

She didn't know that Jenny was different. You didn't go after the Holy Grail with a pack of coon hounds. She



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Present Position..............................*Working Hours*..........*A.M. to*........*P.M.*

didn't know that in those months he had spent hiding in black, stinking caves while the Japs scouted every inch of the island, trying to find the hand-crank sending set he crept out and used at night, Jenny's presence was all that kept him from going crazy. She was the dream he held in his heart, softly, afraid to take out and look at too closely. He remembered the pale, night-blooming orchid he came on once, one of the nights they nearly got him. It was so lovely, so sweetly fragrant, so like the dream he had. He had started to pick it but his hand had stopped before he touched it, just as it had stopped, drawing back, before he had touched her the last time he was home, and knew he couldn't have her then.

Not then . . . not ever. The day he finally finished her letter and sealed it and wrote her name on it, his mother's letter came. Because he asked about her, it said, she was telling him, and she hoped he wouldn't feel too badly. Jenny was married. She'd married (his mother's letter said) a day or so—nobody knew exactly when—after he was finally reported missing. That was all. The letter didn't say to whom she was married or anything else. Just that she was married and he mustn't feel too badly. The implication was that his mother felt she might have waited. Still, if Jenny thought he was dead—and he could have been, many times, and often thought he was—nobody could expect her not to marry.

That came later, however. Just then all he'd done was call the corpsman back and say there was something he forgot to put in his letter. He got it back, and he was tearing it up slowly to ragged bits when the blond nurse came in.

"Hey, after all the trouble we've been to," she said, laughing. Then she saw his mother's letter open on his bed, took another look at his face and stopped laughing. She took the scraps that had fallen down beside him on the sheet, put them all in an envelope, crumpled them up in her hand. She tried to smile.

"You know the one about the fish, Steve," she said. "About the sea being full of them? They tell me it's still true."

She was damned nice to him, and when the medical officer came through, the one who was too cheerful and hearty, she got him past Steve without letting him stop. And she made the Marine next to him quit playing his records.

"Snap out of it, big boy," she said. She was right, of course, and if he couldn't snap he could creep, slowly, with the numb, sick hollow where his guts used to be.

TOM WINGATE stood down in the crowd on the frozen ground, staring up at the bandstand. Someone was still making a speech, and an official was prodding Steve's shoulder—he was supposed to get up and accept the bond for a thousand bucks. They kept saying a thousand dollars. It sounded big, but it only cost them seven hundred and fifty. In a way, Tom thought, it was a symbol of what happened to the guys coming back. Still, if coming back, they got three fourths of what they were promised, cash on the barrel-head, and the full hundred per cent at the end of ten years, they would be more than lucky. What they got last time was bread lines and another war.

Steve was taking the bond. He looked tall and thinner, older and quieter, it seemed to Tom Wingate watching him. Then it was over and the crowd was breaking up.

THE house looked smaller and dingier than Steve had remembered when he thought about it in those limitless nights, looking up at the Southern Cross. The rubber strip he'd tacked on the front door so the dog wouldn't scratch off the paint every time it wanted to get in had a worn place in the middle. The board in the hallway still squeaked when you stepped on it. The enlarged photograph of the daguerreotype of his grandfather's vinegary puss decorated with mutton-chop whiskers was still over the mantelpiece. Nothing had changed, and yet it was all different.

The reception committee that had brought them to the front door was gone, and he and his mother and father were alone. But only for a few moments—then Charlotte was there. Steve Dillon suppressed a groan as she came blithely into the hall.

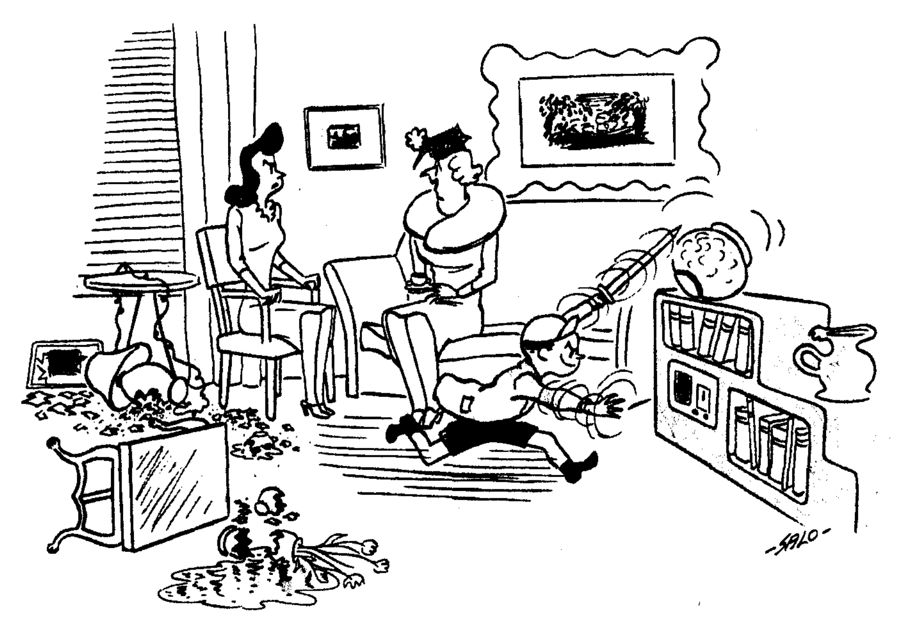
"Charlotte's going to set the table while I get dinner," Mrs. Dillon said. "Now you just sit down, Steve, and be comfortable."

But he didn't want to sit down. He wanted to get up to his room and be alone for a little while. The look on his father's face stopped him from saying so. He mustn't hurt them. He kept telling himself he was depressed and irritable because he was still groggy from all the stuff they'd shot into him the last two months since they'd pulled him off the island. He ought to be glad he was home. He kept telling it to himself.

HIS mother bustled up and down, taking off her hat, changing her dress, tying on her apron. His father fumbled at his pipe, spilled some tobacco on the green-flowered carpet and got down quickly and cleaned it up.

"It's good for moths, eh, son?"

His father was trying to think of something to say but he was embarrassed and ill at ease. It seemed to Steve he avoided meeting his eyes when they were alone. But he himself was embarrassed, too. He wanted to ask . . .



COLLIER'S "Some of your things are quite fragile, aren't they?" SALO ROTH

"Dad!" his mother called from the kitchen. "You come along, Dad, and get this jar of jam down for me. Charlotte, you go and talk to Steve, dear."

The smell of food was savory from the kitchen, but he wasn't hungry. He still couldn't eat very much. ("What did you eat on the island, Sergeant Dillon?" "Why, just some roots and berries, mostly." "Ha, Ha! He says he just ate some roots and berries." "Pacific Hero Says He Subsisted on Roots and Berries Gathered for Him by Beautiful Native Girls.") Oh, Lord, he thought, I'm going nuts. And Charlotte was coming in smiling.

"How are the roots and berries?" Steve asked.

Her sherry-brown eyes went blank. "What?"

"Nothing. I was just muttering, is all."

He went over and kicked the log back in the fireplace and put in another one. He was cold. He was always cold. That was the way the fever left him.

"Look, Charlotte," he said abruptly. "What about Jenny?"

He hadn't meant to say it. It came out before he knew he was asking it, and he looked around at her quickly. The sudden silence in the room clattered in his ears, he felt a little dizzy, and his lips were dry again. He dreamed sometimes his lips were still dry and swollen, that the salt of the sea water lined them and that blood was caked on them where they had cracked and wouldn't heal.

He controlled himself and went over and closed the door. "All right," he said. "Come on, Charlotte. You're a friend of Jenny's. What's all this conspiracy of silence, if that's what it is?"

She stood there silent for a moment, her face as pale as his, then said: "You'd better get your mother to tell you, Steve. It's . . . too hard for me to try to do it."

This was not the way she had planned it. She hadn't figured on Steve's looking the way he did. He seemed surly and contemptuous and bitter. She'd thought he would be pleased with the big show and the welcoming crowds. It was her father's idea. But she'd thought of herself in a rather different role, subtle and understanding, when they told him about Jenny. Furthermore, she had never gotten over the terror of that Thanksgiving afternoon, and even now she had to try hard to forget the look in Doctor Copeland's eyes, and in Tom Wingate's. Something in Steve Dillon's expression reminded her of them.

"Sit down," he said.

"All right. I'll tell you if you're sure you want me to, Steve."

"Go on."

Her hand shook a little as she took a cigarette out of her pocket and lighted it. There was no use being afraid, this was the chance she had been waiting for. Ever since she saw the unfinished letter on Jenny's desk she had been waiting for this big chance. She had kept her mouth shut about the letter, and then when Mrs. Acton had told that big lie about Jenny and her son, Bill, she had been afraid it was too late and her chance gone forever . . . until Thanksgiving when Mrs. Dillon had phoned her mother that Steve was still alive.

Everything had always been the Wingate girls. All her life that was the way it had been. All the boys, the young officers at McNair, they'd go out with her but it was the Wingate girls they proposed to in the end. Sometimes she blamed it on her parents but mostly she blamed it on Anne and Jenny. They talked about her behind her back.

SHE looked up at Steve wide-eyed. "This is very hard, Steve," she said. "You've got to promise you won't . . . well, you won't be sore at—"

"I'm asking you," he said curtly. "I won't be sore at you."

"I don't mean at me. I mean Jenny."

"I'm not sore at her. She had a right to marry if she wanted to. I didn't have any strings on her. I just want to know. Who did she marry, for one thing?"

"That's part of it, Steve," Charlotte said. "She's . . . supposed to have married Bill Acton."

He stared at her blankly. *"Bill Acton?"*

She looked up at him with ingenuous eyes. "He was killed, you know, in Florida."

"I didn't know. I'm sorry," he said quietly. "Then that . . . that means she's a widow?"

"You weren't paying any attention to me, Steve. I said she was *supposed* to have married Bill. You asked me for the truth and I'm telling it to you."

He looked at her silently for a moment. "I heard you, Charlotte, but I don't get you. Are you saying she didn't marry him?"

USN
Frank Beaven

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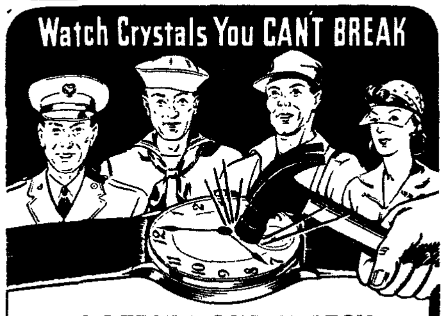

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Her face was quite pale. "It's a little hard to get, Steve. After you left, it was . . . terribly gay around here, with all the crowd from McNair. I mean, there haven't ever been so many men in Fairfield, and a lot of them were terribly attractive. There was one very good-looking boy, I mean really, that went all out for Jenny."

He stood there motionless. "Go on."

"She was pretty upset when you were reported missing, and . . . I don't know, maybe she figured the show's got to go on. She had a date with this lieutenant and I guess she didn't like to break it. I don't know whether they went to the dance. I didn't see them there. A crowd of us went out to a cottage on the McNair road, and they must have heard us coming, because they ducked out of the back door as we came in. I guess they had fun . . . I don't know."

She didn't dare look at him as she spoke, she could hear her own voice, strange, but cool and level in her ears. "And I happen to know she wrote to him and said he'd have to marry her. I know that for a fact."

"I don't quite get you," Steve said. His voice was quiet and icy. Charlotte thought of a steel wire tightening around her throat.

"I'm just telling you the truth, Steve."

She managed to go on talking calmly. "It wasn't until the baby was almost three months on its way and Bill had been dead at least two months that they came out and said Jenny and he had been married, secretly, while he was here on leave. I don't know anything more about it. I haven't even seen the baby. I happen to know it was born Thanksgiving afternoon. If anybody tried to figure it up, it would be quite a while before Bill was even home. They said it was premature."

She stopped and looked up at him. Her mouth went dry as dust and she flashed quickly to her feet. "You made me tell you, Steve!" she cried. She ran to the door. "You *made* me!" Outside the room, she slammed the door shut, and stood there breathless. She held her hand before her eyes and tried not to see his face.

Mrs. Dillon's voice called cheerfully from the kitchen. "Dinner's ready!"

Charlotte Preston still leaned against the door. She was shaking violently, her heart pounding in her throat. Behind her the living room was as silent as the grave. She managed to take a few steps away from the door. Behind her Big Steve was coming in from the kitchen with a large platter, his face beaming behind a turkey which was gloriously brown and plump, steaming hot and so stuffed with oysters they were oozing out of it.

"Oh boy!" he said. He put it down on the table, picked up the carving knife and started to sharpen it. "Come on, Steve!" He stopped, the knife and steel in his hand. "Where's Steve?"

Charlotte nodded silently toward the living room. Big Steve went over and opened the door. "Dinner's . . ."

He looked over at the hall door. "I guess he went up to wash."

MRS. DILLON came in. "Where's Steve?" she demanded. "Well, don't stand there like a ninny. Run upstairs and get him. The turkey'll get cold and I've put the pie in the oven to heat. Sit down, Charlotte, dear."

Big Steve hurried out in the hall and upstairs.

"I always think it's wicked to ruin a turkey by eating sauerkraut with it," Mrs. Dillon said happily. "But that's the way Steve likes it."

She looked up. Her husband was coming slowly through the doorway from the hall, his face gray and lined.

"Steve's not coming down to dinner, Mother," he said. "He doesn't want . . . any dinner. Something must have happened . . ."

Mrs. Dillon's jaw sagged. The spoon in her hand clattered as she put it down. She turned slowly to Charlotte.

"He *asked* me. He shut the door and said he wanted to know the truth. I *had* to tell it to him."

There was a long silence in the room. Big Steve said then: "I hope it *was* the truth, Charlotte."

He turned to Elizabeth Dillon who had started to push back her chair to get up. "I wouldn't go up there, Mother. Let him alone." He raised his voice for the first time in a good many years. "Sit down. I said you're not to go up there. Leave him alone, do you understand?"

Mrs. Dillon sat down. Big Steve turned to Charlotte.

"I think you'd better go home," he said.

IT WAS ten o'clock before they heard Steve open the door of his room and come down the stairs. He didn't turn at the hall, but went on to the front door and out. They listened to his footsteps going heavily down the stairs to the sidewalk.

Big Steve went over to the window and looked out. "It's snowing harder," he said.

It was half past three when they heard him come in. Big Steve caught his wife's arm. "Leave him alone," he said. "Leave him alone."

The next day and the next and the one after that it was the same. Steve got up, bathed and shaved and ate and went out. He came in again, went to his room and shut the door. When Mrs. Dillon tiptoed up and looked through the keyhole at him he was lying on his bed staring up at the ceiling, or standing at the window looking down into the back yard. He didn't speak to them, he didn't seem to see them. People said that when they met him on the street, he walked right by without speaking, and Big Steve tried to explain it away by saying that his son was still kind of dazed. It didn't go down very well, though, because young Steve looked so dangerously aware and alive that nobody tried to stop him and clap him on the back. They let him go on his way and asked Big Steve later.

He was supposed to go to the High School to talk at an assembly, but the day passed and neither Big Steve nor Mrs. Dillon tried to remind him of it. He'd have to go later, they said. They reported the same thing to the Chamber of Commerce and various clubs. He would be there for three months, he needed a long rest, they said. If Steve heard them telling people that on the phone he didn't seem to notice it.

One day when he was sitting in the living room staring into the fire, his eyes fixed and intent, Big Steve took his courage into his hands.

"Why don't you go and see Jenny, son?" he asked. He knew his voice shook a little.

Steve looked at him for a minute, his jaws tight, his eyes hard and blue, like the blue of ice and flint. It was a kind of disillusionment that was too profound for Big Steve more than vaguely to comprehend. His own disillusionments had come gradually so that things grew blurred, and he was used to them. Then, too, his illusions themselves had never had enough brilliance to make the shattering of them a devastating experience. But Steve was different. He had seen stars in skies that his earth-bound eyes had never known, and the abyss into which those stars had fallen was a deeper hell because of it. Big Steve could only fumble with his pipe and turn his eyes away.

"Just skip it, Dad, will you?"

He went out of the room and upstairs, and Big Steve heard him close his door. In a few moments he went to the closet at the end of the hall. Big Steve's mouth was a little dry. That was where they kept the suitcases and where Steve's duffel bag had been put when he came. Big Steve sat staring at the tobacco he'd spilled on the rug. For the first time in his life he let it stay there, and sat motionless, his face twisted. In a moment, he heard Steve coming down the stairs, going along the hall, through the dining room out to the kitchen. His mother was out there cooking. Big Steve listened.

"Can you get my stuff together, Mother? I'm pushing off, on the 8:25 tonight. You can send the rest of it after me."

Then he came through the dining room and into the hall, and Big Steve heard the front door close. He got up and went out into the kitchen.

"He's . . . going," Elizabeth Dillon said.

The two of them stood silently looking at each other.

(To be concluded next week)

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STRIPED BASS AU GRATIN
LOBSTER À LA

YOU'D BETTER LIKE FISH

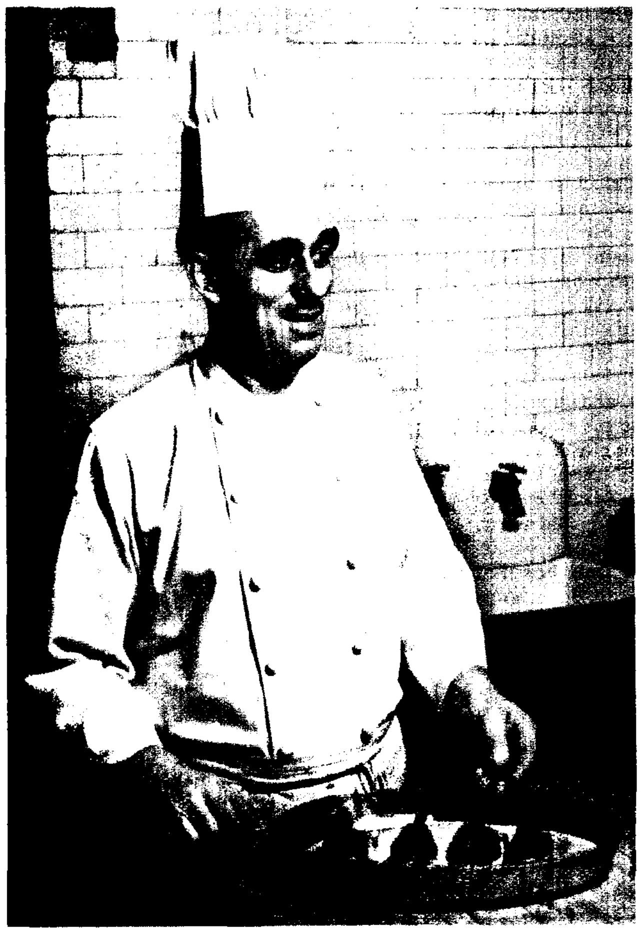
Fish will become more important in the American diet as our meat stocks sag. So we've asked the head chef of the Ritz for his ultrasecret fish recipes. Read them and drool

BY MURDOCK PEMBERTON

M. LOUIS DIAT says, "Americans do not eat enough fish." He is the head chef of the Ritz Hotel in New York, and former chef of the Ritz in London and Paris. "Especially now they should eat fish," continued M. Diat, "with all the troubles with rationing and the need for the best meat for the Armed Forces. It is not only good for them, but now it is patriotic, too. Americans should learn how to cook it."

He takes off his horn-rimmed glasses. "There are two important facts to remember about fish. It is a very delicate food, and must be handled very carefully after cooking, so that it will be attractive to serve. And, as art is so much in cooking, that is important.

The sauce is almost as important as the fish. Frenchmen know that. They make less appetizing cuts and not so plentiful things attractive by fine sauces. And fish depends upon a sauce more than does any other food. The sauce does not have to be elaborate. In fact, many of the simple sauces are best for fish."


M. Diat, who tells how to make fish taste scrumptious, here whips up a mouth-watering concoction at the Ritz

M. Louis Diat was in his office directly under the lobby of the Ritz. It is not always easy to get a master chef to divulge his secrets. If too many people knew them, master chefs might become a vanishing race. Thirty-four years of catering to Americans has broken down some of M. Diat's prejudices, and he has bowed to their insatiable need for the wherefore and whyfor of everything.

"Thousands of patrons, many food experts, ask me how I cook a certain dish. So I write a book, Cooking à la Ritz. Perhaps that frightens some of the housewives." The chef winks. "The American is no different from the French. At his mother's table he has formed the pattern of his taste buds. So I am writing another book, *La Cuisine de Ma Mère.*"

He opens a desk drawer and pulls out a bulky sheaf of manuscript. "It is all here—five hundred recipes of dishes I learn in my mother's kitchen in a little village near Moulin. I have here my first dish, *potato paysanne*, prepared at the age of eight. Perhaps that was not so good—at five of the clock I would have to get up every morning and start my soup for the day, doing my homework, while the soup is cooking. At thirteen my mother says that now I know enough, and I go to Moulin and work in a pastry shop."

We interrupted M. Diat to remind him that the average American last year was entitled to only sixty-two pounds of meat, and it took a lot of red points and standing in line to get that. Also, that the average American could expect less than that the coming year, with the government taking 60 per cent of the top four grades of meat and 80 per cent of the lean cuts formerly used in loafs and sausages. Also, that if he would give some of his secrets to the American housewife on the art of cooking fish, he would be doing a patriotic service.

"It is now my country, I am glad to help." M. Diat put on his glasses and thumbed through his manuscript. "I will give three from my new book, two from my old. They will be simple. Come."

So we follow the chef who has prepared banquets for kings, dukes and gourmets the world over through the maze of ranges and tiled rooms to his steaming kingdom. First we stop at the fish refrigerator. M. Diat selects the fish for his Fillets with Tomato and Eggplant, and has the fishman prepare the fillets by slitting the fish and removing the bones. To serve four persons he selects four fillets.

Next he puts one tablespoon of butter (you may use good oleomargarine if butter is scarce, says M. Diat), one chopped medium-sized onion, one finely chopped shallot, one clove of garlic, crushed, a pinch of thyme, one-half bay leaf, crushed, and two peeled, fresh tomatoes, coarsely chopped (or their

LOBSTER À LA FRANÇAISE

1 live lobster, 1¾ to 2 lbs., or 2 lobsters of 1 lb. each
3 tablespoons sweet butter
1 medium-sized carrot, sliced very thin
2 small onions, sliced very thin
1 shallot, chopped
½ teaspoon chopped parsley
1 glass dry white wine
½ cup fish stock
½ teaspoon salt
a little pepper
1 tablespoon cream sauce
½ pony Cognac

Split the lobster lengthwise in two parts. Season with salt and pepper. Place in a pan, 1 tablespoon of the butter, the carrot, onions, shallot and parsley. Place the lobster on them. Add the wine and ½ cup fish stock, if available, and let boil for 20 to 25 minutes but make sure that the lobster is done. Remove the lobster to the serving dish. Detach the meat from the shell and replace it in the shell when about to serve. Remove the meat from the claws and arrange it near the head of the lobster. Reduce the cooking liquid to a third of its original quantity. Add cream sauce and finish the sauce with two tablespoons of butter. Season to taste. The sauce should be light and not too thick. Add the Cognac. Pour over the lobster and serve. Serves 2.

CODFISH PAYSANNE

4 slices codfish
2 medium onions, sliced
2 medium carrots, sliced
2½ tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
a little pepper
½ teaspoon chopped parsley
1 cup fish stock (or white wine or water)
1 teaspoon flour

Cook carrots and onions slowly in ½ tablespoon butter. Add 1 tablespoon of butter, then the salt, pepper, parsley and fish. Pour fish stock (or wine or water) over, bring to a boil and cook slowly 10 to 12 minutes. Remove fish to serving dish (unless it was cooked in serving dish). Cook the liquid until reduced to a third of its original quantity. Thicken with Maine butter made by creaming together the remaining tablespoon of butter and the flour and adding it to hot liquid. Pour over the fish. Serves 4.

STRIPED BASS AU GRATIN

4 fillets of striped bass
½ teaspoon salt
a little pepper
2 tablespoons sweet butter
1 medium onion, chopped
2 shallots, chopped
1 cup chopped mushrooms
½ teaspoon chopped parsley
1 glass dry white wine
¼ cup bread crumbs

First clean the fish and then season with salt and pepper. Now spread 1 tablespoon of butter in a heatproof serving dish. Place the fish in it and the onion, shallots, mushrooms and chopped parsley on the fish. Add wine and put the remaining butter over the top. Place in a medium-hot oven and baste the fish often with its own juice. When the fish is half done, sprinkle some bread crumbs over it and let become nicely browned, about 15 to 20 minutes. A whole fish may be cooked this way in 30 to 35 minutes. Serve in the baking dish. Serves 4.

FILLET OF POMPANO (or other fish)

4 fillets of pompano or other fish with skin removed
4 large oranges
1 shallot, chopped
½ teaspoon salt
a little pepper
1 glass white wine
1 tablespoon sweet butter
1 cup cream sauce
1 glass dry sherry

Peel the outside rind of 2 oranges and cut the peeling in very fine julienne. Place the butter, shallots and fish, seasoned with salt and pepper, and the *julienne of orange in a saucepan.* Add wine and fish stock, if any. Let boil slowly for 10 minutes. Remove the fish to serving dish. Cook the liquid until reduced to a third of its original quantity. Add the cream sauce with sherry. Garnish the fish with slices of orange and pour the sauce over it. Serves 4.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY H. J. KNOPF-PIX

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Recipe for

20th CENTURY SALAD BOWL

THE SALAD
one portion
make portions separately

- ¼ head of lettuce
- 6 pieces each of finely sliced onions, radishes, scored cucumber and celery
- ½ pkg. Roquefort or blue cheese

THE DRESSING
six servings

- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon black pepper
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- pinch of dry mustard
- 1 dessertspoon sugar

Separate leaves of lettuce, place in chilled dry bowl, add sliced onions, radishes, cucumber and celery, do not mix in. Add crumbled Roquefort, place quartered tomatoes around.

For dressing, dissolve mixed ingredients in ½ cup olive oil in separate bowl. Add ¼ cup tarragon or malt vinegar (choice optional) and two cubes of ice. Mix well, pour over salad, marinate well.

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equivalent of canned tomatoes), in a pan. Then he lays the fillets on top, seasons with salt and pepper, puts two more chopped tomatoes on top and a spoonful of chopped parsley.

"Now a half glass of white wine." M. Diat pours it out generously.

The pan is now put in the hot oven. If you cook it on top of the stove, it should be brought to a boil slowly.

"Fifteen minutes is enough, perhaps eighteen in some cases. But most cooks cook their fish too long. That destroys the delicate flavor."

Now the fillets are removed from the cooking dish, carefully so as not to break them, and put into the dish in which they are to be served. The cooking pan is put back on the stove, and the liquid reduced one half and then thickened with Maine butter. This is done by creaming two tablespoons of butter with flour. Pour this thickened sauce over the fish.

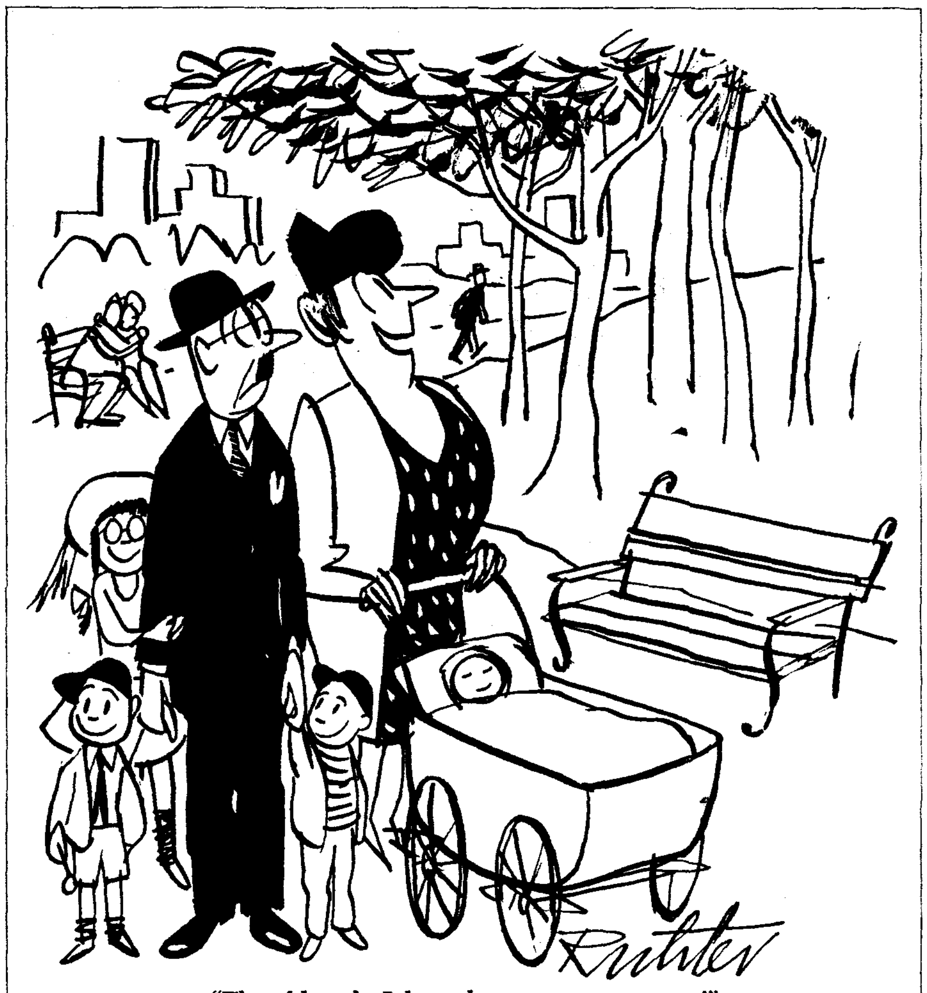
Now comes the art. M. Louis Diat has dipped slices of eggplant in milk and then in flour and sautéed them in hot oil or fat until brown. As carefully as an artist arranges his color on the palette, he places the eggplant on the fillets, then a bit of the tomato on top of the eggplant, and crowns each mound with a sprig of parsley. For immediate serving the dish is warmed in a hot oven.

Our mouth is watering by this time, but M. Diat has several more rituals to perform. Next comes the preparation of Codfish Paysanne, Striped Bass Au Gratin, Fillet of Pompano (other fish may be used), Lobster à la Française and a cream sauce for general use in fish cooking.

Eventually the creations of the chef are set before us. Accompanied by a bottle of dry white wine, a loaf of French bread, without butter, we have a meal (or rather five meals) fit for kings, dukes and Americans.

"I am glad," says M. Diat, "that Americans are returning to a love of good food. That terrible prohibition! For a time I despair. All the old places disappear. Now we are eating again as we should. And the ladies should like fish, it is so good for the slender, willowy figure."

THE END



COLLIER'S "The old park, John, where we got our start!" MISCHA RICHTER

The President's Health

Continued from page 15

safety has ever been made the subject of statutory enactment. The Treasury Department, back in the days before the F.B.I., was specifically instructed to guard him at all times, and men of the secret service have their regular posts at the White House. Every visitor runs the gantlet of their scrutiny.

When a trip is proposed, these agents cover the itinerary well in advance, consulting with the police departments of cities, laying out the routes for the Presidential car and inspecting hotel accommodations. He is under their eyes every minute of the day, and at night they are outside his door. Whether he likes it or not (and many Presidents have shown irritation) the men of the secret service stick to him like burrs on all of his comings and goings. The health of the Chief Executive, however, is his own private business.

Through long established custom, it is the habit of Presidents to select either an Army or a Navy doctor when the time comes for them to choose the medico who will look after their well-being. There are many good reasons for it. Officers as well as doctors, and subject to the iron discipline of the armed services, they can be counted on to keep a close mouth about what they see and hear. It is also the case that a civilian could not pick up at a moment's notice, dash here and there with the President and find much of a private practice on his return. Nor should it be overlooked that the fees for a civilian doctor would have to come out of the Chief Executive's own pocket.

Due to the inescapable intimacy of the relationship, the selection is usually dictated by purely personal reasons. Is the President's medical adviser likable and companionable, as well as a competent doctor? Doctor Jonathan M. Foltz, the first regular White House physician, was a family friend of James Buchanan, and had his own room in the White House. Colonel Robert M. O'Reilly came to Grover Cleveland's attention through their common love of fishing, and Doctor P. M. Rixey's tender care of Mrs. McKinley won the affectionate regard of the President. Learning that the big, dynamic Navy surgeon was a mighty hunter and a superb horseman, Theodore Roosevelt kept Doctor Rixey on as a companion rather than a physician.

William H. Taft changed to the Army, appointing Colonel A. M. Delaney, but also made much use of Cary Grayson, a young Navy man who had been Doctor Rixey's aide during the Roosevelt administration. When he turned his office over to Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Taft placed his hand on Grayson's shoulder and said, "Here's an excellent fellow I hope you'll get to know. He's a Virginian and a Democrat, but that's the only wrong thing about him." Doctor Grayson became an integral part of the Wilson household and, more than any other, was the man the President most loved and trusted.

Cary Grayson retired as Surgeon General in 1928, but when former Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin Roosevelt took office, he turned to his old friend for advice about a White House physician. "Get Ross McIntire," Doctor Grayson counseled. "What you need is a good nose and throat man, and Mac is tops. He gave up a fine practice in Oregon to enter the Navy in 1917 and has stayed in uniform ever since. He's now instructor at the Navy hospital here, just back from sea duty, and available. You can't help liking him, and he'll look after you without getting in your hair."

True prophecy, for Doctor McIntire is now entering his fourth term as White House physician. Aside from the responsibility, he has had a fairly easy time of it on the whole, for, rumors notwithstanding, his "patient" has never had any illness more serious than occasional colds, sore throat and the recent attack of flu. Watching out for sinus flare-ups is and has been the one problem and chief worry.

The White House is not a private home in any sense of the word. The delegations that stream in and out do not bring their own cubic feet of air space, nor is it possible to search them for germs. Everybody about the President, therefore, is pressed into service by Doctor McIntire, so that he has a large staff of assistants. If it happens that a caller presents himself with a drippy nose or a barking cough, "Pa" Watson invariably finds an excuse for postponing the interview. Miss Grace Tully can detect a draft at one hundred paces, and even the ushers are experts on ventilation. After a press conference, or some other mob scene, the office is thoroughly aired. The White House cook is also a highly important member of the staff, obeying every injunction as to the kind, quality and quantity of food.

Doctor McIntire's best helper, however, is the President himself. During the long, pain-filled years when he made the fight against invalidism, Franklin Roosevelt worked out his own regimen, and has held to it in every major detail. In cases of infantile paralysis, massage is a chancy business, for too much is as bad as too little, but by patient study the President has come to intimate understanding of every muscle in each leg, and directs the treatments.

Never given to excess, either in eating or drinking, the President follows orders without protest or complaint. Luckily, his diet is not a problem, for game and fish are his favorite dishes, and there doesn't seem to be an allergy in his system. Until the last year or so, he liked to swim four or five times a week, and churned the pool with his powerful strokes. As birthdays began to pile up, however, and with war adding to the Presidential load, Doctor McIntire decided that two or three swims a week would be enough, and also advised that it might be well to cut out the Tarzan stuff. A hard pill to swallow, for swimming was the one sport left to the President, but his obedience was instant and uncomplaining.

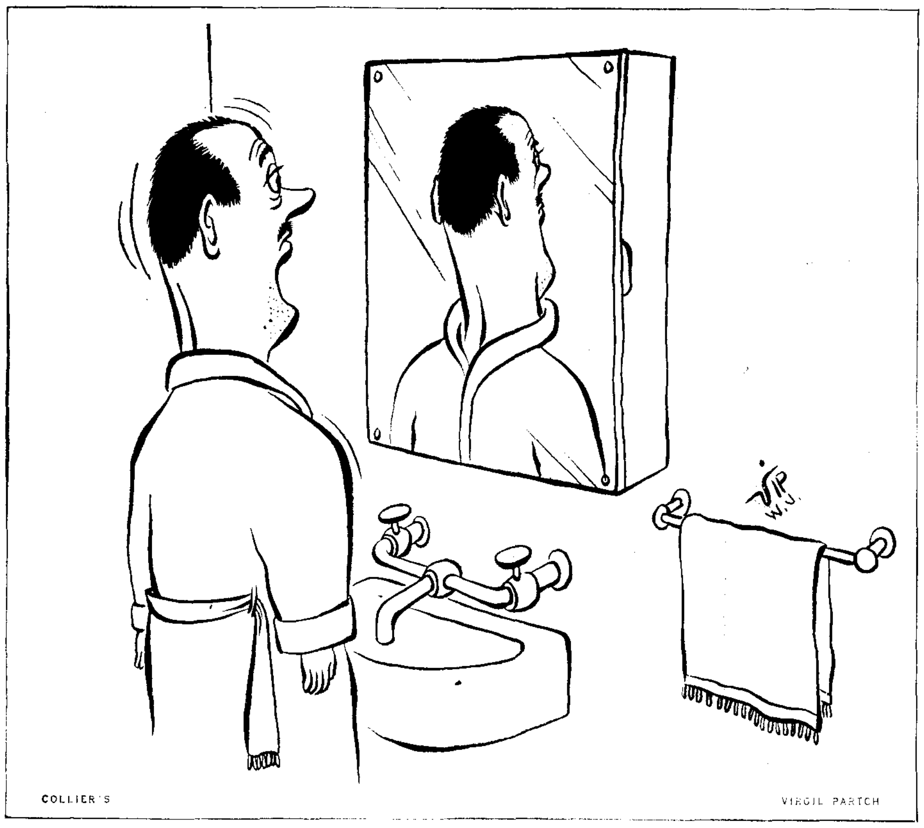
Participates with Spirit

Franklin Roosevelt's disposition, in fact, is Ross McIntire's most effective aid and greatest comfort. A sanguine temperament, almost adolescent in its buoyancy, keeps him from worrying and brooding, and guards against those alternations of mood that tear at the nerves. Stricken in the very prime of manhood, and without the use of his legs for more than twenty years, it might be supposed that he would know fits of depression now and then. If so, he fights them out alone, for not even those closest to him have ever seen a sign of envy or self-pity.

Never was anything more complete than the manner in which he ignores his misfortune. There is no abatement of his eager interest in sports, and he follows baseball and football scores with as much zest as when he played himself. At Warm Springs, when friends set forth for golf, he waves them off as gaily as though he were of their number, and frequently follows them about the course, hooting at a missed putt or cheering a long drive. According to his intimates, it is not a pose, but a habit of mind achieved by courage and determination.

Just as likable, competent and companionable, Doctor McIntire has never got in the President's hair, justifying Cary Grayson's prophecy. So has the President kept out of the White House physician's reddish locks. According to the records, Franklin Roosevelt has been a far more satisfactory charge than any of his predecessors in office.

Doctor Rixey's autobiography, for example, devotes many pages to his troubles with the Chief Executives who were under his care. President McKinley, he chronicles, spent every spare minute at the bedside of his invalid wife and could not be induced to take any sort of exercise. As a result, the assassin's bullet found him in such a run-



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BLEEDING GUMS
TENDER GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 May Have It. Neglect Often Leads To Dreaded Pyorrhea Which Only Your Dentist Can Help!

One of the most common enemies of handsome teeth and firm gums is Gingivitis. Like a sneak-thief—this common gum inflammation may creep up on you without warning and at first you may not *even suspect* you have it.

Some of the first signs to watch for are gums that bleed (even a tiny bit) when you brush your teeth or are tender to touch.

Neglect often leads to Pyorrhea, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months. Then at home here's one of the best ways to help guard against Gingivitis—

To Help Gums Be Firmer—Teeth Naturally Bright

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—the remarkable formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan.

Forhan's is one toothpaste that can be bought today which is made *especially* for both massaging gums and cleaning teeth. Notice how refreshed *your gums feel*—how *naturally lustrous your teeth look.*

No matter what toothpaste you may be using now—just buy a tube of Forhan's today. Massage your gums—brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's. See if you're not delighted with results! At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S

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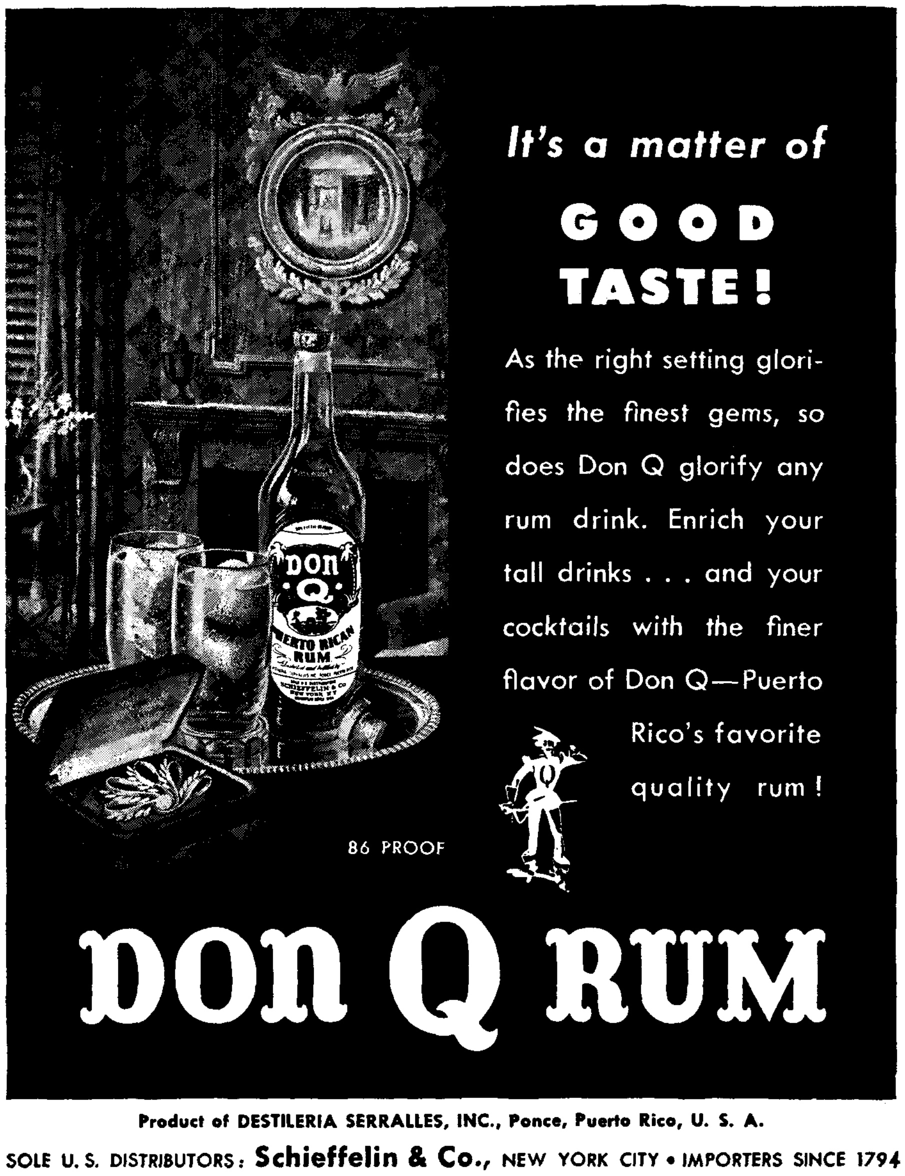
FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

Forhan's
FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH
ORIGINALLY FOR PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION


It's a matter of GOOD TASTE!

As the right setting glorifies the finest gems, so does Don Q glorify any rum drink. Enrich your tall drinks . . . and your cocktails with the finer flavor of Don Q—Puerto Rico's favorite quality rum!

86 PROOF

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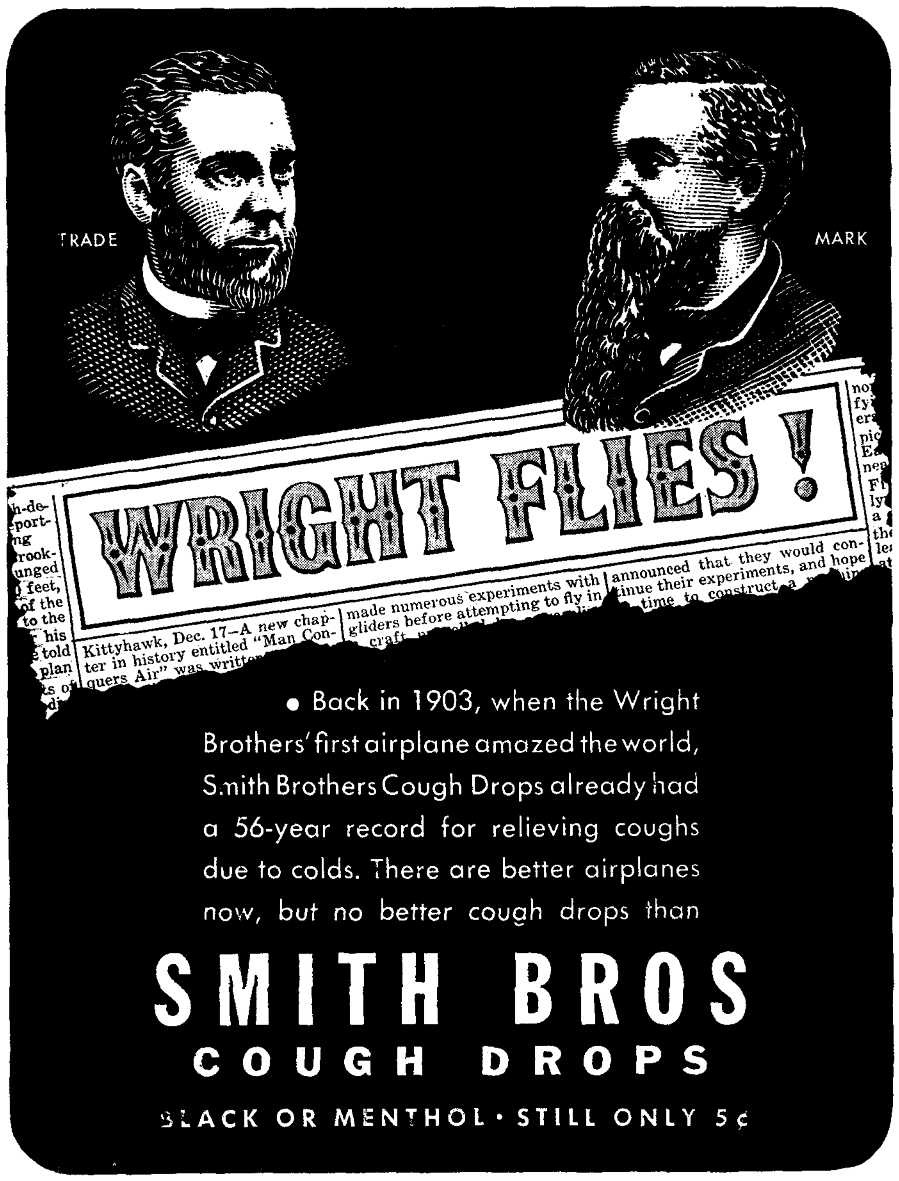


• Back in 1903, when the Wright Brothers' first airplane amazed the world, Smith Brothers Cough Drops already had a 56-year record for relieving coughs due to colds. There are better airplanes now, but no better cough drops than

SMITH BROS COUGH DROPS

BLACK OR MENTHOL • STILL ONLY 5¢

down condition that he could offer little physical resistance.

Theodore Roosevelt, on the other hand, could not be kept from overdoing. The apostle of the Strenuous Life, he insisted on living it, and when not boxing, wrestling, fencing or singlesticking, he careered over the landscape on a horse. There was the time, writes Doctor Rixey, when T.R. ordered Army officers to ride one hundred miles in a day by way of proving fitness, and then answered complaints by doing it himself.

Woodrow Wilson, despite Doctor Grayson's protests and entreaties, refused to stick to the regimen that had been laid down for him. More and more it became his habit to work late into the night, poring over state papers or else pounding out memoranda and speeches on his own ancient little typewriter. In Paris, at the peace conference, he could not be persuaded to rest, even after an attack of influenza, and came back in a sadly weakened condition. It was in stubborn disregard of Doctor Grayson's warnings that he went on the tragic tour of the country that ended in his collapse.

As a usual thing, President Roosevelt obeys Doctor McIntire's orders without any large amount of dissent, but every now and then his Dutch stubbornness manifests itself, and there is a lock of wills. The recent campaign, for example, developed a very definite difference of opinion. Although the flu germs had been knocked out, the irritation of the larynx and bronchial tubes still persisted, and there was also the loss of weight that impaired vitality. Doctor McIntire, therefore, advised against any speaking tour and urged that the President confine himself to a limited number of radio talks. For a while the doctor had his way, but when the whispers about the President's physical condition began to spread, Mr. Roosevelt kicked over the traces and scheduled speeches in Washington, New York, Boston and Chicago.

The one concession wrung from the President was that he would *sit* instead of stand. This, it may be mentioned, was no new argument, but one that has been going on since 1933. The iron braces, despite skillful manufacture and careful adjustment, are painful when Mr. Roosevelt keeps on his feet for any length of time, and Doctor McIntire has never seen the sense of having him take punishment. Standing does not exercise the muscles of the legs, as does swimming, but merely subjects them to ache and strain.

Party leaders let out loud squawks when they learned that the President had agreed to stay in his chair when addressing Dan Tobin's teamsters on the occasion of their Washington dinner. Moaning that it would be accepted as a proof of his incapacity, they protested that failure to stand up might mean the loss of a million votes.

Doctor McIntire's answer was anything but amiable or conciliatory. Would they expect a man of sixty-two, just over the flu and still troubled by bronchitis, to run three miles at top speed? Well, that was the exact amount of physical effort that would be required if the President stood in his iron braces for forty-five minutes. If votes had to be bought at the price of his patient's pain and the danger of a relapse, then to hell with 'em!

This was Doctor McIntire's attitude from the first, and only once did he relax it. That was in Hawaii where the President insisted on walking through the hospital where hundreds of wounded boys faced the future as hopeless cripples. All knew his story, and as they saw the man who had refused to accept invalidism, going on by sheer force of will and courage to become governor of New York and the Chief Executive of the United States, every maimed youngster felt a lift of heart. That was the one occasion when Doctor McIntire offered no objection.

The Washington dinner having passed off without ill results, the doctor faced the New York trip in a fairly composed state of mind. Unhappily, the weather took a turn for the worse, and a cold rain fell from early until late. Nothing could dissuade the President from riding through the streets in an open car, but he did consent to let himself be bundled up, putting a heavy sweater under his cape and wrapping blankets about his legs.

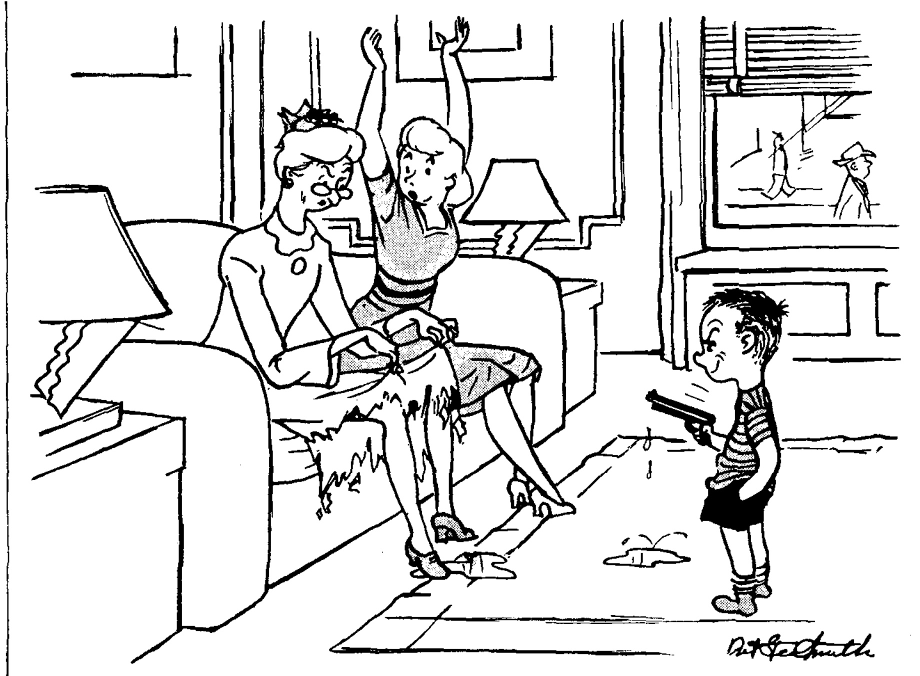
Zest of the Campaigner

At Ebbets Field in Brooklyn, however, he threw off his coverings and got out to make a short talk in behalf of Senator Wagner, an old and dear friend. By way of amends, afterward he went willingly to a Coast Guard station back of the grandstand, and submitted to a vigorous rubdown and a change into dry clothes. Also, both in Boston and Chicago, he spoke from his car. Incredibly enough, he came back from the exhausting trip in better shape than when he left, giving him the chance to rib Doctor McIntire.

Out of this exuberance came a new clash of opinion. Instead of being bothered by his loss of weight, the President *liked* it, for it gave him back the flat stomach of his youth. Having always resented the thickening of the midriff that comes with advancing years, he was frankly pleased with his recovered figure and wanted to stay slim. It was only after argument that he gave in, and is now coming back to his normal weight of 188 pounds.

Four hard, burdensome, care-filled years stretch ahead of Franklin Roosevelt, and how he will come through them is beyond human telling. With his usual optimism, he himself is in no doubt as to his ability to carry the load. And what does Doctor McIntire think about it? Nobody knows, for he has a close mouth, but it is significant that he has lost his worried look, and smiles clear back to his molars when asked about the President's health.

THE END



"I told you to put them up! He loads it with acid from his chemistry set!"

COLLIER'S PVT. GEORGE SMITH

The Week's Work

Lawson Wood

LAWSON WOOD, the British artist who paints the animals you see cavorting on Collier's covers from time to time, is, we understand from his business agents, a stubborn man. He was standing in the street of his home town, Eastbourne, on the English Channel, when the Germans dropped their first bombs there in July, 1940. More than half the population were evacuated—but not Wood. He stood his ground while Eastbourne counted up more than eighty bombing attacks, making it one of the most bombed districts in the British Isles. When the noise became too distracting even for him, he moved two miles away to the village of East Dean. A few days later, a bomb demolished his former home.

Wood apparently doesn't intend to move again, no matter what. He and the small menagerie which provides him the animals he uses as models live in the midst of bomb craters and surrounded by blackened trees and shrubbery. An ack-ack battery close by often sets up a deafening chatter. Only a week or so ago Wood was standing at his door when bullets from a German plane cut the branches off a tree a few yards away and knocked a hole in the roof of his house.

We learned these nerve-racking details only from his agents. As for Wood himself, he just continues to send us the covers we request, as he's done for the past fifteen years.

MURDOCK PEMBERTON, who, as you can see from his article on p. 72, is an authority on food, is better known as an authority on art. An experienced critic, lecturer, playwright and author, he has done his best to extend the appreciation of art beyond small esoteric circles, for he believes that art should be an integral part of the daily life of civilized people.

He recalls that when he gave a lecture at a school in Kirksville, Missouri, some years ago, he asked for a showing of hands by those in the audience who had ever actually seen an original painting of any kind. Only two hands were raised.

Later, his Picture Book, a guide to modern art for the layman, made the then radical statement that art never would thrive in this country until it was sponsored by the government and by the big department stores. Since then, art has been so sponsored, through the WPA art projects which brought good paintings into even small towns, and through art promotion campaigns in retail stores.

Good cooking, he feels, is about as rare and precious as good art, and well worth cultivating. He is a painter and a cook himself, as well as a critic. But he deprecates his paintings ("I'm just a Sunday artist"), while he admits with modest pride that he is a "better than amateur" cook. His cooking is highly personal, he says, and points out the affinity between art and cooking: "It's the accidental that makes the masterpiece."

THE story of the three captains who made the March of Death after Bataan fell, and escaped after three years as Japanese prisoners (p. 11), came our way more or less by accident. Major Corey Ford and Captain Alastair MacBain ran into the escapees in Washington's Pentagon Building, of all places, and offered to set down their story for them—proceeds to go to the Army Air Forces Aid Society.

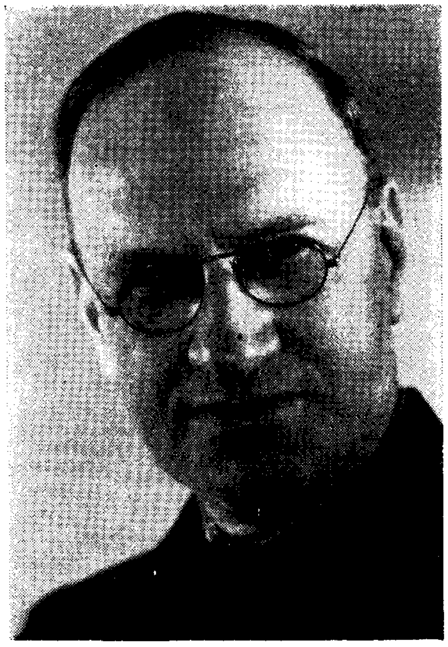
And here's a postscript: All three of these men expect to return to the Pacific after the war. Captain Bert Schwarz and Captain Gene Dale, of the Air Forces, plan to form a partnership and set up some sort of business in the Philippines, while Captain John Morrett, who studied for the ministry, wants to return to the Orient as a missionary.

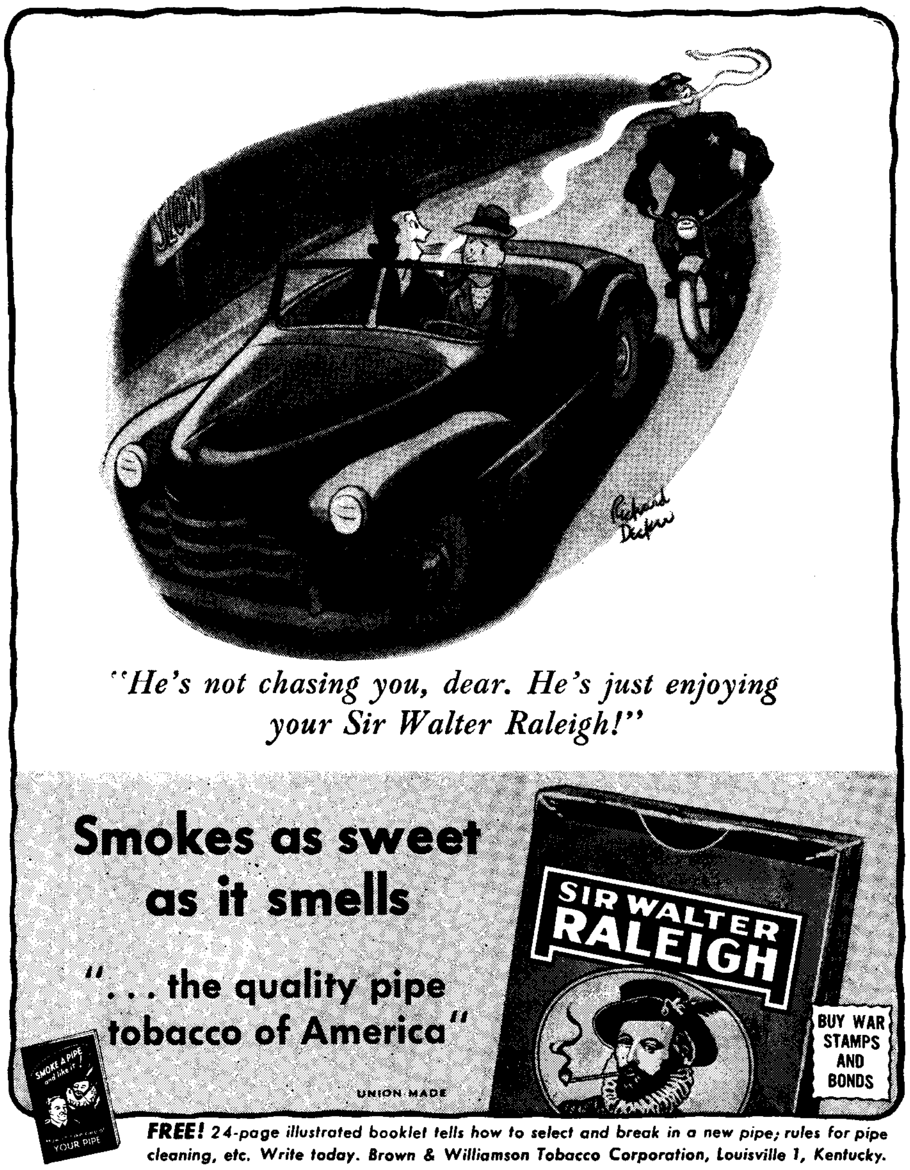
In the meantime, they all want to get back into action. Captain Schwarz, when he heard that a young cousin of his had flown 71 missions over Germany, said, "Gee, I'd be ashamed to face that guy. He's got a lot of fighting done while I've just been sitting on my tail for three years in a prison camp." Captain Dale learned, upon his return, that his brother had been killed in Germany, and that gives him, he says, another reason to fight.

By the time this is published, Captain Schwarz will have married the girl who waited for him—the lovely Miss Gaham Gibbons, of Montgomery, Alabama. We are happy to be able to make the first announcement of their wedding in this edition of The Week's Work. . . . A. P.

Murdock Pemberton

PAUL CORDES





"He's not chasing you, dear. He's just enjoying your Sir Walter Raleigh!"

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. . . Owes its great popularity to its consistent high quality and fine flavor.

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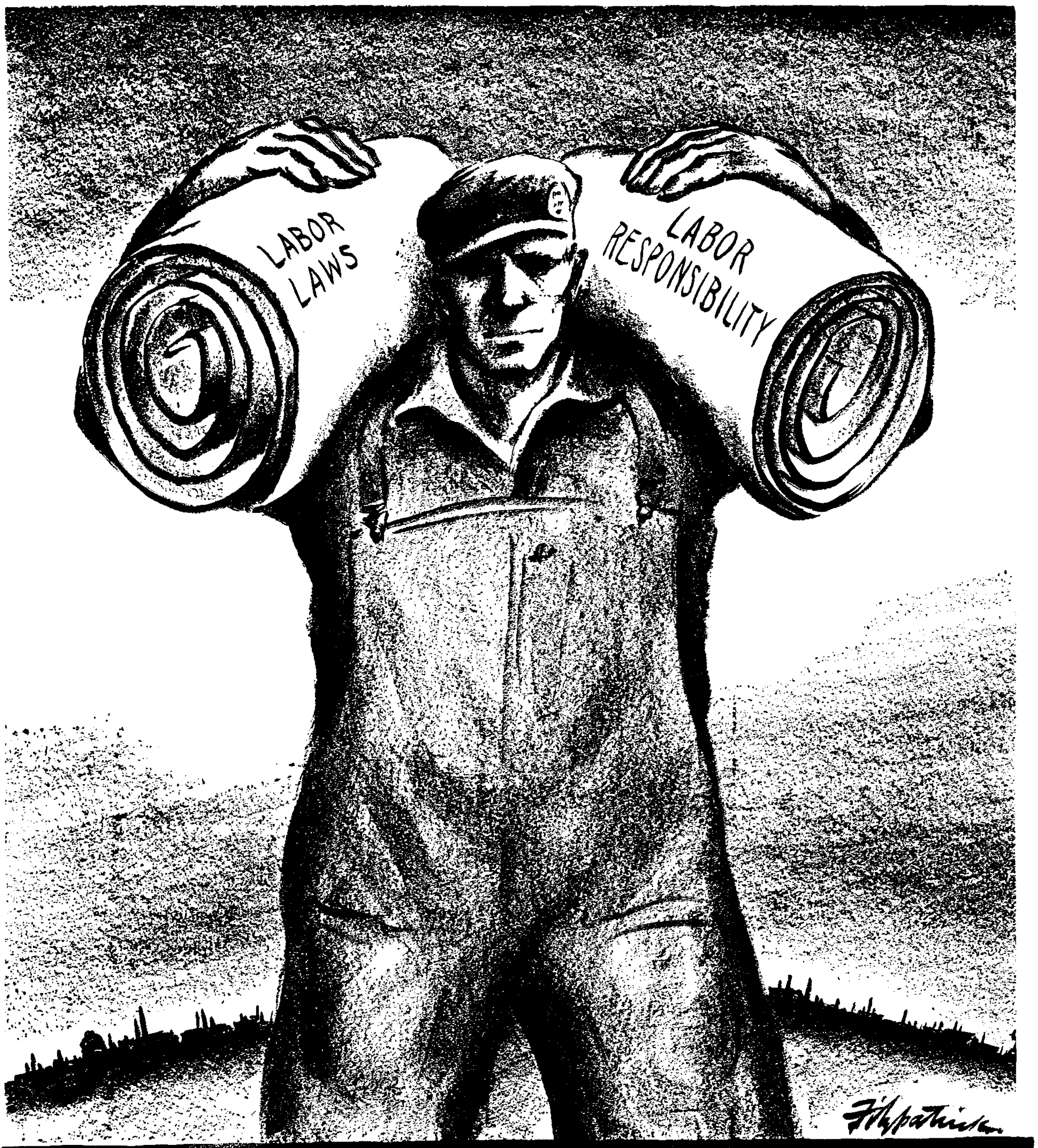

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> American trade unionism is an established American institution resting on the will of the people. It has therefore definite public responsibilities, and since the public law of recent years is now so important to the labor movement itself, one realizes that any failure to perform in the field of public responsibilities will result in the weakening of those laws which today give such opportunity.—*Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins' annual report for 1944.*

LAST November, three states—Arkansas, California and Florida—voted on proposed state constitutional amendments which were called "right to work" amendments and which were aimed at outlawing labor union membership as a qualification for employment in any job.

The amendments were adopted in Arkansas and Florida, and lost in California.

We are informed that the servicemen's votes on the Florida and California proposals were rather heavily in favor of the amendments. This news bears out what you hear from virtually all our war areas: that majority opinion in the services is pretty hostile to organized labor at home, and grows more so every time some strike affecting the war effort gets into the news.

In our estimation, the "right to work" amendments go too far, and it will be agreeable to us if the Supreme Court awards them dishonorable discharges when they get to it. Labor unions are a necessary part of an industrial system based on private enterprise, and the good they have done has far outweighed the harm. We think it would be most unfortunate if American public opinion, superheated by abuses of labor's right to organize, should compel enactment of national laws that would hamstring the labor movement.

We would like to suggest, though, to organized labor in all camps—C.I.O., A.F. of L., United Mine Workers, Railway Brotherhoods, District 50, and so on—that the best way for organized labor to keep public opinion from becoming thus superheated is to remove any causes it might have for a serious rise in temperature.

As regards the servicemen, for example, it seems a safe bet that very few of them, on their return from the wars, will relish the idea that to get and hold jobs they must join labor unions. That, we'll be hearing from a lot of them, was not what they were fighting for. If labor organizations try to be tough about it, we think a lot of the boys will fight them; and when we say fight, we mean fight.

The sensible procedure would be to drop all notion of dragooning these men into unions, and concentrate on selling them the idea that it will be to their interest to join unions.

There are, too, several fairly general union practices which have had a lot of publicity, and which a lot of people, in service and out, don't like. Mock work—feather-bedding—is one of these. Keeping new processes and materials away from consumers, especially in the building industry, is another. Secrecy about union funds is still another, and so is the phony, rigged or irregular union election. Jurisdictional strikes infuriate many people. Judging from the Arkansas and Florida "right to work" victories, there are many Americans who don't think that either the closed shop or the maintenance-of-membership principle is quite the last word in the art and science of collective bargaining.

Mme. Perkins, whatever one may think of her as Secretary of Labor, hit the ball squarely on the nose when she wrote the paragraph quoted at the top of this editorial. American organized labor, in this period of its power and prestige, would be wise to ponder those remarks, and to act on them.

WANTED: WACS FOR HOSPITALS

WOUNDED are coming into Army general hospitals at a rate of 30,000 a month at this writing. The need for nurses, both here and in war areas, has been widely publicized. Not so well known, but in its way equally important, is the need for women to fill Army hospital jobs as medical and surgical technicians, clerical workers, and so on. About 8,000 of them are wanted up to now; and it is via the Wac that the War Department hopes to find them.

It's a 16-week training proposition—six weeks basic, six weeks at an enlisted technicians' school, four weeks at the hospital where you're to serve; and you're in. In getting in, you'll be releasing for more active service some able-bodied man who is now doing technical or administrative hospital work and probably feeling like a slacker, though of course he isn't one.

Work in the hospitals is about as valuable as any work women can do on the home front. It isn't easy, it isn't too pleasant, it sometimes is thankless; but you have the deep satisfaction of knowing that you are doing something eminently worth while, not just wearing a smart uniform to help your social standing.

If you think you could qualify for the Wac, better get in touch with the nearest recruiting office and find out for yourself more about this important branch of Wac service.

AMERICANS ARE LIKE THIS

MORE and more people in England, France, Russia, China and the nations of the British Empire are said to be more and more curious about Americans—about what kind of people we are, and what makes us tick.

There are numerous books on the subject, some good and some awful. We'd say, though, that anybody who wants to get a quick notion of what most Americans are like, and why, can do so by pondering for a few moments the implications of Archbishop Francis J. Spellman's story in his recent Collier's article, Report from Italy, about how an American soldier, going to one of Pope Pius' audiences in Rome and having heard that there was no chocolate in Italy, took the Pope a dozen chocolate bars.

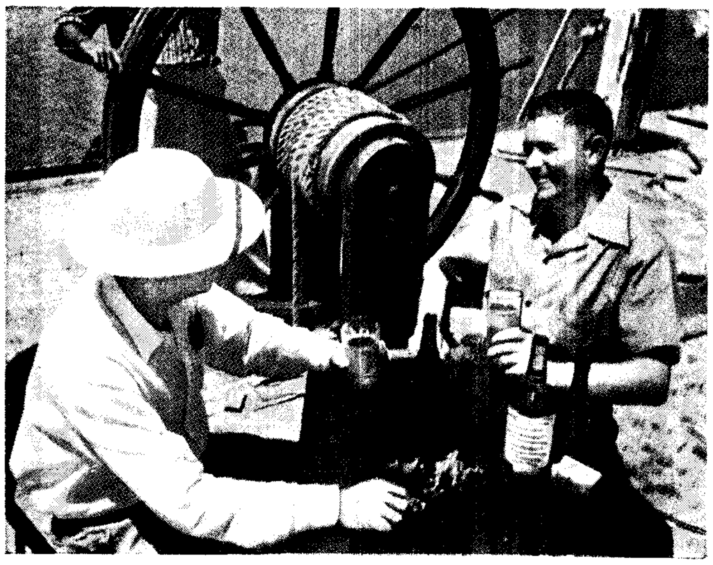
Diamond Haul on the Ri

1 "**Venezuela** has provided me with a lot of thrills," writes a North American mining man, "but none to compare with my first sight of diamonds scooped up out of her amazing Rio Caroní. I say 'amazing' because this stream has a 'personality' as distinctive as the flavor of Canadian Club Whisky. You see—

2 "**Normally** the Caroní is a river of considerable depths, beautiful falls. But suddenly, mysteriously, she goes dry. And then her bed gives up gold and diamonds almost by the bucketful.

3 "**Perhaps you may** be here at such a time—quien sabe? (Pan American World Airways is already putting Venezuela easily within many North Americans' travel possibilities.)

4 "**But gold and diamonds** aren't all. I saw deposits of iron ore said to total more than a billion tons . . . one of the biggest, and certainly one of the richest iron reserves in the world.



5 "**They say** Venezuela's treasures have hardly been discovered—but there's one treasure here that *needs* no discovery. That's Canadian Club, served so matter-of-factly, you'd think you were back home."

Once the war is over, you will find it even easier than now to visit Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again. This whisky is *light* as Scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
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IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

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IT MAY NOT seem such a big item, but to millions of men in foxholes and jungles thousands of miles away a Camel cigarette is "like a taste of home."

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Try Camels on *your* taste. Try Camel's mildness and coolness on *your* throat. Try Camels on your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat. See if you don't agree with so many other smokers who say, "Camels suit me to a 'T.'"

You may find your dealer temporarily short of Camels, but they are worth asking for a second time—repeatedly.

Camels **COSTLIER TOBACCOS**